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September 30, 1950

I FLEW A JET STRIKE OVER KOREA

By Charlotte Knight

The Capone Gang Muscles Into Big-Ti[illegible]

By LESTER VELIE

Sept. 30, 1950

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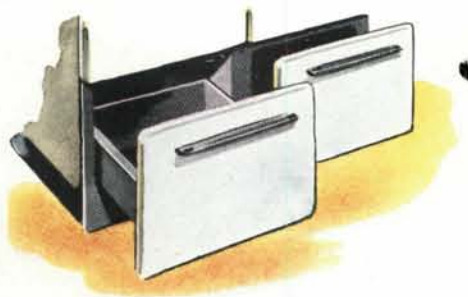

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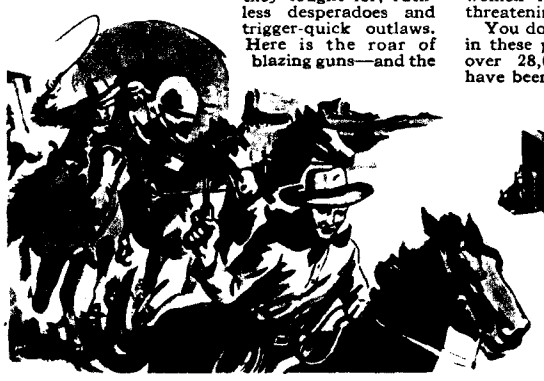

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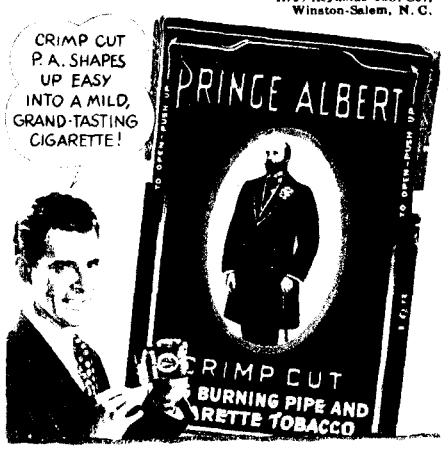

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September 30, 1950

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The Cover

This is June Bright, a California lass whose past history should make her a natural for the movies. Born in Mitchell, Nebraska, she spent a great part of her 24 years on a Colorado cattle ranch (excellent training for Western films). Later, she was a secretary with the F.B.I. in Washington (great for spy and detective thrillers). So, as you can see, she is admirably equipped for a career in motion pictures. Collier's staff photographer John Florea took this picture of Miss Bright, in Santa Barbara.

Week's Mail

Concerning Many Mr. Paks

EDITOR: Thanks for publishing John Denson's Mr. Pak Is Worth Fighting For (Aug. 19th). It was a magnificent piece of accurate reporting, giving the true picture of the average Korean and his hopes, ideas and way of life.

This writer spent many months in that country in 1947 and traveled throughout the southern part. I talked with dozens of Mr. Paks in such cities as Seoul, Inchon, Yong Dongpo, Ascom, Taejon, etc., and all of them expressed the same fierce determination to become a free and undivided nation under democratic government. Denson's article caught the true spirit of the Korean people, their problems and character and your many readers have at long last received an honest report with no attempt to slant the story.

Although I have written numerous stories about the Korean people I only wish I could have expressed them as accurately and as feelingly as did Mr. Denson.

Congratulations to both him and to Collier's for publishing it.

WALTER BRAGG, JR., Macon, Georgia

From Dr. Laubach's Son

EDITOR: On behalf of the committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, and especially my father, Dr. Frank Laubach, may I thank you for the excellent article in the August 5th issue of Collier's, 'Each One Teach One.' We are particularly pleased with the way Mr. Whiteside caught the spirit of our work, and of my father's enthusiasm and feeling of mission in his work.

In addition to being of inestimable value to our own program, the article points up to your readers one of hundreds of ways America can help backward peoples in her new role of leader of the democracies.

Our deep-felt gratitude to Collier's.

ROBERT LAUBACH, New York City

Murder Unincorporated

EDITOR: Your article It May Be Murder (Aug. 12th) is indeed timely and should provide food for thought for law-enforcement officers throughout the country where the medical examiner system does not prevail.

It is to be hoped that all officials in the state of Florida from the governor down through the municipalities will take cognizance of the article. For in this town, where not even an archaic coroner's system exists, it must indeed be simple to "get away with murder."

RALPH J. HAWS, M.D.,
North Miami, Fla.

. . . I have read with great interest your article It May Be Murder, by M. R. Werner. It may be of interest to you to know that at the last session of the Florida legislature I was able to have enacted a law, copied very largely from the New York law, relating to Duval County, Florida. It had the endorsement of the Duval County Medical Association, the Jacksonville Bar Associa-

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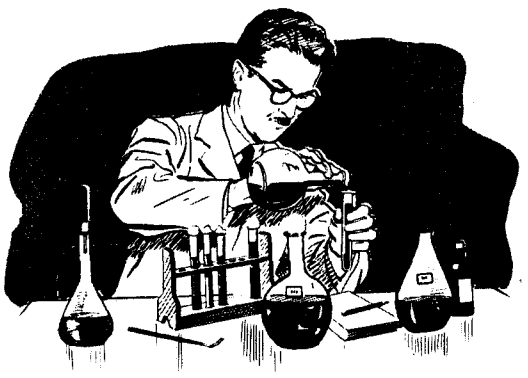
New weapons help fight ARTHRITIS

RECENT MEDICAL discoveries have brought new hope to the seven million people in our country who have arthritis and other rheumatic diseases.

Medical science is definitely on the march against these afflictions. For example, experiments with many new substances have shown great promise in test cases, even though they have not as yet



been completely verified on a broad scale. These substances, however, are very scarce and at present are available only for research purposes and for limited use in treatment in certain hospitals.

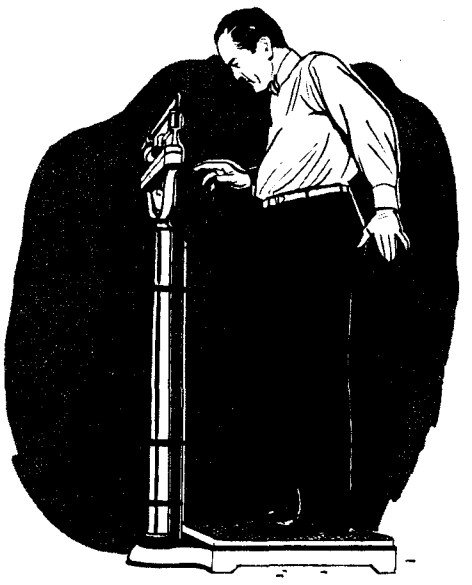
Even without such substances, doctors today know more than ever before about arthritis and how to treat it. They also know that one of the big problems is to get people to have prompt medical attention in the early stages of the disease.

Too often those with arthritis rely on so-called "sure cures" which may temporarily relieve pain but generally do little or nothing to correct the fundamental situation. According to the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, *if proper treatment is started early*, about 60 percent of the arthritis patients can be greatly helped and in some cases completely relieved.

There are many different forms of arthritis. The two most common are rheumatoid arthritis which usually begins before age 40, and osteoarthritis which is found most often in people past middle

age. Using approved diagnostic methods, including a complete physical examination, the doctor can usually determine what type of arthritis is present and prescribe the treatment best suited to the patient's *individual* needs.

Among other things, the doctor may recommend bringing the weight down to normal. Even as little as 10 or 15 pounds of extra weight may appreciably increase



the pain of arthritis, especially in the weight-bearing joints. He may also suggest following a nutritious but moderate daily diet, maintaining proper posture, and paying careful attention to good daily hygiene.

While great strides have been made in treating the disease, medical research is continuing its efforts to develop more effective weapons against the many forms of arthritis. Today, doctors believe that the future holds real hope for the millions of people with this condition.

For other helpful information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 100C, entitled "Arthritis."

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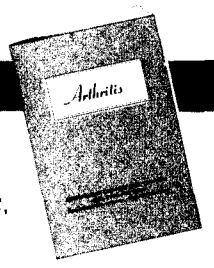

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JOHN E. MATHEWS, Jacksonville, Fla.

Protest from Ohio

EDITOR: Alas! Now even Collier's commits the cardinal sin of confusing my alma mater, 141-year-old Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, with that comparative upstart, the University of Miami, in Florida. See caption in The Industry That Laid a Golden Egg (Aug. 12th). On behalf of some 7,000 students and many more alumni of Miami University, please don't do it any more. JOHN ECKELS, Cincinnati, Ohio

Twins?

Cover girl: Barbara Freking

EDITOR: They say that everybody has a twin somewhere in the world. Well, upon seeing the girl on the cover of the July 8th issue of Collier's, I realized that this certainly is true. She looked so much like my cousin that we all actually thought that it was she.

I am enclosing a picture of my cousin —Marion Lindsey, of Gainesville—that proves my point. Don't you think that there is a very strong resemblance between the two? JEANNE HILL, Gainesville, Fla.

The cousin: Marion Lindsey

Homer Lea's Dictum

EDITOR: Your We Need Power to Preserve Peace (Aug. 5th) brings forth memories of the great military genius, Homer Lea, a misshapen little fellow who lived at the beginning of the century. He was educated in California and traveled extensively in Europe and Asia. He took part in the Boxer Rebellion and acted as special adviser to the Kaiser.

In my opinion one of the most important statements made by Lea was: "A small powerfully armed predatory nation can whip the largest unprepared nation in the world." What did little Germany and Japan almost do? In view of a world full of small predatory nations, it is more important than ever that the United States keep powerfully armed at all times.

SAMSON S. PEDERSON, Coral Gables, Fla.

Help for Father Jerome

EDITOR: After reading about Father Jerome in the article Great Heart of Cat Island (July 22d) we wrote to him asking if we, an all-faiths, nonprofit, nonsectarian organization, could help in any way.

In his answering letter he said, "I very much appreciate your kind letter and your practical offer of help for my island people who are *very poor indeed*. Clothing, shoes, etc., would be gratefully appreciated. It is work for God our Father and all of us of every country are His children."

Father Jerome has instructed us how to ship the clothing, shoes, religious articles, etc., in 100-pound bales direct to him for free distribution in God's work. We are now gathering through contributions and donations from people of every faith the start of the first bale, which we hope and pray will not be the last one. Any reader of Collier's who wishes to help these destitute, low-income natives may do so by sending unwanted clothing of every description and shoes, bedding and religious articles to Angels of Mercy, Bellevue, Kentucky. We will do the packing and ship the bales to Father Jerome with shipping charges out of our own pockets. ANGELS OF MERCY, 180 Eden Avenue, Bellevue, Ky.

Bouquet from Japan

EDITOR: I have been a regular reader of Collier's ever since it found its way into Japan, and I enjoy all the articles, fiction and cartoons immensely. I especially get a kick out of the cartoons by Virgil Partch. They are a scream. A short while ago you published a picture of the Berenstains. How about one of Virgil?

TAKEO NAGAO, Tokyo, Japan

Praise for Our S.P.C.A.

EDITOR: I want to thank you so much for your article Treat Them with Kindness by Oren Arnold (Aug. 12th). It was a fine article and a great assistance to all humane societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals.

The American S.P.C.A. does such perfectly *wonderful* work (I have been a subscriber to its magazine for a great many years) and is so fearless in its administration. I admire it tremendously.

B. MABEL BRIGGS-LIVOCK, Hon. Pres.,
The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, Canada

Frankie and Frankie

EDITOR: I enjoyed reading That Lucky Old Laine (Aug. 12th) very much, but I would like to make a correction. The writer of the story said, "Frankie has won many popularity polls, sometimes nosing out Crosby, Sinatra and other favorites."

Frankie Laine might have won many popularity polls, and maybe he even nosed out Crosby and other favorites, but he has *never* nosed out Frank Sinatra.

RAE GRIESI, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Your August 12th issue is absolutely terrific! Frankie Laine fans all over the country will dash out to get a copy. We love the story and the very wonderful color photo of Frankie Laine and Patti Page.

Thank you very kindly—hope we see and read more about our boy in future copies.

MRS. SALLY REPELLA, President
JULIE FERRILL, Vice-President,
"The Happy Lainers," Dearborn, Mich.

. . . Your story about Frankie Laine made good reading, but at least part of it is wrong. The version you have about the girl who taught Frankie My Desire is not right. The first night he worked at that club in Cleveland I went to see *him*. He got me to sing and the boss fired *him* and hired *me*.

Many of my friends read Collier's, and the article has probably made them think I told them a fib about how I got to know and admire Laine. We've been friends all these years and every chance he gets he gives me a boost. I always sang Desire and somewhere along the way Frankie learned it. He's a wonderful person and I'm certainly glad it helped give him a start.

JUNE HART, Clare, Mich.

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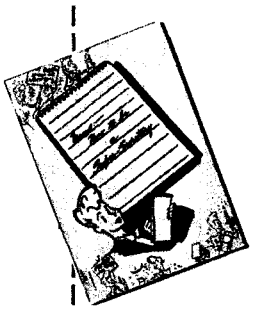

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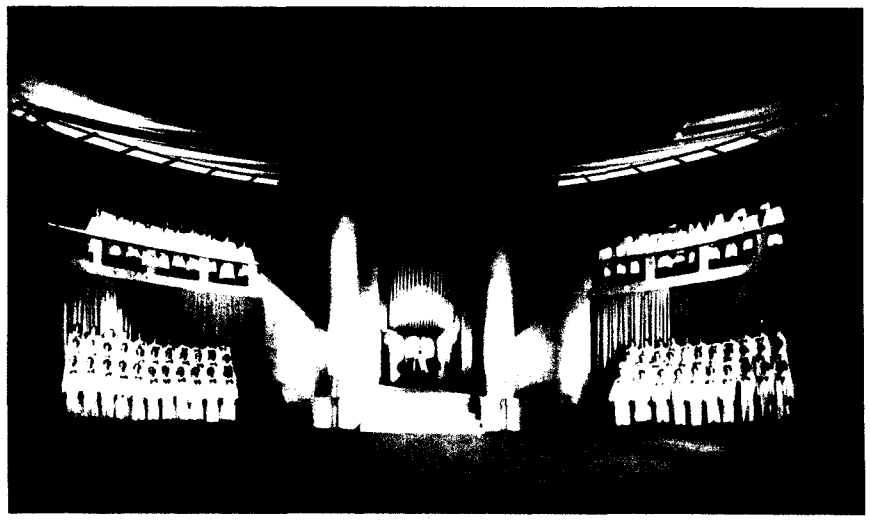
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



FRANK H. BAUER

The audience feels that it's taking part in this film, which is thrown on a curved screen by three projectors

A new system of making movies employs a three-camera unit which takes three pictures at once, the scene directly in front and those on the right and left of it. In the theater, the three scenes are projected side by side and form one complete panorama on a giant screen which is curved and covers an angle of 146 degrees. As the screen, therefore, extends out and "surrounds" the spectators, it gives them the impression of being in the picture.

* * * * * * * *

Occasionally, a detective sent to investigate shots heard coming from a house finds the body of a person who has died from a single bullet wound and is still holding a revolver. At first glance, it appears that the deceased killed himself; but when the detective discovers several bullets missing from the revolver and several imbedded in the walls of the room, he cannot tell, at the time, whether the victim died by his own hand or had been slain in a gun fight. Such cases, however, are generally suicides, as many individuals, when attempting to shoot themselves in the head, aim so badly that they have to fire two or three times before they succeed.

* * * * * * * *

Until a century ago a problem of most churches in England was to maintain attendance or "to bring them in and keep them awake." Consequently, numerous towns had a law under which a fine was imposed on anyone absent from church without a good excuse. To prevent the members of its congregation from falling asleep during services, many a church employed a Sluggard Waker who walked up and down the aisles equipped with a long stick which had a foxtail tied on one end and an iron ball on the other. He would tickle the noses of dozing ladies with the tail and rap the heads of snoozing gentlemen with the ball.

* * * * * * * *

No titled foreigner ever attempted to spend the fortune of his American wife in such a spectacular manner as did a Parisian, the Marquis Boni de Castellane, who married Anna Gould of New York in 1895, soon after the death of her father, Jay Gould. Although Boni had always been poor, his marriage turned him into an incredible spendthrift and, before his wife divorced him 11 years later, he had gone through nearly $8,000,000 of her inheritance. Besides purchasing hundreds of antiques and costly works of art, Boni bought and maintained two châteaux, a stable of about 25 race horses, a newspaper and two yachts, one of which required a crew of 108 men. He also built one of the finest homes in Paris, a marble palace on the Bois de Boulogne, where he often gave banquets and receptions for fellow noblemen. To create a sensation at one of these parties, Boni had the halls, main rooms and staircases lined with 500 liveried footmen standing at attention only a yard apart.

* * * * * * * *

When Charles Dickens died suddenly in 1870, he was writing and publishing in monthly installments a novel called The Mystery of Edwin Drood. As no one knew how Dickens intended to terminate the mystery, speculation was rife among the many readers who had been following it. As a result, the story was completed by a hundred writers, each of whom claimed to have the most logical solution. Thus, the unfinished book acquired more endings than any other novel in the history of literature.

* * * * * * * *

About the year 1650, a celebrated Irish archbishop announced that, after a long study, he had determined the date of creation. Although he could not produce any supporting evidence, his statement was accepted and believed by a large part of the Christian world and even published in many Authorized Versions of the Bible until late in the nineteenth century. He believed that the earth had been created at nine o'clock on the morning of October 23d, 4004 B.C.

* * * * * * * *

Upon being divorced, native Negro couples on the West Indian island of Barbados divide their possessions and property so equally that sometimes the husband even saws the family house in two and takes his half away with him. These open sides are then boarded up by the occupants and the structures are referred to as "divorce houses."

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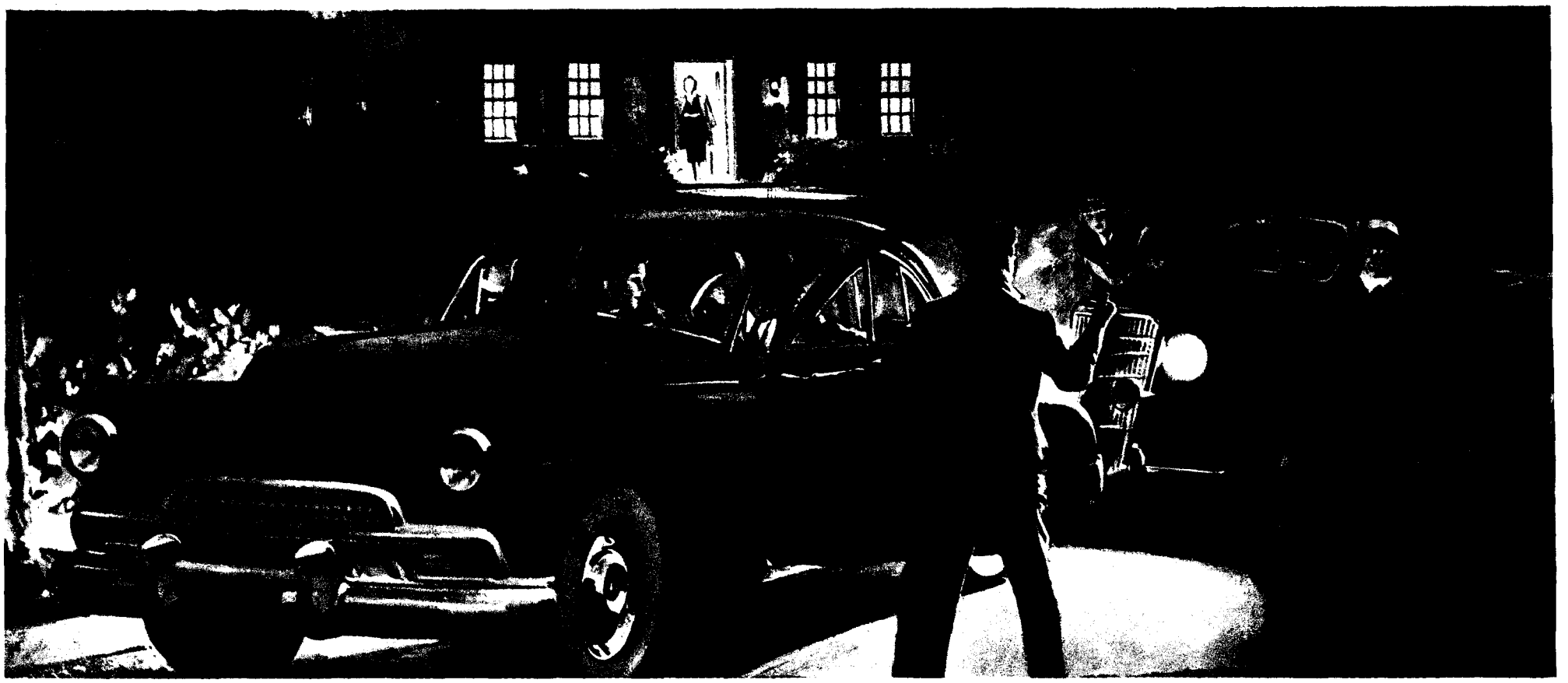
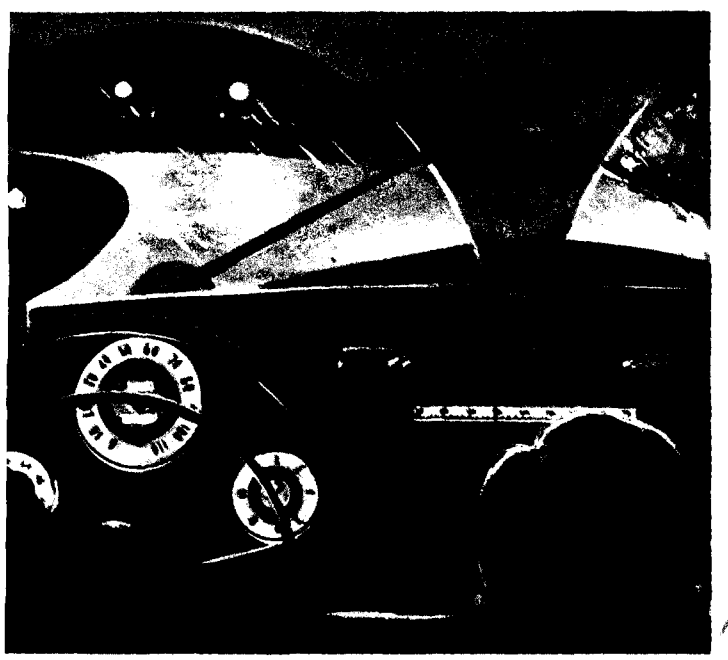
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

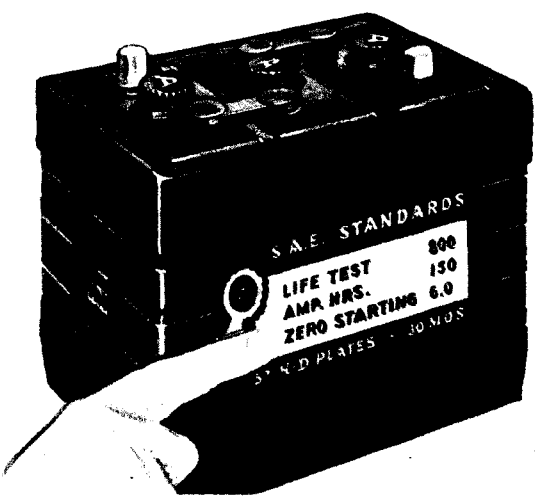
Why you need an Atlas Heavy-Duty Battery...NOW





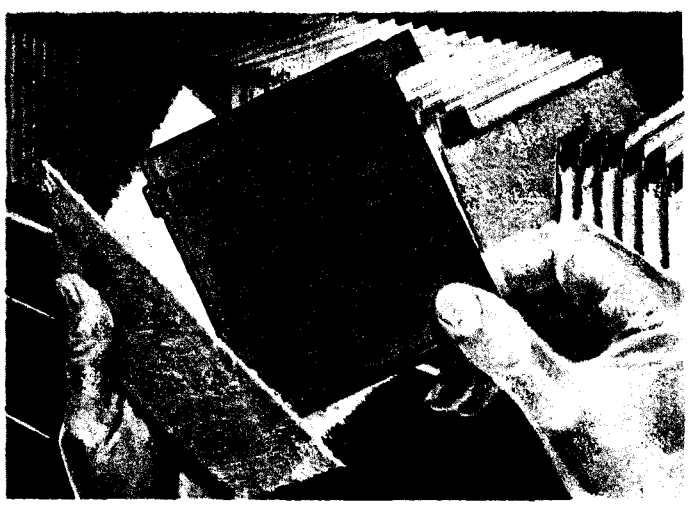
2. Because of added electrical equipment, today's automobiles need 40% more battery power than prewar cars.

At 32° a battery has only 65% as much starting power as it has when the temperature is 80°. That's one reason why—come the first frost—so many automobiles fail to start. Another reason is this:

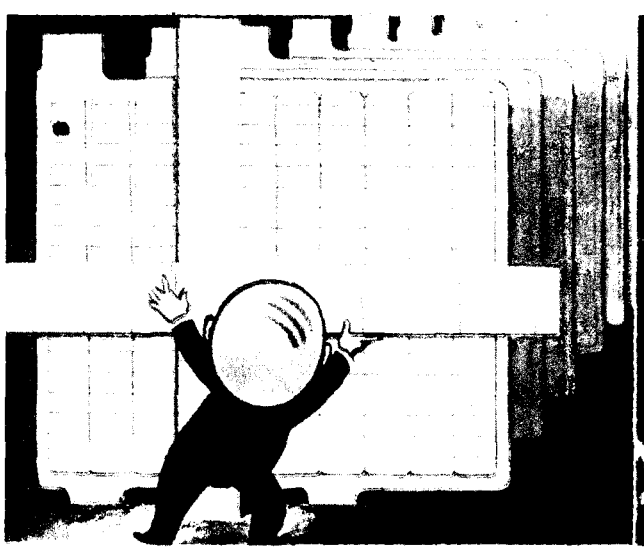


3. The Atlas Heavy Duty Battery excels S.A.E.† standards in all three measures of battery performance.

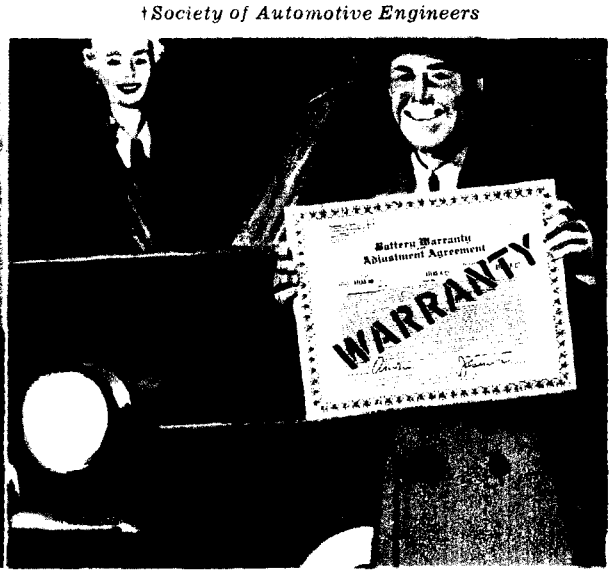
†*Society of Automotive Engineers*



4. 89.5% more life cycles — almost twice as much life—due to heavier plates and fiber-glass bonding.



5. 31.1% better zero starting ability — greater reserve power — due to larger, thicker plates and more of them.



6. All Atlas Batteries are backed by a warranty honored by 38,000 dealers in the United States and Canada.

7. Avoid trouble. Have your battery checked by your local Atlas dealer TODAY.

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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STYLE 8620—Oxblood wing tip, Continental trim, storm welt, full double sole.

More than you expect to get...

LESS THAN YOU EXPECT TO PAY!

No matter what you've been paying for shoes, how do you like this for real he-man styling? Here you see a shoe with all the good looks, all the fine construction features, all the comfort and long wear found in much more expensive shoes. Yet you pay much less for Johnsonians! See your Johnsonian dealer soon . . . see what getting *more* than your money's worth really means.

Johnsonian

"THE SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE"

For the name of your dealer write: Endicott Johnson Corp., Endicott 1, N. Y.

A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

Endicott, N. Y. • St. Louis, Mo. • New York, N. Y.

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

IF IT hadn't been for Mr. Carl Stimson, of Houston, Texas, we would have frittered away a lot of time phrasing a policy for this department of Collier's. As it is, Mr. Stimson has saved us—and you too. He relays our keynote to us and we'll try to stay on pitch. Somewhere in Texas, he says, he heard a newsboy hawking his papers: "Read the news, folks, read the news. Some good. Some bad. All substantial."

Such will be our policy. And a policy is something to have even if it does throw you—as almost anybody in the State Department will admit. There's a short corridor in the State Department, a friend of ours reports, at the head of which there's the sign: Quiet Please. Our friend asked about it and was told that that corridor contained the offices of three very important persons—VIPs. Naturally our friend asked who they were. "Oooooh, just say Wynken, Blynken and Nod," said his guide.

★ ★ ★

In Washington we saw the body of a young Army lieutenant borne swiftly along the last mile of his path of glory—to Arlington. He had died in Korea. We nodded at his caisson, said, "So long, kid," and caught a taxi back to the hotel. We had to fill in a mess of notes on what politicians on Capitol Hill had said. Did it, too, although we couldn't get that Arlington-bound boy out of our mind.

★ ★ ★

And here's what we heard, in search for predictions on the Hill. Unless the United States has the war well in hand by November 1st, with victory in sight, the Republicans will take over the Senate and reduce the Democratic majority in the House to a mere handful. Maybe even take over the House. (You should worry, Lieutenant.) Furthermore, there are a lot of Republicans who view the preceding prediction without enthusiasm. And quite a number of Democrats there on the Hill would regard it as considerably less than a disaster. You see, both parties are thinking in terms of 1952 when a President will be elected. The coming two years will be bitter ones. There are important Democrats who dread the responsibility for the days to come until November, 1952. There are well-known Republicans who told us that the Democrats are welcome to the job ahead—a job which will include digging many political graves. (Bet you never thought of that, son.)

★ ★ ★

The reason why Mr. Ed Twilliger, of Beatrice, Nebraska, is about to vote the straight Democratic ticket is no longer a secret. "I've sort of got used to the way the Democrats make a mess of things," says he. "If the Republicans take over Congress, I'll have to gear myself to a completely new routine of ways the country should not be run. It's like having a pain in the neck—you sort of get used to it there. If it moves to some other part of your body you've got to get used to it all over again."

★ ★ ★

Not too long ago state investigators reported that, after two years of investigation into the municipal affairs of Atlantic City, New Jersey, they had found reason to believe that graft exists. Mrs. Julie Fullwell, who lives there, says she could have told the investigators that much to begin with. "However," Mrs. Fulwell continues, "maybe it's all right to take two years to reach the starting point. If these headlong jumpers-at-conclusions had speeded up matters, maybe some nice crook would have got into trouble—maybe even been arrested or something."

★ ★ ★

And now we've been notified that the Misses Doris Waters, Dotty Ledford and Ruth Harris have set up a course for men in their Atlanta (Georgia) Academy of Charm. Frankly, it would be a bit late for us to take the course, but we wouldn't anyway. Afraid to. Chances are excellent we'd be in the nearest jail within an hour after graduation. For example, in the Techniques-for-Attracting-Women class the student is urged to open up with "You're always so lovely, dear" instead of the more customary "Baby, you're absolutely dreamy;" and instead of "Hiya, gorgeous," the Misses Waters, Ledford and Harris advise stealing up on your objective and baritoning softly, "There's

something mysterious about you, sweetheart—something that's hard to understand." As we say, if the object of your affections doesn't holler for a cop after you've made a couple of passes like that or hasn't slapped you dizzy, you're a lucky guy. But there's one part of the course that seems fairly simple. The girls call it the "Keep-a-Woman-Wondering Technique."

★ ★ ★

Bad news for Contract Charleys, better known in World War II as Five Percenters, arrives from Des Moines, Iowa. Businessmen in that state who want to know just how to go about selling the government war material, or getting nonmilitary agreements, can get complete guidance from the Iowa Employment Security Commission. Thus far we've seen no signs of a new crop of Lemme-Fix-It-for-You boys in Washington, but *(Continued on page 56)*

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MORE CASH PRIZES FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CONTEST*

PEPSODENT'S "My Friend Irma" $100,000 CONTEST

NEW CONTEST EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

THEY NAMED THIS CONTEST AFTER ME—IT'S SO-O-O SIMPLE

Yes, it's easy! Just finish a 2-line jingle starting with—

"ALL MY FRIENDS BUY PEPSODENT . . . . . ."

Sample jingle:

"ALL MY FRIENDS BUY PEPSODENT *in the new Economy Size*
It brightens their smiles till they light up the skies!"

Fun to write a winning jingle: Just start with "All *my* friends buy PEPSODENT"—limit your jingle to two lines—and make the last word in both lines rhyme. Any words and any rhyme you can think up.

IRMA (Marie Wilson) Tune in "MY FRIEND IRMA" CBS, Monday nights—hear all about it!

*according to Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, famous independent contest judges.

READ THESE FACTS— THEY MAY HELP YOU WIN

FILM dulls your smile
FILM spoils your breath
FILM speeds tooth decay
PEPSODENT *Removes* FILM

Yes, when you use PEPSODENT Tooth Paste right after eating, it *removes* film—helps stop decay. PEPSODENT also removes dulling stains and bad breath germs that collect in film.

New Economy

Now you can remove film and fight tooth decay with amazing thrift. The new Economy-Size tube of PEPSODENT Tooth Paste holds five full ounces—almost a third of a pound—for only 59¢!

15,561 PRIZES TO WIN!

Hurry! First Contest Closes September 24th!

GRAND PRIZE $10,000

—goes to the jingle judged tops among the $1000 First-Prize winners in the five weekly contests. That makes $11,000—plus a possible bonus of $100—for a total of $11,100 cash money for the *Grand Winner!*

First Prize every week for 5 weeks—$1,000
Second Prize every week—$500
Plus 10 prizes every week—$100
Plus 3100 prizes every week—$5

That's every week! The same prizes! Add 'em up yourself. It makes a grand total of 15,561 prizes! Never before so many opportunities to win! In addition

...A BONUS OF $100 TO EVERY WINNER OF A $100 PRIZE OR MORE WHO SUBMITS WITH HIS ENTRY BOTH BLUE END FLAPS FROM THE NEW ECONOMY-SIZE 59¢ PACKAGE OF PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE!

BONUS! Every winner of $100 prize, or more, gets *in addition* a $100 bonus if he submits with his entry both blue end flaps from PEPSODENT'S 59¢ tooth paste package. That's to help introduce more millions to PEPSODENT'S new Economy Size.

Follow these Easy Rules:

1. Finish a 2-line jingle about PEPSODENT Tooth Paste that starts with the words, "All *my* friends buy PEPSODENT." Last word in both lines must rhyme.

2. Send in as many entries each week as you like. Write each on separate piece of paper or on the entry blank at right (additional entry blanks available at the store where you buy PEPSODENT). Attach to each entry both blue end flaps from any size PEPSODENT Tooth Paste package. Mail to PEPSODENT, Dep't 9, Box 90, New York 46, N. Y. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. Winners of $100 prizes or over, who enclosed both Economy-Size end flaps, will receive an additional $100 BONUS prize.

4. Separate contest each week for 5 weeks. Same prizes each week. Dates of the 5 contests are:

Contest 1—Opens September 18—Closes midnight, September 24
Contest 2—Opens September 25—Closes midnight, October 1
Contest 3—Opens October 2—Closes midnight, October 8
Contest 4—Opens October 9—Closes midnight, October 15
Contest 5—Opens October 16—Closes midnight, October 22

5. Entries received before midnight, September 24, will be judged in the first week's contest. Entries received too late for the first contest will be entered in the second contest, etc. Entries for the 5th and final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, October 22, and received by October 29, 1950.

6. *All* entries postmarked October 22 or before and received by October 29, 1950, are eligible for the Grand Prize of $10,000.

NOTE: Contest subject to all state and local laws and regulations. Decision of judges final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Contest open to all persons in United States, its territories and possessions, except employees of Lever Brothers Company, their advertising agencies and their families. **FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS EACH WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON "MY FRIEND IRMA" CBS RADIO PROGRAM.** Other winners notified by mail. Complete list of winners sent to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Entries will be judged for originality, novelty and freshness of thought!* No entries returned. All entries and ideas therein contained become the property of Lever Brothers Company.

MAIL TODAY! Use Official Entry Blank! You may win $11,100 cash!

PEPSODENT, Dep't 9, Box 90, New York 46, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I enclose both blue end flaps from a PEPSODENT Tooth Paste Package.

"ALL MY FRIENDS BUY PEPSODENT . . . . . ."

. . . . . "

(write plainly or print)

Print your name and address. *Ask your storekeeper to help you.* Then, if you win a prize of $100 or more, he wins a prize, too. All entries must be the original work of the contestant. If your dealer has helped you, write in his name and address below.

Contestant's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Name of dealer who helped me with my entry—

_____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PEPSODENT'S "MY FRIEND IRMA" CONTEST

Enter Every Week for 5 Weeks—*You have 15,561 Opportunities to Win!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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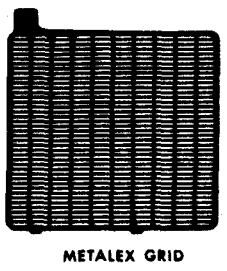
Now! 100% *more protection* against the No.1 battery killer

Willard *announces*

METALEX

greatest battery improvement in 25 years!



METALEX GRID

Today, OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. More batteries are worn out from this one cause than from all other causes combined! Overcharging *strikes directly at the grids*—the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current-producing active material. Overcharging *corrodes* the grids—*fractures* them—*destroys* their ability to retain active material—*destroys* their utility as current conductors.

But now Willard announces METALEX—a new and vastly superior grid metal, developed and perfected by Willard metallurgists specifically to combat damage by overcharging. And METALEX does so—stubbornly, effectively. METALEX provides a full 100% more protection against the No. 1 battery killer! METALEX l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life. *Available exclusively in Willard Super Master Batteries!*

METALEX—*plus these 4 other new features*—makes the New Willard Super Master custom-built for today's driving conditions

Why today's driving conditions require this Revolutionary New Battery!

You're driving more than ever before—more mileage means more battery wear.

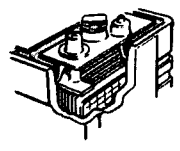
Your battery is being charged more—not only over more miles but, also, at higher rates.

Higher compression motors are here—they require more battery starting power.

Today, batteries are under the hood—and under-the-hood batteries must withstand under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW

IMPROVED SEALING COMPOUND FOR LONGER LIFE



Will neither crack in winter nor melt in summer. Withstands high under-the-hood temperatures.

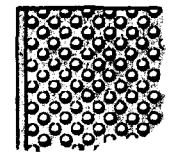
NEW

IMPROVED RUBBER CONTAINER FOR LONGER LIFE

New design—heavily reinforced at points of stress. Withstands high under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW

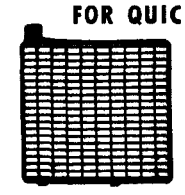
IMPROVED RUBBER INSULATOR FOR LONGER LIFE



Impervious to effects of high charging rates and high under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW

IMPROVED ACTIVE MATERIAL FOR QUICKER STARTS



So much more chemically active that snap starts are assured—even in cars powered by new higher compression motors!

New Willard Super Master *with* METALEX

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland • Los Angeles • Dallas • Memphis • Portland • Toronto • A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

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KANSAS

I Flew a JET STRIKE over KOREA

As American airmen sweep in at treetop height to pound Communist targets, their wives sweat it out in Japan. It's a "commuter's war," the pilots say—with no need to notify next of kin

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

Tokyo

"HELLO, MELLOW. Hello, Mellow. This is Gasmask Willie Three. We have two Fox-80s with rockets and .50 caliber. Do you have a target? Over."

"Hello, Gasmask Willie Three. This is Mellow control. Will you proceed to Dog three zero, repeat Dog three zero, and contact Mosquito Item? There is a target near the town of Chechon—CHARLIE HOWE EASY CHARLIE HOWE OBOE NAN—Chechon. Can you read me? Say loud and clear. Over."

"Hello, Mellow. Roger. Understand. Town of Chechon. That is about 20 miles northeast of Chung-ju, is it not? Don't I just follow the road up from Yongju? Over."

"Hello, Gasmask Willie Three. This is Mellow That is Roger. Over and out."

* * *

WE WERE over Korea, streaking north at 450 miles an hour in a two-seated jet plane. Twenty-four thousand feet below us, over some of the most rugged terrain in all Asia, American troops, heavily outnumbered by a savage enemy, were fighting desperately for every inch of ground along the whole Naktong perimeter. And in the words of their ground commanders, they were "hurting."

Our F-80 jet fighters were here to give what help they could by striking at enemy troops, tanks, artillery—or whatever targets the ground controller might find us. From his position in a tactical control center at ground force headquarters, this controller—whose code name this week was *Mellow* and next week might be *Horseradish* or *Moonshine* or *Pogo-Stick*—directed us over VHF (very high frequency) radio to a grid co-ordinate on the pilot's map where we in *Gasmask Willie Three* would pick up *Mosquito Item,* our particular forward fighter-director.

We had all the breaks this day. The weather was perfect—a rare condition over Korea in late summer. The sun streamed through our Plexiglas canopy with almost painful brilliance; the sky was crystal-clear and unsullied with the ugly sights and sounds of war. It was difficult to believe that bloody, bitter, humiliating battles were raging all along those winding brown rivers and jagged green mountains almost five miles below us. The only visible reminder of battle was the smoke rising in slow columns from burning North Korean tanks or

Miss Knight and Capt. Henry M. Fletcher, Jr., who took her on the first fighter mission she made over Korea. The plane is a two-seater

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Burning Red vehicles cast a pall over the Korean town of Hamch'ang after being blasted by American F-80s from the 8th Fighter-Bomber Group

r Jill i e Jr

Collier's war correspondent Charlotte Knight has been writing about military aviation since 1942, when she became the only woman on the staff of the official magazine Air Force. Since then she has rolled up an impressive list of flying "firsts"—including the distinction of being the only woman in the air over Bikini during the 1946 atom bomb tests. The flight she tells about in this story makes her the sole member of her sex, so far as we know, ever to ride to combat in an American jet. Incidentally, her eagerness to see the Korean war from the air has raised hob with the sometimes uninhibited Air Force vocabulary. Pilots exchanging vivid comments during one B-26 bombing attack were startled to receive this warning over the radio: "Watch your language, boys; there's a lady present." The lady was Miss Knight; on two missions that day she rode in the lead plane as American bombers plastered Communist targets in the battle area

trucks along the tree-lined red clay roads which twisted in and out of the hills.

Even the constant radio chatter between *Mellow* and the other fighter planes in the area failed to dissipate that feeling of almost complete detachment from the war which this Olympian balcony seat provided. It was weird, this sharp contrast between war from the air and war from the ground. Two weeks before, I had been on Korean soil just long enough to know what the ground fighting was like —and the memory was still too sharp for comfort. For the GIs down there, 10 miles could represent days of fierce slugging through mud and artillery fire, of being pinned down all night in ditches or fetid rice paddies, of being trapped by Communist roadblocks at the end of narrow valleys—of having to endure the whole filthy, wretched business of being a foot soldier. Up where we were, distances vanished: miles were something you ticked off in seconds, not days. Barely more than a half hour before, we had been on an air base in Japan; minutes ago we had flown over Pusan, then Taegu . . . now Andong . . . and Yongju.

Shooting Stars Seek Vital Targets

And now as we neared our own destination, it was time to concentrate on the combat activities of *Gasmask Willie Three*. We were out after blood today and any target short of a whole column of Soviet-built tanks would have made us all very unhappy. *Gasmask Willie Three* was a flight of two F-80 Shooting Stars (from the 8th Fighter-Bomber Group of the Fifth Air Force) piloted by Lieutenants William F. McCrystal, of Medford, Massachusetts, and Jack D. Watts, of Charleston, South Carolina. The jet in which I was flying, a T-33—identical with the F-80 except that it had two seats instead of one and carried less fuel—was flown by Captain James P. Beckett, of Los Angeles, who had "latched on" to *Gasmask Willie* just as the flight left the forward air base in Japan. This was Beckett's 25th combat mission over Korea.

We switched to Baker channel on the VHF and called *Mosquito Item*, one of several unarmed T-6 advanced trainers which fly low and spot targets for the jets. F-80s fly too fast and have too little fuel to engage in seek-and-find tactics of their own; by now they have come to depend almost completely upon forward controllers to "vector" them in to well-hidden tanks or ammunition dumps. On most missions—as was the case with us—jets remain at altitudes above 20,000 feet (the higher the altitude, the less fuel is consumed) until a specific target has been spotted. Then they dive in for the kill.

To our great disappointment, *Mosquito Item* informed us that the original Chechon target had already been neatly disposed of by a previous flight, and would we just stooge around over the Tanyang area until he had another target for us?

We kept our eyes glued on roads and ravines, hoping to spot something ourselves. Meanwhile we envied the good hunting other members of our fighter group seemed to be having elsewhere in South Korea; over our headsets came a steady stream of pilot-controller chatter, all of it bad news for the enemy:

"Oh, brother, watch that thing explode! What a beautiful shot!"

"Hello, *Pineapple Uncle*. There's an enemy artillery position 1,000 yards to your right . . . No, farther over . . . Dammit, it's right in front of you . . . See it? Good. Go after it . . . That's the stuff! Good work, boy.

"Hello, *Admiration Baker* . . . There it is, a perfect beaut of a Stalingrad tank, right between those two trees there. Got it? Okay, chum . . . Oh, wonderful! Wonderful! Couldn't have done better myself."

It was like seeing your friends land big ones in the same stream you're fishing while you stand there without so much as a nibble. Confound it, why didn't they give *us* a target? Precious minutes whipped by. Unconsciously I started to go through the motions of biting my fingernails: my hand came smack up against an oxygen mask which covered my whole face except the eyes. Well, that took care

Capt. James P. Beckett, the pilot who flew Miss Knight on the strike she describes here

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of that; I wouldn't have a chance to ruin a manicure today.

Beckett was as impatient as I—and for better reasons: he knew exactly how long we could stay over the battle area.

"If we don't get a target soon, we'll have to go home," he said over the intercom. "We'll be hurting for fuel in a few minutes."

No, not that. We couldn't go all the way back to Japan without hitting *something*. Okay, never mind about the whole column of tanks. Maybe just one tank. A big one. Or if worse comes to worst, even an insignificant North Korean truck.

"Actually, this is a good sign," Beckett explained on his mike. "Couple of weeks ago, there were targets galore all over the place. You could spot a dozen tanks at any one time. Now you really have to hunt to find one. Partly it means that the ones they've got are better camouflaged, but mostly it means that our bombing is beginning to be felt—the North Koreans are just not able to bring as much stuff up to the front as they did at first."

An Urgent Request for a Target

Highly encouraging, but we still wanted a target. Finally our flight leader got back on the air:

"Hello, *Mosquito Item*. This is *Gasmask Willie Three*. Would appreciate it if you could give us a target as soon as possible. We can't stay up here much longer. Over."

"Hello, *Gasmask Willie*. Roger. A target has just come in. Just south of Tanyang, along the road there, you'll find a tank parked in that gully just beyond the fork. Good hunting."

That's all we needed. Watts and McCrystal peeled off into a steep dive and we followed right behind them.

This is the big moment in a jet flight. Down we went, straight down . . . faster . . . faster . . . the needle on the air-speed dial in front of me hit 475 miles per hour . . . then 500 . . . 550 . . . how much more could it take before something happened? The needle quivered around 570 and stayed there . . . there was no bottom to anything . . . I could feel the momentum increase as we hurtled down . . . 21,000 feet . . . 16,000 . . . 12,000 . . . 10,000 . . . the altimeter hand was circling backward so fast it made me dizzy . . . the sudden pressure changes made my head throb . . . it was hard to swallow . . . I felt I must have something to hang on to . . . a pair of subway straps would help . . . instinctively I reached up, but there was nothing but smooth Plexiglas . . . my hands felt lost and helpless . . . I braced my feet and unconsciously tried to get up a resistance against this terrible force that was trying to pull me out of my seat.

Safety belt and shoulder straps pinned me back—actually I probably hadn't moved an inch, however momentarily convinced I was that my viscera had completely detached themselves from the rest of my body. Eight thousand, five, three . . . it was all over before there was time to do much analyzing of the physical sensation . . . and the next thing I knew I was being jerked up in a sudden, vicious, shuddering pull-out that seemed to turn my eyeballs inside out. For a split second, everything was gray, except the inside of my mind, which must have been black—and then we leveled off, my stomach was unaccountably restored to me, and everything was fine.

Perhaps this sort of thing is not the best tonic before breakfast. Certainly it is not to be recommended on top of only a couple of hours' sleep and the kind of late air-base party I had attended in Japan the night before. But it was still not half the punishment that lurid tales about jet rides had prepared me for.

Actually, for a genuine simon-pure thrill, despite the seriousness of our mission, it was just about tops in my book. I took a deep breath, saw that I was all in one piece, and threw a soft salute to Beckett who was grinning at me in his rear-vision mirror.

We were on the deck now, flying directly behind Watts and McCrystal, looking for our target. There was Tanyang, with its peaceful-looking thatched huts . . . there was the road leading south of it . . . there was the fork, and just beyond, between those two hills was probably the gully we were looking for.

"There it is," said Beckett, pointing down. "See that tank?"

I looked, but my untrained eyes saw nothing but trees. "I'll take your word for it, pal."

McCrystal and Watts had spotted it and banked sharply. They pulled up to go around for their rocket run. And we were *still* "bird-dogging" them.

Up over the mountain, then the peel-off, and this time coming in straight and level, headed right for the target. I could see the tank now, all covered with leaves and branches. Well, we'd soon fix that. Closer . . . closer . . . and then the jet directly ahead let go. Rockets shot out from their underwing positions straight into the tank, and exploded. As we banked again for the second run, we could see fire and smoke pouring out of the gully.

More banking and turning, and then, once more, straight in with the second set of rockets, just to make sure we could chalk up: One Tank, Destroyed, *Confirmed*." Which we did. The second rockets made direct hits and left the kind of beautiful bonfire which meant one less tank to confront our boys down in the Naktong lines. Personally I would flunk even a beginners' class in tank recognition, but Jim Beckett said it was a T-34 and I know that's supposed to be a big one.

"Okay, we did it. Now let's go home, chum," said Jim. "We're really straining. Watts and McCrystal have larger wing-tip fuel tanks and they can stay around until they use up their .50-caliber stuff on whatever they find—but we'd better make tracks, gal, and fast—or they'll be fishing both of us out of the drink. And I'll have to go back a lot higher than we came or we'll never make it."

Suiting action to the word, he had already climbed up to 4,000 feet before he finished speaking, and we were still going up at 3,000 feet a minute.

There was a lot to think about on the way home. For one thing, Jim had made me aware of a jet pilot's constant preoccupation with the fuel problem. The difference between life and probable death could be measured in minutes, and the issue was well-defined: There was no place for a forced landing between Korea and the coast of Japan; if your F-80 "flamed-out," that is, ran out of fuel, you simply plunged into the sea, unless you were close enough to home base to glide in without power—as several of the boys had been lucky enough to do.

The most important instrument on the panel before me at this moment was a little meter which indicated the gallons of fuel left. Every time this fiendish gadget clicked, two less gallons registered, and right now it gave every indication of being the world's fastest subtraction device. As I looked down at the Sea of Japan, I wondered how close Jim was cutting it. I never did like water.

Not Enough Ack-Ack to Be Noticed

Still climbing. Twenty-three thousand feet now. I thought again about our morning sortie against the tank. It had all happened so fast my brain hadn't quite caught up yet. For instance, I had completely forgotten about antiaircraft fire this trip, but I couldn't recall having seen any bursts. I asked Jim about it.

"Oh, sure," he said. "The ack-ack was there, all right. Quite enough of it. Automatic weapons and small arms. No big stuff or you'd have seen it."

The day before, while I was flying with Captain Henry Fletcher, Jr., of Jackson, Georgia, on a similar jet mission, we had run into about 60 rounds of 40-mm. antiaircraft fire southwest of Taejon—the kind even a neophyte like myself couldn't miss, for it left great gray puffs off our port side, and at our altitude. Fletcher, unperturbed, had simply banked to starboard and approached Taejon from another angle.

Fliers like Beckett and Fletcher might be quite casual about it all, but I knew that their outfit had already lost five jet pilots in Korea. When you consider the risks involved in the destruction of just one North Korean tank, you begin to appreciate the air-ground teamwork essential to successful tactical warfare. Close observation of the F-80 groups over recent weeks had shown me a lot. I had a healthy respect for these jet planes *(Continued on page 67)*

Capt. Fletcher and his three "dependents" at an air base in Japan. "They call us 'despondents,' " said Mrs. Fletcher wryly, "because we are always hanging on to the telephone waiting for word"

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My Cigarette Loves Your Cigarette

Here again are Timberlake Ryan, who couldn't lose his private eye if he tried, and Eve, his long-sufferin', ever-lovin' wife

By JACK FINNEY

THE lights turned red on Fifth Avenue and traffic slowed and stopped. Mr. Timberlake Ryan turned from the sidewalk to cross the street in the middle of a block, on his way from the office to keep a lunch date with his wife. Suddenly he saw her on the opposite sidewalk, glancing at store windows as she walked, and he kept her in sight, craning his neck as he worked his way between motionless cabs and busses—a lean dark man in a light summer suit, his long legs moving fast.

But as he reached the curb he stopped, the beginning of a smile on his thin face. His wife had paused at a jewelry-store window, and Timberlake Ryan stood, chin lifted, staring at her over the heads of the Saturday-noon crowd of pedestrians. Then she walked on, and again he hurried after her.

He was grinning broadly now, sidling rapidly through the sluggish crowd, his eyes intent on Eve, a small neat figure in a tailored gray suit, her fine blond hair and black cart-wheel hat disappearing and reappearing through the moving crowd.

At a cross street, she stopped at the curb, cars and trucks streaming past, and as he approached, Tim admired her figure and legs; the full calves and delicate ankles, the straight lines of her stocking seams, and her small feet in high-heeled black pumps. He was not sure what he was going to do, but he felt that somehow this was an opportunity.

When he had almost reached her, the traffic lights changed. Cross-town traffic stopped, and in the moment before Fifth Avenue roared into life again, there was almost a silence on the busy street, and he could hear the sound of his own footsteps on the pavement. He whistled then; a low, insinuating, two-note whistle. He knew Eve had heard, and as she started across the street, he pressed a finger against the side of his nose to disguise his voice, and, walking directly behind her, he spoke quietly, his voice coarse and thick, crudely intimate. "Hi, good-looking, what's your hurry?"

Ignoring the voice, she walked on, and Tim, still directly behind her, slipped a hand under her arm and said, "Come on, baby, don't be like that."

Without turning her head, Eve spoke from the side of her mouth. "Not now," she said softly, "I'm meeting my husband. But come back along here in an hour."

He stopped dead, his hand sliding from under her arm as she walked on, and for a moment he stood stock-still, his mouth slowly opening. Then he grinned, and in a few long strides caught up with her. "Listen, wise guy," he said.

"Oh, hello!" Eve turned, smiling brightly. "I was just talking about you."

"So I heard," he said grimly. His mouth twitched in a smile. "Don't you even bother to look and see who's picking you up?"

"You think a woman has to turn and stare in order to know that?" She shook her head, smiling. "Tim Ryan, the shadow; the private eye. I spotted you in a store window a good two minutes ago, skulking along with that silly leer on your face."

"You did?"

"Certainly. And I said to myself, 'If I weren't married to him, I wouldn't let that guy pick me up in a million years.' "

"You'd swoon with delight if anyone like me even smiled at you." They turned east on Fifty-seventh Street, Tim guiding Eve through the crowd.

"Not with that corny approach. Is that how the boys in front of the drugstore did it, back in Mill Valley?"

"It was the pool hall, not the drugstore, and my approach may have been corny but it got results."

"No doubt." Eve shrugged a shoulder. "I'll bet you were quite a sheik. That's what they called them, isn't it, back in those days?"

"I wouldn't know." He smiled. "I may never see thirty again, but scores of beautiful women smiled at me on my way from the office."

Eve looked at him, her brows rising. "Well, maybe you think no one but you ever whistles at me?"

Tim moved to one side, looking Eve's figure up and down. "Come to think of it, no," he said. "I don't." He moved close again, took her arm under his and pressed it affectionately. "You know," he said, "I could go for you."

Eve returned the pressure of his arm. "You're not so bad, either. "Except," she added, "for that outdated slang of yours. Tim, I *don't* think people still say 'I could go for you' and 'Don't be like that.' "

"No? What do they say?"

"I really don't know." She laughed ruefully. "It's been such a long time." *(Continued on page 52)*

Walking directly behind her, he spoke quietly, his voice crudely intimate. "Hi, good-looking, what's your hurry?" Ignoring him, Eve kept on

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The CAPONE GANG Muscles

HARRY DEVLIN

Richer, far more powerful than Scarface Al's mob ever was, they reach for political power in Chicago and the nation. Living in luxury, they strive for respectability and social position

By LESTER VELIE

AL CAPONE'S venereal-disease-rotted body took its last ride three years ago. But the evil that men do lives after them. Sometimes, it grows. Today "the Big Fellow's" influence on Chicago is greater than ever.

The Capone Outfit is "as strong today as the United States Army," racing-news big shot James M. Ragen, Sr., told a state's attorney a few years back. He was marked by the mob, and all the state's officers and all the state's men couldn't save Ragen. Three weeks later "the Organization's" heavies fatally shot him.

Quieter, less lurid than in Al Capone's day, the Outfit's operations are smarter now. Linked with other mobs in a coast-to-coast gambling monopoly over $10,000,000,000 big, the mob now enjoys security, wealth, influence and respectability Al Capone never dreamed of. Al, the boy who started modestly with one brothel, left heirs who moved to gold coast penthouses, gentlemen's farms and winter mansions in Florida. They made friendships reaching high into local politics, into the state capital—and even into Washington.

Who was on hand last May to greet the President, the Vice-President and the Cabinet when they visited Chicago?

Friends of the mob.

One friend was Arthur X. Elrod, second in command to Democratic leader Jack Arvey, who dominates Illinois Democratic politics. Politically ambitious Elrod acted as Vice-President Barkley's chauffeur during his May visit to Chicago in an apparent attempt to show he was close to the Veep.

But Elrod used to do chores for less distinguished persons. He once was bondsman for gunmen of the late Jack Zuta, one of Chicago's most notorious brothel keepers. Close to the mobster, Elrod held property for Zuta and borrowed money from him. Later Elrod was boss of a ward in which commercial gambling ran so wild and became so rich a prize that it erupted in gangland murder.

Legal adviser to some of the mob is Sidney Korshak. Among his upper-world associations: "best friend" and companion of political leader Jack Arvey.

Another friend is Pete Fosco. His upper-world associations: Democratic boss of the Loop (First Ward) area and dominant figure in the Hod Carriers and Building Laborers' Union—the union famous for dispensing with conventions for years. Fosco's underworld associations: Friend of Paul de Lucia, alias Paul (the Tailor) Ricca, Capone gang bigwig and figure in Maffia, the Italian secret underworld society. He is now on parole. Last spring Fosco used his upper-world political power to help the underworld tighten its strangle hold on the Illinois state legislature.

In the torchlight parade for the President, Fosco marshaled many of the clubhouse stalwarts who carried the torches. At Fosco's regular signals, they broke into raucous huzzas for the President. Friendships such as these show how deeply Al Capone's heirs have sunk roots into the life of a

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Into BIG-TIME POLITICS

great city and help explain why they were able to branch out and prey on the world outside as well.

Rending the veil from the secret, inner workings of the mob takes months of sleuthing. This writer, assisted by two Collier's investigators, dug for six weeks through court and crime agency files; questioned mayors and prosecutors, congressmen, county bosses and ward heelers, hoodlums' accountants and criminal lawyers; cornered gangsters for long talks in their hangouts.

Big Crime, we found, had invaded the upper world.

The Capone mob's chiefs live in luxury—and semirespectability. The mob's friends are in upperworld places of great political influence.

Underworld Power in Legislature

At the mob's bidding, a voting bloc that holds a balance of power in the state legislature has snarled the public business of a great state. And under mob pressure a congressman, a big wheel in national Democratic politics, made a deal that helped cement underworld power in the legislature.

We found a Capone mob so potent it could demoralize Chicago's police department and defy a reform mayor's efforts to reform Chicago. (Some of Chicago's 50 police captains refuse to divulge their incomes to grand juries, sport flashy diamonds at the station houses, and own ranches in Arizona.

We found that the mobsters, invading the upper world, had intrenched themselves behind substantial, legitimate business fronts. And that the mob's semirespectability had not lessened mob terror.

"Do you travel under your own name?" a friend of gangsters asked this writer in astonishment.

"You know," he said, "a man can get killed for talking to you."

The half-dozen Big Crime professionals who dominate the Chicago mob's affairs are members of the Capone family or learned their trade as "torpedoes," pimps and "businessmen" for the late Al Capone. Chief kingpin of the mob, for instance, is a Capone cousin, Charlie Fischetti. Capone's brothers, Ralph (Bottles), John (Mimi), Martin and Matt (John Rayola), hold important shares of many mob rackets. A veteran Capone understudy, the sixty-three-year-old, pouch-eyed "Little Jack" Guzik, is business brains and elder statesman. A Capone bodyguard, De Lucia, is the Outfit's link to the Maffia. Another Capone understudy, Tony Accardo, who has the suggestive alias of Joe Batters, is the "enforcer," the man who handles the gunmen who enforce mob law and trading privileges. How have these men gone so far?

For the answer, let's look first at some of the friends and advisers that the underworld sports. We can look pretty high.

One legal adviser is a prominent Chicagoan who is so close to leader Jack Arvey that they take Florida vacations together. He is Sidney Korshak.

"Sidney Korshak," said Jack Arvey, himself free of mob taint, "is one of my best friends in this world."

But Arvey's best friend has other friends too.

In a room in Chicago's Bismarck Hotel there gathered, in 1940, Capone gangsters Frank Nitti (the late enforcer), Paul Ricca, Charley (Cherry Nose) Gioe, Louis (Little New York) Campagna. Present, too, were Willie Bioff, pander, and Sidney Korshak.

"Willie, meet Sidney Korshak," said gangster Gioe to Bioff. "He is our man. I want you to pay attention to Korshak. When he tells you something, he knows what he's talking about. Any message he might deliver to you is a message from us." So testified Bioff in the million-dollar movie shakedown trial of 1946 which sent six Capone mobsters to prison. Subsequently, testified pander Bioff, Korshak had advised him how to testify at the forthcoming extortion trial and brought him money from the mob when Bioff was broke. Other equally interesting Korshak legal activities came to light when George Scalise, the ex-convict and pander, went to jail for looting the 70,000-member Building Service Employees International of $1,500,000.

Ralph Capone, one of four brothers of Al, is among Chicago's "Big Crime Pros"

Charlie Fischetti's nod is needed to break into rackets in Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio

Paul Ricca helped seize labor unions and force leaders to put mobsters on payrolls

Charley Gioe, called Cherry Nose, now out on parole, rates high in Chicago underworld

Scalise, with a white-slavery jail stretch already behind him, had employed the muscle of the Eastern and Chicago mobs to help him seize the presidency of the Building Service Employees International. Then he thought it a good idea to frame some new by-laws that would give him dictatorial powers. He hired a lawyer at a $1,200-per-month retainer to do the job. The lawyer was Sidney Korshak.

This, as was testified, took place in January, 1940. But a decade later, in 1950, Scalise still had need of Korshak. When union boodler Scalise was released from prison last May and returned to Chicago he made a beeline for the plush North LaSalle Street offices of Korshak.

At Korshak's office Scalise arrived incognito.

"Tell Mr. Korshak the man from Arizona is here," Scalise told the receptionist. With Scalise was his lawyer, George Crane.

Why did Scalise and his lawyer immediately go to Korshak? One can only raise other questions. Scalise still has other charges and another trial hanging over his head. What could Korshak do for this underworld character? I asked a newspaper reporter whether he could introduce me to Charlie Fischetti or Jack Guzik or other mobsters. The newspaperman said: "Have you seen Korshak?"

When I asked Korshak to introduce me, he said, "Charlie Fischetti is out of town."

Korshak's law practice is a subject of considerable curiosity among fellow lawyers in Chicago. As one put it, "Sid Korshak is a lawyer who tries few cases—but he has one of the most important law practices in town." Investigation revealed Korshak not only tries few cases—but he keeps few office files. He writes few business letters. Yet through his phone go many of the most influential voices in Chicago. Arty Elrod, Arvey's second in command, is on Korshak's phone frequently.

Another caller is Chicago's biggest "layoff" bookie, Joe Grabiner. And calling often, too, is Police Captain Daniel A. Gilbert, who has been described as the richest policeman in the world since it was revealed in a Congressional investigation that he had one of the biggest grain-speculating accounts in Chicago. Gilbert is chief investigator for the state's attorney's office. In 16 years of investigating his efforts have not sent one major Capone hoodlum to jail. Gilbert is now the Democratic machine candidate for sheriff.

Korshak seems to transact much of his practice while traveling, for he is out of his office about half the time—shuttling between Chicago, New York, Florida and the West Coast. Obviously in the money, he lives in a $10,000-a-year suite in the Seneca Hotel, owned by Louis Greenberg, friend and investment adviser of the late Frank (the enforcer) Nitti. A neighbor of Korshak's in the Seneca is his friend and *(Continued on page 62)*

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The Robe and the Sword

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"The Colonel had his evidence, those accursed letters; he had his witnesses; he had his charge, deadly in its potentiality—and he had it aimed right where the crucifix dangled"

THE Priest was a hot potato in the Major's hands. The Colonel had handed him to the Major on a legalistic platter garnished with evidence in the form of ten damning letters from within the prisoners' cage.

"Here's the evidence," the Colonel had said, "and there's the law. He smuggled mail to and from those SS killers in violation of our regulations and the ethics of his church, and, by all the gods I ever heard of, you're going to charge him, try him, and convict him—if I have to go to George Patton himself."

The cropped-haired, blond lieutenant colonel then had unbuttoned his neat and snug field jacket and hauled a packet of letters from an inner pocket. With self-assurance, he had tossed it onto the Major's desk, and the letters slid to a stop under the Major's morose gaze.

The Colonel rose to his six feet, his plastic helmet liner nestled in the crook of his left arm like the football he'd once lugged for the Point. "It's your problem from here on," he had said to the Major. "See you tonight." Then he had smiled brightly, turned, and briskly stridden from the office.

Damn the Colonel, nice fellow though he was, and damn his letters! It was one thing to build a case against a priest; it was another thing to try it, and something else again to decide it. The State's Bishop would be prepared and able to sound an appeal like the blast of Joshua's trumpets to the Major's superiors, far off though they might be. The Major was well aware that many of them had more than a passing interest in this church.

This had been an official visit of the American troop commander to the American military governor. This was German occupation in late fall, 1945.

The Major swiveled and peered through a web-curtained window at the River Main bustling by this Bavarian town. Downstream, linden trees marked the Long Ford where Napoleon's *Grande Armée* had crossed, bound for death on the icy Russian plain. Not far eastward Gustavus Adolphus had hacked his way into *Festung* Marienburg. Westward across the Main rose the verdant Spessart Hills, where the eastern watch fires of Caesar's Legions of Gaul once had blazed, faltered and died.

Yes, this was soil that steamed from the heat of murder. Here harshness, brutality, the will and willingness to kill had been esteemed as virtues of the chosen. Here even defeated men revered their conquerors, and women well remembered their philosophers' estimate of the female's utilitarian role in a warrior's world.

The Major was still astonished that a mild American should find himself in such a setting in such a professional role. Not that he didn't relish it. It was pleasing, for once to be doing a job a lot of helpless people desperately needed done. It was heartening and maybe dazzling to be necessary to many. The Major, as a civilian, had been proud of his record of public service. Well, here was public service—salving the new wounds of this humiliated land of battered and beaten people.

This was fall, 1945. The lately born, youthfully confused and vast headquarters at Berlin and Munich and Frankfurt still were far away. Their tentacles were writhing over the countryside, but they had not yet taken hold.

The military governor of the District, with his investigators, his police, his prosecutors, his virtually unhampered power, and with himself as judge of the sole court of condemnation or condonement, was as near to being a ruler-in-absolute as any American ever had been. He could play at being God.

"He could," the Major mused, "but he'd be badly outplayed. Think I'll pass."

Still, a touch of Godlike wisdom would be most useful just now.

There was this business about the church. The Major knew he was on a well-rutted military road when he found himself at odds with an outpost of the Vatican. But how he had arrived there, and why, was not so clear.

The Major belonged to no church. But he respected all of them; always had. Certainly he was no iconoclast.

There had been that village cleric who had threatened the former Nazi with exposure unless the *Parteimitglied,* a hardheaded *Gasthaus* owner of means, upped his congregational contribution. The Major disliked blackmail—even if the target was suspect politically. So he hopefully reported the case to the ancient, honored State's Bishop.

For his pains, he had been ignored, coldly and completely.

The puzzled, annoyed governor had done nothing more.

He recalled military government doctrine—administered to him and to hundreds like him long ago in far-off Stateside Army schools. "Don't neglect," they had admonished, "to cultivate the churchman. He always is influential; sometimes he dominates. Persuade him to help you gain and maintain control."

Good advice, probably. But somehow the Major had recoiled from a deliberate attempt to make a tool of the church. Such a course clashed with something fundamental in the American's concept of sound and sincere political practice. If it was right to keep the church out of and apart from government, then it was wrong to use the church for the moment's convenience of even a martial policy.

Or was it? The Major wasn't sure—not beyond a doubt. But such a state of mind seemed to go with this sometimes terrifying job. And sometimes, when he was least certain, he acted most surely. He had to—or pack up and go home.

The time had come to open schools. The Major had been curious. Gently, he had directed that a plebiscite be held in the county, so people might say whether they preferred church or public schools. It seemed a democratic, and assuredly it was a naïve, thing to do.

"So," the venerable Bishop had said, "we take up the fight once more."

He might as well have rapped the Major with his bishop's staff.

"He means I am taking up where the Nazis left off!" the amazed American exclaimed.

But the uncertain American held his plebiscite. The church won a tenfold ballot victory. The vote was cast on a Sunday afternoon after the village priests, in their morning sermons, had displayed anything by political timidity.

"Well, at least I got an answer," the rueful Major had commented.

But all that was past now—and no great harm done. A few of the natives had even caught a shimmery, very distant vision of *Herr Major's* purpose. But still others leered, in mistaken belief they knew his motive.

The Major was sure that both he and his design were befogged by the moral blight of this politically benighted human community.

AND now had come the Colonel with his case against the *Dekan,* the priest of the District, the Bishop's Man.

The Major fingered the packet of sealed envelopes and glumly mused of autumn's cool sun shining outside so cheerily. Gingerly, he drew the rubber bands from the packet.

The letters, most of them dirty and rumpled, were addressed to men or women, or perhaps to children, in many parts of Germany—to Kufstein in a valley of the Tirolese Alps, to storied Nürnberg, to Munich, to deadly Dachau, to Berlin, to Schweidnitz, to Hamburg, to Würzburg, to Frankfurt am Main, to Weimar—

The Major dropped the letters, rose, and paced the room.

The Colonel was one of the ablest fighting soldiers the Major had encountered. From America's South, he had his not unique attitude toward Negroes, he was skeptical of Catholics, and he seemed to think the soldier possessed also the answers to most of the problems of a plagued mankind.

The Major had spent many evenings with cognac and the Colonel. Both sometimes gave him headaches. But both were good and useful comrades—particularly so since a military governor's social life under nonfraternization was limited.

The Colonel was boyish and cheerful and good company, but rigid and solemn about what he seemed to see as "the fundamentals." One constantly tripped over his prejudices. But he was young in spirit; he'd grow. Still, the Major had noted, the uniform acted as a strait jacket on some men. Some officers didn't seem to mature beyond the fifth ribbon.

Just the same, the Colonel might be right. He was alive, and that meant, *(Continued on page 49)*

THIS story is one of the many entered in the first short story writing contest in the history of the Army. All Army personnel were invited to compete, and their manuscripts were submitted—anonymously—to a board of judges consisting of Amy Loveman, Clifton Fadiman, Herschel Brickell, Harry Hansen and Knox Burger. Collier's is happy to publish the three stories judged best.

The first of these, The Robe and the Sword, concerns the American occupation of Germany five years ago. The other two prize-winning stories will appear in forthcoming issues of Collier's

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REILLY

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Cornerstone of the Old Howard, located just off famed Scollay Square, was laid in 1846. For years a bottling works occupied the first floor

Chorus rests with waiting principals: (r.) stripteuse Jai Leta an

Doin BOSTON'S

In a city that's proud of its many traditions, not the least of them is a famed old burlesque theater that has even become a "required course" at Harvard

Current top box-office draw at the Howard is Rose La Rose, known as 'burlesque's bad girl'

BOSTON'S Chamber of Commerce, recently working overtime to lure the tourist trade with bales of folders extolling such hallowed landmarks as Old North Church and Bunker Hill Monument, might give heed to this unsolicited suggestion from Char's Tour & Travel Service way out in Honolulu. To promote a semiannual Stateside vacation trip which he directs, Yew Char issues a brochure with this blurb among the high lights—"Visit historic Boston and see the celebrated Old Howard burlesque theater."

Although the Brahmin side of Beacon Hill would blanch at the thought, less proper Bostonians have long felt that one of their city's biggest attractions is the granite-faced, cathedral-like Old Howard on the fringe of honky-tonk Scollay Square. Now in its 105th consecutive season as a playhouse, this oldest of American theaters has won an international reputation in recent years as thousands of servicemen who patronized its art during World War II spread the Old Howard's fame around the world.

That's why today, added to the usual patronage from college students, factory hands, sailors and somewhat furtive businessmen and local politicians, the queue before the Howard's gaudy marquee sometimes includes touring United Nations delegates, other foreign visitors and, twice a year, Yew Char and 25 eager Hawaiians. The customers, old and new, are seldom disappointed in the theater's traditional boast, as expressed in lobby billboards, that there's "Always something doing from 9:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M."

With burlesque an extinct art by official decree in New York and many other cities, the Old Howard is now to the strip-tease circuit what the old Palace on Broadway once was to vaudeville. And this, mind you, in the staid Hub of New England, where the blue pencil often severely censors books, movies and legitimate plays. Six days a week, 11 months a year on the Howard's antique stage, pretty girls peel down to within a few sequins and spangles of nudity and comedians recite their risqué routines with little or no trouble from the law.

Boston officials see no paradox in all this. If there's any rule of thumbs-down to explain their censorship, it seems to be this: You have to be eighteen years old to be admitted to the Old Howard. Anyone who pays his admission there

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traight man **Al Leryo; comic Irv Harmon (seated); Jean Calvert (l.)**

Strict but fatherly, that's Francis (Bunny) Weldon who takes charge of the 12-girl chorus, produces the shows, designs the costumes and scenery

OLD HOWARD

By GORDON MANNING

knows in advance just what he is going to see. But there is no minimum age for admission to legitimate theaters and movie houses, and no advance notice of the type of show. Therefore, any indelicate or offensive material presented in those places is more likely to do damage to public morals.

"But we check the Old Howard every week," says Walter R. Milliken, the stocky, serious gentleman who serves as Boston's city censor under the unwieldly title of chief of the licensing division of the mayor's office. "The management always cooperates to the fullest with any suggestions I make regarding the strip acts or comic bits."

Boston Mayor John B. Hynes, speaking at a Variety Club luncheon honoring Rufus (Al) Somerby, owner and operator of the Old Howard, for his 50 years in show business, declared: "Boston is not a puritanical town. We like real entertainment. And that's what Al Somerby has been giving us. Al has been a credit to our city for a great many years." Other tributes paid Somerby at that luncheon included congratulatory wires from both U.S. senators from Massachusetts, Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

Oddly enough, the Old Howard enjoys greater respect in official circles today than it did as a legitimate theater presenting Shakespeare and other classics more than 100 years ago. In those days Boston burghers considered any theater a gateway to the infernal regions. Consequently, the great gray Gothic structure on Howard Street was purposely built to resemble a church, fronted with three tall, stained-glass windows. It was called the Howard Athenaeum to give the impression that it was sort of an educational and cultural institution.

But the Howard's fabulous background goes back even farther in Boston's history. In 1843, on a vacant lot along the narrow lane that led from the Scollay Square pasture land to the Charles River Bank, a one-story wooden tabernacle was erected for the Reverend William Miller, leader of a sect known as the Millerites. This group believed that the end of the world was imminent and, in the manner of a modern radio jingle, the Reverend Miller made his prediction in rhyme: "The end of the world will surely be in eighteen hundred and forty-three."

The Reverend Miller set April 23d as the scheduled day of doom. His followers, having disposed of their worldly goods, gathered on the tabernacle roof dressed in the flimsiest of white ascension robes. The failure of Miller's prophecy caused many of his disciples to desert.

Seeking some return on their investment in the tabernacle, the more business-minded of Miller's flock leased the building, over his protests, to a theatrical company. On October 13, 1845, the theater opened with Sheridan's The School for Scandal, and a farce, The Day after the Wedding.

After 99 performances, the first Howard burned to the ground. The climax of the play that final night was the descent of a ball of fire from the flies of the theater. This prop was too realistic. All that was left standing was a granite façade which the new tenants had erected to give the building a more impressive appearance. Nobody was hurt in the blaze. *(Continued on page 75)*

Joe Cowan and Irv Harmon go into their routine. Many Howard acts went on to stardom

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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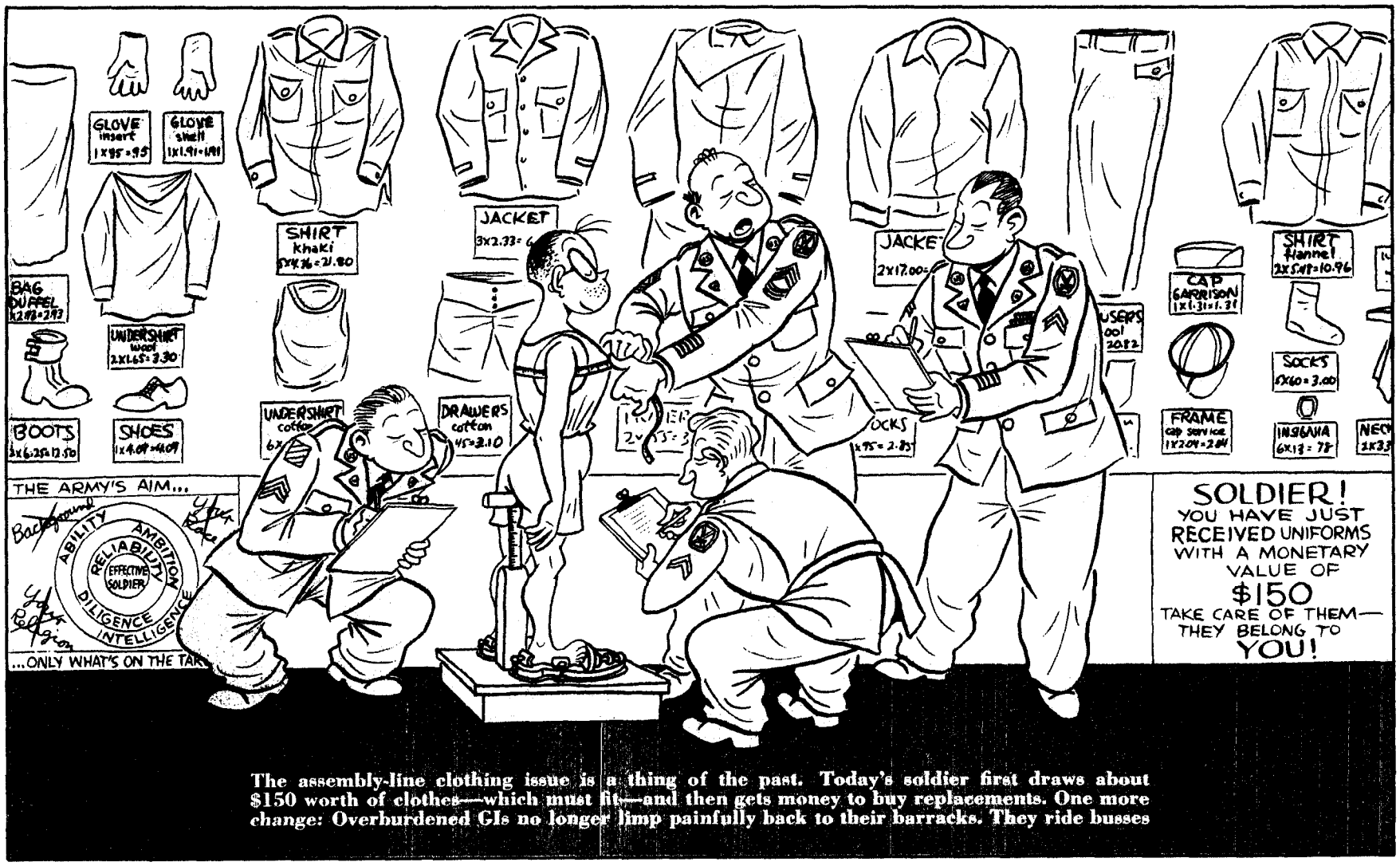
THE NEW GI JOE·

STOP AND THINK!
Have you ever been convicted by Civil Authorities?
Have you had prior Service with the Armed Forces?
If so, have you reported this information?
REMEMBER! FI INTS
ARE CHECKED BY ER!.
Avoid risk of disc
for fraudu
or trial
SUGGESTION BOX

The draftee gets his first taste of the new system at the induction center. There he finds easy chairs and magazines—and noncoms who address him respectfully. In this strange Army, he is even told what's going on

At the Basic Training Center, the new GIs are taken to a coffee-and-lemonade snack bar for refreshment. There they are greeted by an officer whose opening statement is: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm here to welcome you"



The assembly-line clothing issue is a thing of the past. Today's soldier first draws about $150 worth of clothes—which must fit—and then gets money to buy replacements. One more change: Overburdened GIs no longer limp painfully back to their barracks. They ride busses

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He Never Had It So Good

BY BILL DAVIDSON
AS TOLD TO DAVE BREGER

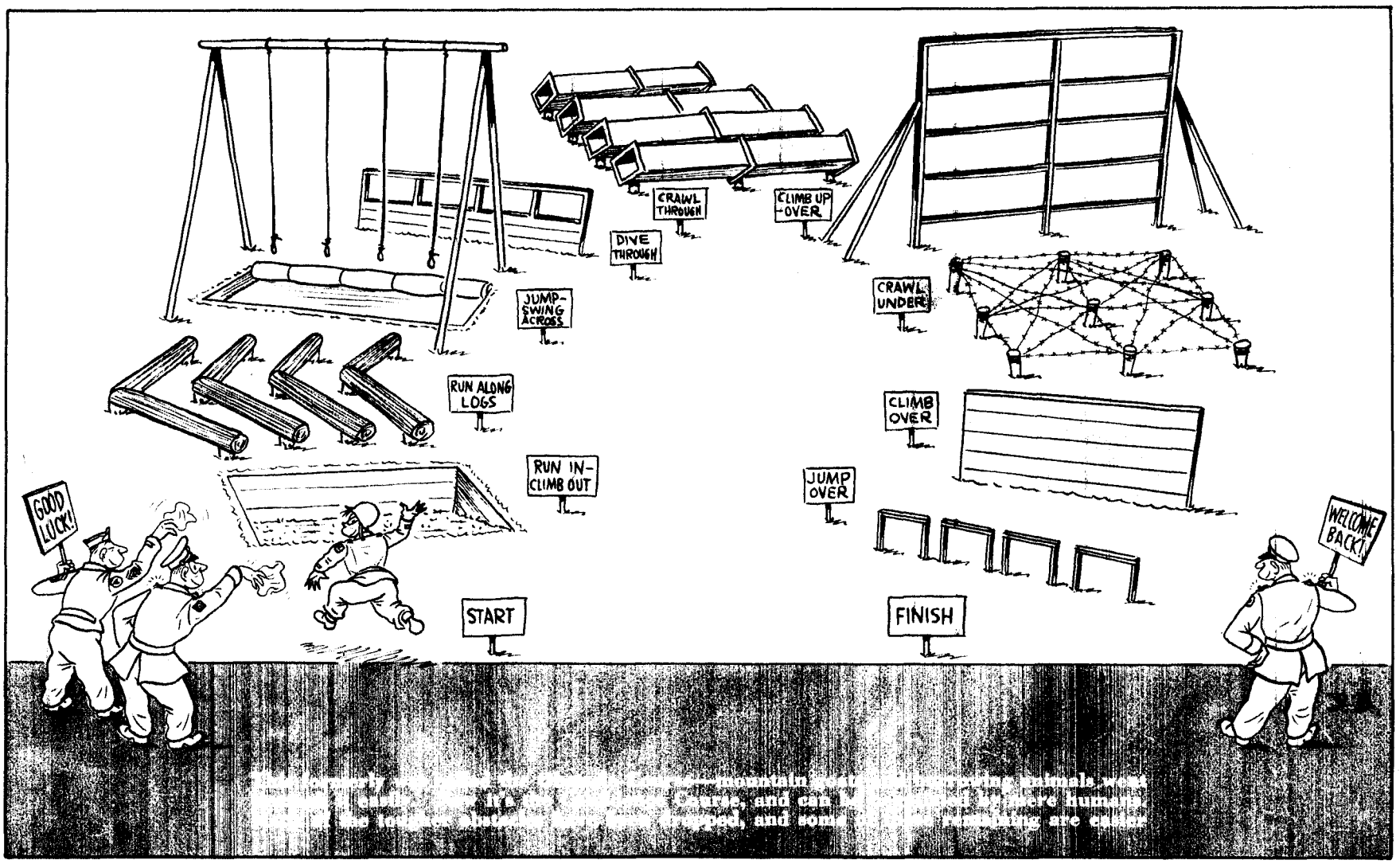
You wouldn't recognize the 1950 Army. Gone are the old days of the 25-mile hike, the snarling first sergeant and the chipped-beef breakfast. Only the griping is familiar

Old GI Joes will remember Collier's Associate Editor Bill Davidson and Cartoonist Dave Breger as onetime staff members of Yank magazine and the Stars and Stripes. Breger, in fact, is sometimes credited with having originated the expression "GI Joe" in an early cartoon he drew for Yank. Davidson covered the European theater from the air, with the Royal Navy and with Allied ground forces from Omaha Beach to the Battle of the Bulge. As a team they set out recently to see what it's like to be drafted these days—to discover how the present induction and training setup compares with the one they knew in World War II. Their research took them to one of the Army's induction stations in Kansas City, Missouri, and to the Basic Training Center at Fort Riley, Kansas. This is a comprehensive report on what they found

WHEN I was drafted on May 6, 1941, the United States Army gave me intelligence tests, interviewed me about my educational and literary accomplishments, lectured me about how the Army always found the right place for the right man, and then assigned me to my Right Place —the top of a garbage-collecting truck at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Later, I became a rifleman in an infantry outfit, and my basic training with this unit was distinguished by the following: (a) I unloaded 343 trucks, did 18 days of K.P. and picked up approximately 3,000 cigarette butts; (b) I became expert at lunging and parrying with the bayonet, a weapon which I never again used in my 4½ years in the Army; (c) I lost four rifle bolts while disassembling four separate and distinct rifles—possibly a new Fort Dix record; (d) I was poisoned in the company mess three times, once requiring stomach pumping at the local station hospital; and (e) for 13 weeks, I was addressed by my superiors simply as "You" and "Knucklehead," and I was informed a record number of times a day that I had found a home in the Army and that I never had had it so good.

My colleague, Dave Breger, had similar illuminating experiences during that same period in 1941, chief among which was the now-famous classification job the Army did on him. Breger had a degree in psychology from Northwestern University and for years he had been the office manager of a large corporation and, later, a nationally known professional cartoonist. The Fort Dix Reception Center gravely weighed all these qualifications, and finally, after much deliberation, classified Breger as an automobile mechanic and sent him off to a Motor Maintenance Battalion at Camp Livingston, Louisiana.

As millions of ex-GIs know, this was the Army in the early years of World War II. Now, with a new generation of selectees being called up by the draft boards just as they were in 1941, Breger and I went to Fort Riley, Kansas (one of the great new Basic Training Centers), to see if the Army had changed since *we* went through as inductees nine years ago. *(Continued on page 71)*



BY PERMISSION OF KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

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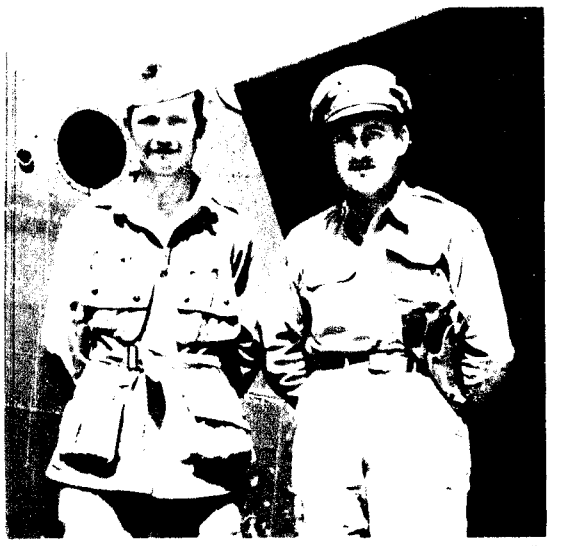
GLIDER ATTACK

Continuing a WAR ADVENTURE IN BURMA

By LOWELL THOMAS

History's first all-airborne invasion behind enemy lines was launched from India in 1944 in a daring attempt to cut off communications of the Japanese facing General Joseph W. Stilwell's forces in Burma. It was organized and led by that strange master of unorthodox warfare, General Orde Charles Wingate, who had won fame in Palestine and Ethiopia. Wingate, an Englishman, had a hard-fighting army of Scots, English, Africans, Burmese and Gurkhas. It was two Americans, however, who foresaw that Wingate needed gliders to make the invasion successful. They were Colonels Philip Cochran and John Alison. Putting together an American glider-plane force, they helped organize the invasion, which was to take off from Lalaghat, India, and land at two airfields secretly built 165 miles behind the Japanese advance lines. They were named Broadway and Piccadilly. A last-minute photo reconnaissance showed the enemy had discovered and blocked Piccadilly, so the invasion headed for Broadway. When time came for radio reports from Broadway, Wingate waited in vain. Finally came the dreaded code word: Soyalink



U.S.A.F. PHOTO

Major William Taylor, Jr. (l.), spearheaded invasion. With him is Captain Vincent Rose

II

THE Air Commando glider spearheading the Chindit invasion of Burma ran into trouble, not with the Japs but with an elephant water hole. Major William H. Taylor, Jr., assigned to put the big CG-4A sailplane down in a lonely jungle clearing 165 miles behind enemy lines, located his goal and, with the North Star for a guide, cut the towrope and started his run to the ground.

"We should have been going about 60 miles an hour" he told me, "but we were doing 90—why, I had no idea. At treetop level I went into black shadow and lost all sense of horizon. There was a lashing sound of tall grass whipping the front of the glider. Then I saw a white patch and pulled back at the controls with all my strength. I was just able to get into the air for a hop over what was, I found later, a water hole for elephants, big enough to hold a house. If we had plunged into it a crash was certain. As it was, I lost a wheel bouncing down on the other side, coming to a stop within 50 yards of the point chosen weeks before in planning."

British assault troops piled out and went moving off through the grass to investigate what they feared most, that the Japs might have lured the air invasion into Broadway (as the clearing had been named by American fliers) to destroy it. Last-minute air reconnaissance had shown the Japs had booby-trapped an alternate clearing, called Piccadilly, by placing logs across it.

Despite this threat, General Orde Charles Wingate, the eccentric genius of guerrilla warfare who commanded the first all-air invasion, had decided to go ahead as scheduled on March 5, 1944. Wingate's men, the famed jungle fighters he called Chindits, after the Chinthey statue which guarded Burmese pagodas, were to be transported by the Air Commandos headed by Colonels Philip Cochran and John Alison. The Wingate campaign was to cut enemy communications from the rear, supporting General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, whose Chinese-American army was driving southward from the Chinese border.

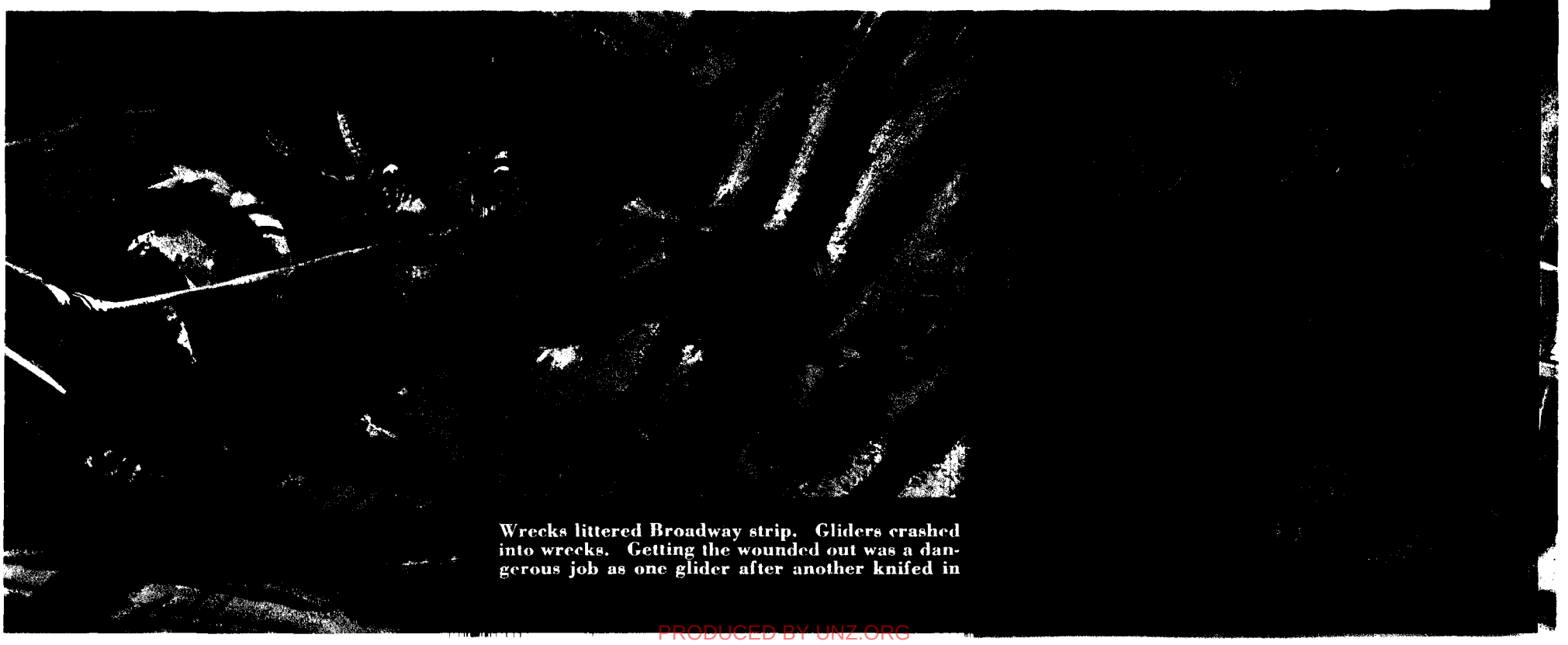
The gliders, taking off at dusk from the Lalaghat air base in the Imphal Valley, India, had a rough trip. They rose in double tow in clear moonlight, but ran into fog and smoke haze as they crossed the enemy lines at the Chindwin River. Seventeen towlines parted during the rough trip to cross the 8,000-foot Chin Hills, sending glider cargoes of men to an uncertain fate in the black jungle.

A few minutes after Taylor's craft got down at Broadway, a dim form came through the darkness with the whistling sound a glider makes—then a crash. Lieutenant Neal J. Blush, of Whitefish, Montana, cracked up in landing but nobody was hurt.

Others began to come in. Alison, coleader of the Commandos, landed safely. Lieutenant Donald E. Seese, of Penn Yan, New York, came in crosswise on the field and was headed for a crash with Bill Taylor's glider. "He almost picked up his own and jumped over mine," Taylor told me long afterward. "He was carrying Brigadier Michael 'Mad Mike' Calvert, commander of the Wingate troops, and it looked like sure death. Mad Mike said later he never had seen anyone so cool as Seese when he jumped that glider."

A shot rang out and *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK



Wrecks littered Broadway strip. Gliders crashed into wrecks. Getting the wounded out was a dangerous job as one glider after another knifed in

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The stranger rose and walked to the bench, bringing Lena with him. "I am prepared to put up bail," he declared

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

Sick and dispirited, Paul was no longer able to carry on the struggle to clear his father's name. Someone must help him make the truth known—someone like the extraordinary Mr. Luther Aloysius Dunn

The Story: PAUL ENGEL learned from a family friend that his father, LEON ENGEL, whom he had believed dead, was really serving a life sentence for the murder of MONA SPURLING. Paul left Belfast, Ireland, and went to Winton, Scotland, the city of the crime, determined to get to the bottom of the story. From ALBERT PRUSTY, a neighbor of the victim who still lived in the same house, he learned of the presence of another man at the murder scene, although the positive identifications of Leon Engel made by JANET CROMBIE, a maid, and LOUISA BURT had formed the basis for a strong case built up by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE and prosecuted by SIR MATTHEW SPROTT.

Swann, on his deathbed, confessed to Paul that the evidence was trumped up, and told him to see Louisa Burt. Paul was just getting some information from her when the police picked him up and brought him before Urie, who warned him to keep his hands off the case. Instead, Paul got GEORGE BIRLEY, Member of Parliament, to propose an official reinvestigation.

Paul meanwhile found himself deeply attracted to lovely LENA ANDERSEN, who worked with him in a department store. Bad luck pursued him: his plea

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE

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for a reopening of the case was rejected; he heard that Lena had an illegitimate child; and he lost his job. Then he received a note from his father in prison, telling him to look for a shady character named MONK. In search of Monk, Paul lived the life of a derelict. When he found him, Monk tried to use Paul as an instrument of revenge against his enemy Sprott, and, by working on Paul's resentment, brought him almost to the point of murdering the prosecutor.

Desperate and ill, Paul took to going to the canteen for destitute men run by Louisa Burt's philanthropist-employer, ENOCH OSWALD. A letter from Louisa told Paul that she, like Janet Crombie, who had also worked for the Oswalds, was marrying and going to Australia. This somehow aroused Paul's suspicion, and he revisited Prusty and learned that Oswald was also the landlord of the murder house. Lena helped Paul trap Oswald into revealing, unwittingly, another piece of incriminating evidence, and Paul then went walking about the city, carrying a sandwich board stating his father's case. He was arrested, and faced a term in jail. But Sprott, by now thoroughly alarmed, ordered Urie to try to have Paul put away in a mental institution.

VII

THE police court opened next morning at ten o'clock. The red-necked sergeant took Paul upstairs. He did not seem a bad sort this morning. As they left the cell he glanced meaningfully at Paul's bruised and swollen eyes.

"Nasty fall you had yesterday, cully. Take care you don't slip up this morning. You follow me?"

Paul did not answer. Toward morning he had actually slept for several hours. But this rest had not revived him. He could not understand why he felt so weak; even to breathe cost him an effort; and his side still hurt him so badly he had to keep his left arm pressed hard against it in an effort to control the pain. But, in contrast, his mind was sharp again. He saw everything with a bright, unnatural lucidity. And he was firmly determined that he would speak out and reveal everything. Yes, this time nothing would deter him.

When he was escorted through the side door and shown his place on the prisoner's bench the court was already in session, and the magistrate, Mr. Battersby, a thin middle-aged man with a kindly appearance, had begun to deal expertly with the usual run of misdemeanors. Paul studied him as he rapidly disposed of three elderly drunks, a boy caught collecting betting slips, a street hawker who had traded without a license, an old musician accused of begging, a tramp apprehended for being "without visible means of support."

The magistrate's lips were thin, severe-looking, but his eyes were wise and humane. He never smiled at the blandishments, the cajoling pleas of the old repeaters who stood before him. Yet none of his sentences was severe. Several first offenders received suspended sentences, and he turned over, without comment, a young girl charged with petty theft to the representative of the Salvation Army. Paul, watching him, thought to himself: This is a man who will listen to me.

Suddenly, while he studied Mr. Battersby, he became aware that he himself was the object of a steady and compelling inspection. He looked toward the public seats and immediately saw Lena. She was not alone. Beside her sat a heavy-set man of about forty, wearing a flannel suit, a carelessly knotted tie, and a tweed overcoat which had seen much service. His hat was pushed back on his head, exposing a round bald brow. All his face was round and chubby, presenting, despite the unshaven jowls, a curious nakedness which he tried to conceal by assuming a look of boredom.

He had been contemplating Paul with this detachment but now, although his expression did not alter, he raised his forefinger and laid it against his lips. Paul glanced quickly at Lena, read the appeal in her eyes, then looked back at the fat stranger, who nodded once, slightly, before slouching back in his chair and examining his fingernails with the air of one for whom the proceedings had no further interest.

AT THAT moment Paul's case was called. He had barely time to think as he stood up and listened to the charge rattled out against him. He observed that, for the first time, Chief Constable Urie had entered the court and taken a seat near the dais with his back to the body of the court.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" The magistrate looked down at Paul with an attention far less perfunctory than that bestowed by him on the earlier cases. There was a short pause. The flood of words was ready to gush forth but somehow, for some reason which ran contrary to his own will, it would not come. He did not even dare to look toward Lena or the stranger who had given that queer, compelling signal. But suddenly, almost without his volition, he hung his head and, in a tone of simulated contrition, in mimicry of the old hands who had gone before him, he muttered:

"I'm sorry, Your Honor. Perhaps I'd had a little too much to drink."

There was a short, weighted silence. Paul could see the chief constable straighten himself in his chair. Mr. Battersby cleared his throat.

"You were intoxicated? At your age that's a positive disgrace."

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Aren't you ashamed to admit it?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

There was a submissive, an almost abject note in Paul's voice which made the magistrate frown in perplexity. He examined some notes on the desk before him, then leaned forward.

"Why did you make this demonstration—chaining yourself in the most public place in the city?"

"I've told you, Your Honor. I'd had one too many. I must have wanted to show off."

"Can you explain the—the monstrous poster that you displayed?"

"No, Your Honor. I meant no harm. When people have had a glass—you know they do silly things."

The chief constable, sitting up stiffly, had half turned in his place. The magistrate glanced imperceptibly in his direction before putting his next question to Paul.

"You have never made a demonstration of this kind before?"

"No, Your Honor."

"But you have suffered at times from nervous attacks?"

"I don't think so, Your Honor."

A pause.

"What are your political opinions?"

"I have none."

Again the magistrate hesitated, redirecting his gaze, in undecided fashion, *(Continued on page 38)*

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Across the Manhattan prairie thunders Harry Abramowitz at the reins of his covered wagon

'Hopalong'

It's a rare horse-drawn vehicle that can't be found in the stable of this

SCREAMING police sirens halted all traffic on Forty-second Street from Grand Central Station to Fifth Avenue in New York City. Behind the gleaming motorcycle escort clattered Harry Abramowitz' stagecoach, pulled by five donkeys. On the open seat next to Abramowitz sat the visiting celebrity: a large, amiable frog in a custom-built cage. It had come to the city for a quiet week end after completing its grueling role as the celebrated jumping frog in the motion picture Tom Sawyer.

While the police rerouted all Fifth Avenue traffic, the donkeys shuffled their cargo to the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, where a bath with room had been reserved for the frog. After delivering the squatting starlet to its suite, Abramowitz received $200 for his trouble—from the movie company; the frog carried no cash. Then, at the end of an ordinary day's work, Abramowitz headed his stagecoach back to his stable in the Bronx.

Thanks to Abramowitz, the Bronx, never noted for its cowboy lore, boasts more Wells Fargo expresses than exist in the fondest dreams of Buffalo Bill or John Wayne. The collection, which fills five lots, includes hundreds of covered wagons, buckboards, surreys (with and without fringes), tallyhos, phaetons, victorias, pony traps, broughams, landaus and barouches.

The carriages are hired mostly to advertise movies, neighborhood stores, political candidates and products from bread to worsteds; but his customers are also adept at zany publicity stunts, the frog being one example.

Abramowitz' stable, a tottering three-story building with shattered windows, is located on Concord Avenue. Abramowitz himself, in perpetual motion among his animals, is five feet four and pudgy, with a bull neck and bowed legs. Since his sixty-second birthday he has cut his working time at the stable to 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Although the building is incredibly decrepit, the animals gleam with cleanliness. In a life which has alternated between poverty and wealth, Abramowitz has always insisted on personal care for every animal. He explains it in a warm dialect which enchants horses and people:

"My horses have never let me down, why should I quit on them? They got to be fed and watered and who should do it but Abramowitz?"

An elegant gold and silver victoria leaves the stable for a church parade, but the neighbors don't even look up. They've learned to expect anything.

A four-in-hand tallyho and a buckboard bright with posters jounce up the street.

"From the new bakery on White Plains Road," Abramowitz explains.

He yells to the bent old man on the tallyho. "How does business look by the bakery?" The driver calls back in an incredible brogue, "Oh-h, wonderful, wonderful—ye can't see the store for the people that's crowdin' in."

"Marvelous," says Abramowitz, "what horses and stagecoaches can do. You'll excuse me now, I got to get a surrey ready for a supermarket."

Harry Abramowitz arrived in this country from Lechowitz, Minsk, in 1906. Beginning as a fruit peddler, he saved enough money in a year and a half to become a wholesaler. He spent all his money in 1907 buying apples at 50 to 75 cents a barrel. A year later he sold them at $5 a barrel. But after he invested his profit in the next apple crop, prices tumbled and Abramowitz' wholesaling days were over.

The boy had worked in his father's stable since the age of six and he now recalled what has always been for him the pleasant aroma of horses. Harry began to hang around the local hostlers. His bride, the lovely Fanny Busell, agreed that he should rent a stable, but at that moment there wasn't a penny in the house. Finally, they made a tearful decision—they would pawn Fanny's engagement ring. It brought $110, of which $100 immediately went for a month's rent and a month's security on the stable.

The moment the stable opened, Harry's first caller offered to sell him a pony. Harry bought it for $2.35 and thus began a remarkable chain of events which brought him sudden prosperity.

With assets consisting of one pony in a rented stable, he set out to solicit business from the neighborhood merchants. Noticing a horse and wagon outside Eisenberg's Candy Store, he went in to ask if the owner needed a stable.

"No, I already got a stable," said Mr. Eisenberg, "but maybe you could find me the one thing I've always wanted—which is a nice little pony."

"Mr. Eisenberg," said Abramowitz, triumphantly, "such a pony I got."

He showed Eisenberg the $2.35 pony and the candy store man was entranced. "Abramowitz," he said, "that's the loveliest animal I've ever seen. How much would you want for it?"

Abramowitz thought for a moment, swallowed hard and said, "Give me $110 and the horse you got outside and you can have the pony."

Eisenberg's face was wreathed in smiles. "Abramowitz, you're a gentleman, a real gentleman." He called to his wife in the back of the store. "Sadie, this is our lucky day. Bring me a hundred and ten dollars. We got a pony." Then he turned to Abramowitz. "Now maybe you can find me a red cart for the pony."

On the way back to the stable with $110 and his new horse, Abramowitz read a sign in a dairy window, "Horse And Two Wagons For Sale." He walked in, paid $85 for everything and returned to the stable with $25 in cash, two horses and two wagons—one small and red—in place of the $2.35 pony.

The next day Abramowitz took the red cart to Eisenberg's store. Eisenberg was ecstatic. "My, am I a lucky man," he said, clicking his teeth. "Tell me, Abramowitz, what would you want for this beautiful cart?"

"Well, Eisenberg, we're going to make a trade. All you do is give me $75 and the wagon you have outside and this nice red cart is yours."

Eisenberg shook his head admiringly. "You're certainly a gentleman, Abramowitz. Sadie, bring me seventy-five dollars."

On the way home Abramowitz sold Eisenberg's wagon for $100, picking up an express wagon in the deal.

The third day of the new business a peddler came to the stable and asked naïvely if Abramo-

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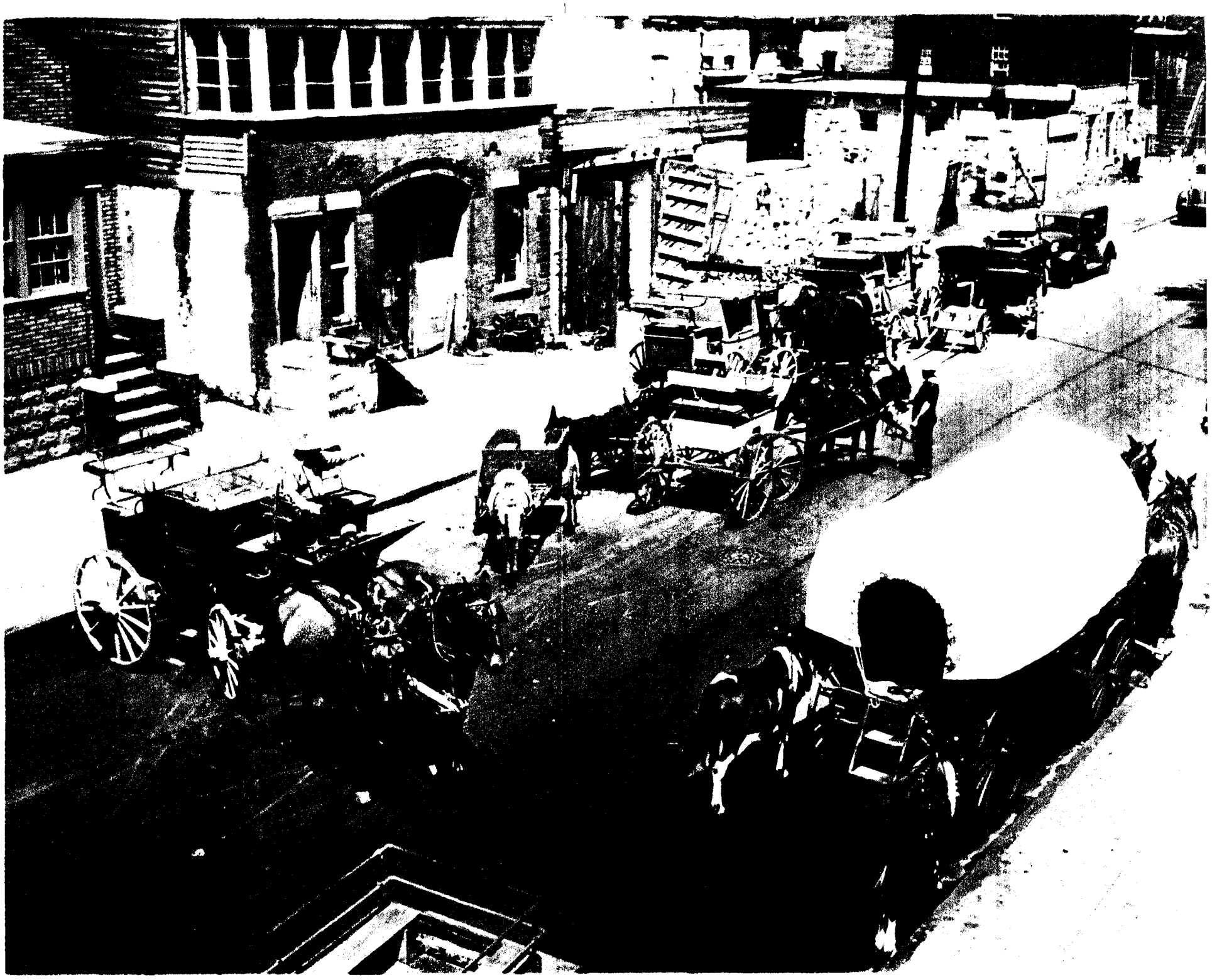

You couldn't find a cattle rustler within miles of this bustling scene. It's the Abramowitz establishment in New York's teeming Bronx

Abramowitz

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

gentle Bronx cowboy. Do you need a stagecoach or a buckboard? Abramowitz is your man

witz could sell him a horse and wagon. Yes, it could be arranged, Abramowitz assured him. So, for $235, the peddler received Eisenberg's wagon and the horse Abramowitz had got in the $85 swap at the dairy. In six months of this free enterprise Abramowitz accumulated 30 horses and wagons.

The antique carriage collection was started in 1915. A local theater manager hired one of Abramowitz' horses to pull an old wagon with signs advertising a Western picture. A fast man to size up any situation involving horses, Abramowitz figured that a genuine stagecoach would be that much more realistic and bring in more revenue. Without traveling farther west than New Jersey he started to pick up every variety of vehicle —from auctions, private sales and stranded cowboy troupes.

One day a senior member of the Vanderbilt family mentioned casually to an acquaintance that he was anxious to sell some of his elegant carriages. Somehow, the word drifted to the Bronx. Abramowitz raced over to the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue, "a very nice building filled with five floors of carriages and a groom who must have been a college man." From the "college man" Abramowitz extracted 64 carriages for $50—which comes to roughly 78 cents a carriage!

Fifty-six coaches are still active in the Bronx. They have lost some of their social standing in the carriage trade, but they're marvelous for announcing the Grand Opening of a delicatessen.

By 1930, Abramowitz had three stables, 285 horses and a huge variety of carriages. He was now also a real-estate promoter with a home for Fanny and their three children, a block of stores and a garage. All told, he was worth $285,000. The neighbors whispered, "Abramowitz is a millionaire." But a few months later he was completely broke.

"I paid $65,000 cash for a stable, but I forgot to take out fire insurance and the next day the stable burned down. The depression and the fire came at the same time. I lost two stables, the stores, the garage and my home, and all my money flew away with the real estate. Somehow I managed to keep most of the horses. They were fed even when Fanny and I went hungry ourselves. From that time on I decided to stay in my stable and never mind being such a big businessman."

After the real-estate disaster, Abramowitz drove a horse and wagon for the New York City Park Department, along with 64 other teams doing cleanup chores in the Bronx. He bought equipment on the strength of an understanding that their work would continue indefinitely. But when the late Fiorello La Guardia's Fusion administration came to power they were all laid off without notice.

Abramowitz rallied the teamsters to protest the layoff and went from door to door at City Hall trying to find a politician who was interested in horses.

Abramowitz and the teamsters were advised to visit a dignitary at Central Park Arsenal who was in charge of such matters. *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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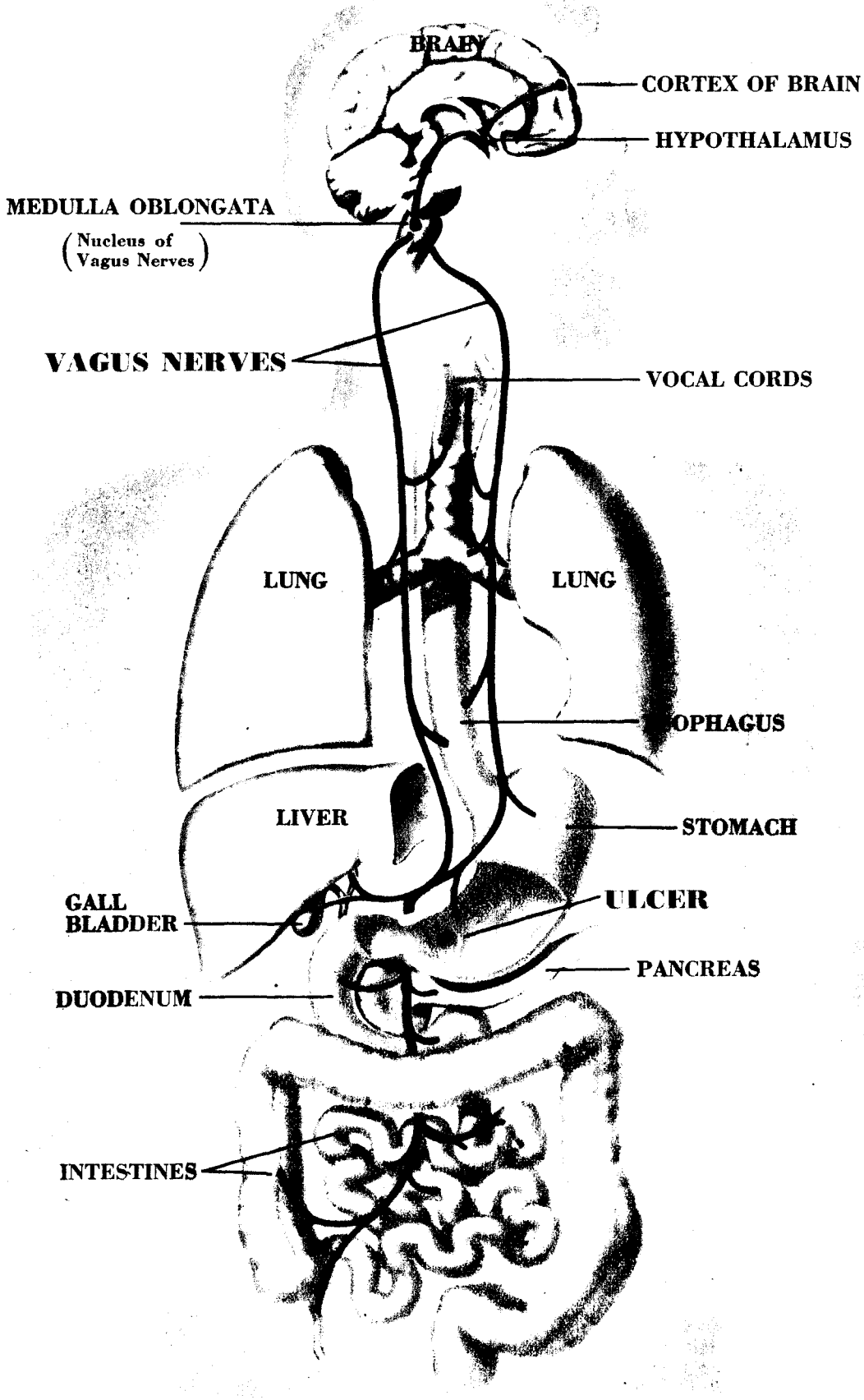
What to Do about an



How ulcers start. Many doctors think the vagus nerve is the villain, passing unpleasant stimuli from the brain to the digestive tract. The brain's cortex tries to bury our emotional conflicts in the hypothalamus. The vagus picks up these repressed stimuli and carries them all over the body, affecting the function of many organs. It starts the digestive juices working; if they have no food to digest, they may eat away at the stomach lining. The result—as shown here—is an ulcer

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. FRANK H. NETTER

CALL him Mr. Brown. That isn't his real name, but he's very real, nevertheless, and he lives in Chicago, the city in which he was born, reared and educated. Mr. Brown is twenty-eight, married and has one child. He is a charming young man and very successful in the advertising business. He is considered intelligent, even brilliant, by his friends and associates and certain to become outstanding in his profession—and possibly in even broader areas. Although very young, Mr. Brown already has made a remarkable amount of money.

This is because he is aggressive, has great ambition and is a hard driver. Mr. Brown undertakes tremendously difficult tasks that most of his associates would shun. In fact, he enters upon each of these with such enthusiasm that he sometimes seems childishly overzealous. When he performs difficult work successfully his satisfaction is enormous; if he doesn't succeed, he's likely to be deeply despondent, even though the task may be next to impossible.

At least, that might have been his reaction a year ago. Mr. Brown is more inclined to view such failures philosophically and objectively today, because he understands himself much better than he used to. This, oddly enough, is because he has had a peptic ulcer, and, in being treated for it, began to grow up, so to speak. This is an important thing, because Mr. Brown hadn't done much growing up emotionally until then, in spite of his twenty-eight years and his spectacular success in business.

When Mr. Brown had his ulcer, his wife was pregnant and his mother, who had been a widow for 11 years, was making plans for her approaching second marriage. Mrs. Brown the younger had been pregnant for five months at the time and was beginning to show her condition very plainly.

Mr. Brown's ulcer wasn't really so bad, but it caused him a great deal of stomach distress, and it frightened him because he knew that ulcers can be very serious indeed. He knew also that a perforated ulcer always means surgery.

A perforated ulcer is one which eats through the wall of the stomach or the duodenum, or even occasionally through the esophagus (the tube leading to the stomach) or the small intestine. These are the places where the disease is most commonly found. Surgery may be necessary to remove these perforated spots or the ulcer, and make a new union and alignment in the digestive system; just as you remove a damaged section of pipe in the bathroom and connect the plumbing in a new arrangement.

If this isn't done, food and gastric juices will pour through the break. This is toxic to the peritoneum, the lining of the abdominal cavity. Peritonitis frequently causes death; it always does if it is not treated immediately by antibiotics and sulfa drugs. Even then, some patients lose their lives. Hence the need for immediate surgery.

Mr. Brown had heard about bleeding ulcers, and how unpleasant and painful these things can be. He also knew they could be fatal in some cases of massive hemorrhage. So he was frightened when the doctor told him about his ulcer, which was in the duodenum. The duodenum, a bulbous tube about 11 inches long, is that part of the small intestine that is joined to the stomach. It is one of the most common locales of peptic ulcer, as Mr. Brown knew.

Mr. Brown's fright was not unmixed with anger, because he was ashamed to have an ulcer. In the first place it limited his activities because of the medical regimen under which he was placed; in the second, he was annoyed because he had succumbed to such a thing; Mr. Brown was not a man who could succumb to anything with much grace. Besides this, he understood vaguely that ulcer can be caused by emotional conflict, and that irked him because he associated emotional conflict with weakness.

Mr. Brown was correct about the emotional con-

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Ulcer

By HENRY LA COSSITT

This article was written after consultation with Dr. Sidney A. Portis, a distinguished internist and gastroenterologist who is recognized throughout the medical profession as one of the nation's authorities on peptic ulcers. In gathering the material presented here, the author also examined several of Dr. Portis' papers—including the comprehensive work Diseases of the Digestive System, which he edited. While the cases cited are disguised, they were taken from case histories in the files at Dr. Portis' Chicago clinic

flict. Approximately 80 per cent of the growing number of peptic ulcer cases are caused by emotional disturbances which have been held back, or repressed.

When the cortex—or that part of the brain which is conscious—receives any unpleasant stimulus with which the ego is unable to cope, it sends it packing to the hypothalamus, the subconscious part of the brain, hoping to bury it once and for all.

Of course, it does no such thing and the procedure is as absurdly futile as sweeping unpleasant dirt under a rug. The stimulus is still there, seething, demanding to be expressed openly, in anger, disgust, fear, or whatever. When we refuse to permit this, it takes other means—and therein lies the trouble. Physicians now believe that after we repress our emotions in this manner a definite physiological block occurs between the hypothalamus and the cortex—the subconscious and the conscious—that prevents us from expressing ourselves normally. So another character enters the drama. This is the vagus.

Vagabond Nerve Affects Many Organs

The word "vagus" means "wandering" in Latin, and the vagus is a vagabond sort of nerve, roaming around the body and affecting our vital organs. Moreover, it is both *motor,* controlling movements, and *sensory,* reporting feelings to and from the brain.

The vagus sprouts in that part of the brain just above the spinal column, and is in two branches. These descend through the throat, touch the vocal cords, and then take off in all directions in search of organs to control—and the vagus controls more than its share. It reaches the gall bladder, the liver, the heart, the lungs, the pancreas, the kidneys, the esophagus, the stomach, the small intestine.

In the course of its travels the vagus has, of course, covered a great deal of digestive territory, and has touched other organs as well. There's a lot of speculation about what the vagus can do to these organs and their functions. For instance, it's now believed that stimuli traveling over the vagus have an effect on the sugar supply and indirectly on coronary disease. Certainly the vagus controls that part of the digestive system from the esophagus to the ascending colon, and it's believed that, even in the case of the colon, impulses from the vagus are transmitted to other nerves to carry on. Doctors have come to these conclusions because when the vagus is severed by an operation or paralyzed by drugs, the healing of peptic ulcer follows in the majority of cases.

The vagus picks up the stimuli resulting from those emotions we have repressed and sends them over its far-flung system, so that the results of our anger, or disgust, or fear, or whatever, are expressed inwardly, instead of outwardly. That is where peptic ulcer comes in, because the stomach and duodenum are peculiarly susceptible to such stimulation.

When the vagus stimulates the digestive juices, they start working, digesting, whether there is any food in the stomach or not. Should there be a break or loss of protection in the lining of this portion of the digestive system, these juices begin to digest the gastric wall itself. Gastric tissue is a protein and protein, of course, is one of our essential foods. Since it is the only one available the juices go to work on it.

This cannibalism in the digestive system produced Mr. Brown's ulcer, and he was told all this in preparing him for the next step in understanding his condition.

Now such reactions as the excretion of pepsin and acids in the digestive system are due to cravings for food inspired by upset emotions; the reason for this is very simple. In infancy, if we are disturbed, we almost always are fed to quiet us. If the infant is afraid, or in pain, or in any unpleasant emotional state, food is the great comforter.

Therefore, we come to associate food with love, with security, with everything pleasant; and it is a fact that people under emotional strain tend to overeat. So when our emotions are too unpleasant to cope with, we turn in our subconscious to that ancient source of security—feeding. That will give us love and comfort and protection, our subconscious says, and the nervous system responds.

When we crave food, the vagus sends the message ahead to the digestive system. Thus alerted, the pepsin and the acids come out ready to take on the food. If they don't find it they attack the first thing in sight, which is likely to be the lining of the stomach. If the emotional upset lasts long enough, they may conquer this lining and carry the assault to the protein wall itself. Result: Ulcer.

It was this way with Mr. Brown. He was emotionally immature, although until he had his ulcer he didn't know it. The reason for his emotional conflict was that, an only child, he had been reared by an indulgent and attentive mother. Because she loved him deeply, she permitted him to depend on her too much. Mr. Brown grew to manhood still depending on his mother, but since this insulted his ego, he refused to recognize it and tucked it away. To compensate for that, he became aggressive and anxious to outdo others in order to prove himself; his charming extroversion was another way of expressing this compensation.

Mr. Brown also depended very heavily on his wife; his subconscious resisted this dependence as it did that he placed on his mother.

Then something happened to break the balance Mr. Brown had fashioned. His mother, remember, was making preparations to be married after many years of widowhood. This marriage would snatch away one of Mr. Brown's emotional supports—or at least he was afraid it would, because he sensed that his stepfather would absorb a great deal of the attention his mother had hitherto lavished on himself. And even though he instinctively rebelled against this dependence on his mother, he still felt subconsciously that he must have it. At the same time, his home situation was disturbed by his wife's pregnancy which, when it became obvious, brought home to him that here, too, another individual was about to usurp part of the support he depended on.

Bewildered and frightened because his security was threatened, emotionally immature, Mr. Brown's instinct was to demand food, his primeval refuge. As a result, his stomach constantly was in turmoil—and his ulcer developed.

With psychiatric treatment and medication Mr. Brown's ulcer has been checked and his life has been stabilized. Through psychoanalysis he has learned to face up to his fear and insecurity; he understands now that he was foolish. He confronts his problems now, instead of trying to bury them deep, and he is better able to direct his energies and his ambition because he thinks objectively. Also, his charm is deeper and more adult.

Mr. Brown's treatment is typical of the modern approach to ulcer. That is, it is a combination of psychiatry and medication. In his case, as in practically all others of ordinary ulcer, this combination is indispensable. But it should be remembered that the treatment of peptic ulcer is not necessarily the especial domain of the psychiatrist. Medical men also play a vital part because medical treatment should be employed in the active stage of an ulcer and until it is healed. No psychiatrist is able to control the emotional household of the patient 24 hours of the day. This must be accomplished by adequate medication to prevent the vagus nerve from going on a rampage. The majority of peptic ulcers will heal under medical management because the patient has found security in an understanding doctor. The patient should be given to understand that he has a vulnerable digestive tract. He should not resist or resent dietary and medical management. After all, he should remember that there is no investment that pays off so much in compound interest as an investment in intelligently directed care of his body.

As for medication, that is standard in purpose, but varies according to conditions. It is simply something to soothe or paralyze the vagus—thus preventing it from irritating the stomach through constant stimulation—and something to neutralize the acids of the stomach so that the ulcer will not be irritated. With this medication there is a prescribed diet. This, of course, varies according to the patient, as does the medication.

Incidentally, another effect of vagal stimulation is concerned with the blood sugar. Since the vagus influences the pancreas, such stimulation disturbs the normal production of insulin by that organ, and insulin controls the volume of blood sugar. With this function disturbed, the amount of blood sugar is decreased, thereby decreasing our energy; as a result ulcer and fatigue may go together.

This is because the brain is tired and unable to cope with emotional problems that it might have disposed of if it had received enough energy in the form of blood sugar.

Possible Effects of Humidity

A weird aspect of this situation is that ulcers are usually most active in the spring and fall. Some doctors have interpreted this to be the result of greater humidity in the atmosphere at this time of year. According to this interpretation more water is absorbed into the tissues of the body, which may increase the water content of the brain cell. Therefore, the brain cell cannot act as it normally would and will not be able to get rid of its emotional disturbances as under normal conditions. This in turn may affect blood sugar levels and produce fatigue because the brain will not get enough sugar during this period of disturbed balance.

April showers, in other words, bring more than May flowers, and ulcers also bloom in the spring. (This business of humidity and blood sugar, by the way, explains that tired feeling you have on so many rainy days. You've simply got water on the brain, where you ought to have sugar.)

The medical profession has known about ulcers for the last 1,800 years. Galen, who was physician to the celebrated Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius, described them. The emperor was a Stoic—a member of a school of philosophy which held, among other things, that man should show indifference to pain and unpleasantness. That means the emperor probably repressed his emotions. The fact of the matter is he died of a chronic stomach disease, more than likely an ulcer. So Galen probably had an imperial tummy to use in his researches.

Despite this ancient awareness of the disease, it was not until very recent *(Continued on page 60)*

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To Give the Challenge

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

To Miss Emerson, the world was a lonely and barbarous place. What effect could this belief have on her students—and on her own life at the school?

MISS EMERSON put on her dark blue raincoat with a kind of grim satisfaction. The gray morning had turned to rain. The whole campus dripped. She glanced around the cottage, wishing she could stay here now and get it over with. She couldn't. She had one more class, the juniors. She had finished with the freshmen, gone through the routine of names and dates. Then a free period. And now the juniors, and then lunch; and she would have the long afternoon. She had already decided to talk straight to the juniors, give them a kind of valedictory in the last five minutes or so. A few of them might understand what she was talking about. She buttoned her raincoat, drew the hood up over her hair, and started across the campus.

Half a dozen of the girls were out in the rain in yellow slickers and red raincoats, laughing, shouting, acting like kindergarten children, acting as though nothing mattered at all. Well, maybe it didn't. Old Andrew Griswold, on his way from Spanish class, came along the path toward her, whistling as always. The old fool refused to wear a hat and his white mane glistened with rain. He was in his sixties and played the perpetual youth. He stopped his whistling and said, "Hi, Emmy!" and went on, whistling again. He knew she hated that name. Always Emmy or Kate. She hated Kate too. Nobody else dared call her anything but Miss Emerson, except Mrs. Forrester, the headmistress, who on rare occasions called her Katharine.

Mrs. Forrester had called her Katharine two weeks ago, when she summoned her to tell her about Adele Lawrence. Mrs. Forrester wasn't a first-rate kind of person, but she said, "Katharine, I want you to know this before anyone else. I am naming Mrs. Lawrence assistant head. I haven't even told her yet."

And Miss Emerson forced herself to smile and say, "Yes?"

Mrs. Forrester went on: "It was a difficult decision. That's why I wish to discuss it with you." And she said things about seniority, and scholarship, and administration, and personality. Finally she said, "Mrs. Lawrence lacks your experience and scholarship. But she does have that rare quality, an almost intuitive understanding of the girls. I am honest enough with myself to admit that I lack it, to a degree. And you are much like me."

Miss Emerson nodded and wanted to say: And now this is taken from me, too. But she said nothing. And Mrs. Forrester said, "I have leaned on you, and I shall continue to." She went on talking, her precise words falling in a precise cadence, saying things about character and responsibility, things that bounced like raindrops off the hard surface of Miss Emerson's careful control; until at last Miss Emerson could say, "Of course, Mrs. Forrester, of course, I understand. But since the matter has come up, I think you should know that I am seriously considering a change."

Mrs. Forrester's eyebrows had risen, then. She was startled. She said, "Oh, I can't lose *you,* Katharine!"

"I've thought of it for some time," Miss Emerson said; and Mrs. Forrester put out her hand and said, "Talk with me before you make any decision." They had left it there. They hadn't talked again. Mrs. Forrester, fortunately, had been busy with the seniors and their college boards. So now, this rainy day, Miss Emerson was going to her last class without anyone knowing.

She opened the heavy door of Blakely Hall. Three girls stood just inside, comparing notes on their algebra problems. They drew aside for her to pass, smiled hesitantly, and as she went on up the steps one said, "But x surely can't have *two* values." Another laughed. "X can have any number of values, stupid!"

Miss Emerson went down the long hallway thinking: X the unknown; the great variable and yet the only constant in life. The unknown. Then she was at the door of the history room. The class was already assembled. She closed the door and went to her desk, taking off her raincoat as she went.

She hung up the raincoat, carefully, and turned to the girls—fifteen girls in uniform, all in the same gray skirts and blue sweaters, but as different as fifteen girls could be: the bright, the dull, the eager, the uninterested, the plump, the too-thin, the blondes and the brunettes and the two redheads. They were all facing x the unknown, and not one of them realized it. And she, Miss Katharine Emerson, B.A., M.A., tall, with a good figure, black-haired, thirty-four years old, was facing x and welcoming it. She drew a deep breath and sat down at her desk.

"Good morning," she said, and Gigi Ainsworth, the tall redhead, giggled. Her name was Gladys, but everybody called her by that silly nickname, Gigi, which sounded like a giggle. Miss Emerson said, "We were up to Waterloo, I believe. Suppose we go on from there this morning. Miss Sherwood, what were the immediate political effects of the battle of Waterloo?"

LOUISE SHERWOOD, who was plump and blond and learned by rote, stared at her. Miss Emerson knew the girl was trying to recall the page, the paragraph, the particular sentence, which described the initial political consequences of Waterloo. No thought process was involved. And when the girl came out with her answer, it was, as expected, almost word for word the textbook comment. Miss Emerson accepted it. Then she said, "Miss Howland, perhaps you can explain it a little more fully."

Beryl Howland, tall and thin and quite pretty, made the attempt. She at least tried to think. It meant, she said, that Napoleon's power was broken.

"Somewhat less than profound," Miss Emerson commented, with her dry smile. And she thought: What's the use, what's the use? "The breakdown of Napoleon's power," she said, "was a fact, not a political consequence." She glanced at Dacia Adams—Adams with the provocative eyes and the blatant sophistication. No use calling on her. Adams might know something about Napoleon's love life; but European politics, never. She turned to Anne Mitchell, the girl with coppery hair and blue eyes and an eager, searching look. "Miss Mitchell," she said, "have you any ideas on this point?"

Mitchell had, as always. Mitchell was the one girl in the whole class she would like to go on with. Anne Mitchell made teaching almost worth while. She frowned at Miss Emerson and asked, "You mean about the balance of power, and that kind of thing?"

"I'm asking you, Miss Mitchell."

"Well, the balance of power was completely changed. The French were defeated, and England won, and his ideas were—well, Napoleon's ideas were defeated. And France later became a republic."

"Were his ideas defeated?" Miss Emerson asked. "Haven't we seen them reappear again and again?"

"Well, yes, of course." Mitchell was clearly baffled. "But even if they have reappeared, as you say, they have always been defeated, haven't they?"

"I wonder," Miss Emerson said. Then she got back to the text, back to the familiar, where the girls could talk without thinking—back to dates, and names, and treaties. The class droned on. But the Mitchell girl didn't drone with them; and Miss Emerson knew that when the last five minutes came she would be talking primarily to Anne Mitchell.

THE time passed—the expected things, the routine things. Miss Emerson scarcely heard the answers now. They didn't matter. One parroted comment led to another. And when the last five minutes came she simply said, "The dates are of little consequence. The same things, broadly speaking, happened in ancient Sumer, and in Egypt, and in Rome. They will go on happening forever, if there is any forever ahead of us." She said it quietly. The girls were polite, but she saw that only two or three girls were listening. "Mankind," she went on, in a somewhat sharper tone, "has been trying, with increasing success, to obliterate itself, all through history. Perhaps, now that we have weapons to reach beyond actual armies, we shall succeed."

She saw the Mitchell girl gasp. Then the Ainsworth girl looked up from her pencil doodling, and the Sherwood girl looked at her with a strange smile. Even Dacia Adams had an almost-present look in her eyes. The room was quiet.

"We study history," Miss Emerson said, "to learn what happened in the past, in the hope of finding a better way of living. That is the theory. But the theory has failed." She paused for an instant. That wasn't the way she had intended to say it, not this dispassionately; but perhaps it was better this way. "The more facts we learn, the less intelligence we show."

The Mitchell girl wanted desperately to say something. Miss Emerson didn't dare let her speak. She looked out the window, and she said, "We are going nowhere. We court oblivion." Then she looked at them and smiled, and she could hear them releasing their breath. They accepted her smile; they understood it. But her words were beyond them. Her words had no more meaning than the words on the page of a textbook—less, even.

Then the Mitchell girl spoke, "But, Miss Emerson!" Her voice was insistent.

Miss Emerson glanced at her watch and shook her head. "Some other time," she said firmly. "The class is over."

Then the bell clanged. The girls got up, dropping books, chattering, scuffling their feet. Miss Emerson looked at them, one by one. Her class. Her last class. They began (*Continued on page* 68)

Anne Mitchell laughed. "You always give us a challenge, Miss Emerson," she answered. "You make us look at things and try to understand them"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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Alneta's eyes were brighter now, and meaner as she lifted the stove lid

The Good-Luck Hat

By WILLIAM LAWTON MANER

JESSIE CANFIELD pulled the quilt closer over her first-born, because the weather outside was frosting up enough to see the breath on her husband Billy Boy's cow out in the lot. Before she left the house, she put another stick of wood in the kitchen stove and got the bag with her wedding hat in it down from the shelf.

It was the first time she had been out of the house since the boy was born five days before, but she didn't want to take any chances with her hat. Billy Boy's cow looked up at her as she opened the gate and picked her way across the barnyard to the corncrib door. Billy Boy's cow looked as if he might like to eat the hat. It was pretty enough to eat, with its pale green leaves and the big yellow and blue flowers all around the brim. And it was pretty enough for Billy Boy's sister Alneta to burn up, too, if she got hold of it when she came to see the baby. Alneta and Harry said they'd come over today. It was Alneta's birthday.

Jessie hadn't worn her wedding hat but twice since the wedding—when she and Billy Boy went down to Stoneham once in Mr. Higginbotham's truck, and once when she went with him to see Alneta and Harry over on Rotten Ridge. Billy Boy said it was the prettiest hat he ever saw, and Alneta said so too, laughing and joking about it that Sunday, when she learned that Jessie was expecting. "When I come to see you, Jessie, you and the baby, you better have that high-toned hat hid out of sight. The daddy's sister, you know, has to burn the first hat she lights on, so's the baby will have good luck." Both of them laughed at that, but they knew it was just a token laugh, like their friendship, put on for Billy Boy.

Jessie didn't feel like climbing up, so she put the hat, in the bag, inside the door of the corncrib. She took one look at it before going back to the house. Now let Alneta find it first off and burn it.

Billy Boy had bought her that hat for a present from Richmond before they were married. Alneta had laughed at him when he brought it to Jessie at the wedding and said she never heard of a man bringing a girl a hat. She reckoned he must have looked right funny picking out a hat for a girl. "I wouldn't want my husband picking out hats," she said, but Billy Boy told her she sounded jealous to him. Alneta had a dress she bought in Stoneham, green with black beads on the shoulders, and she didn't like anybody to have anything better. Billy Boy told her to shut up and not go laughing at things she didn't know about. He said it wasn't any more trouble than asking for chewing tobacco, you just pointed to the one you wanted. He told Jessie later on that he wanted the prettiest hat he could find for the prettiest girl he ever found. Jessie knew the teasing he must have got from the other men on the trucks.

She heard Billy Boy drive up in the truck he drove for Mr. Higginbotham, and she hurried back through the kitchen before they saw her. She could hear Alneta laughing on the porch, and when she shut the kitchen door she took down the old straw hat she kept there for summertime. She would put that out where Alneta would see it in case she wanted to make anything of that idea of hers. Lots of the old folks said things like that weren't so, but the day they went to see Alneta, she told Jessie of a family on Rotten Ridge where there wasn't a hat burned when the boy was born, and he got run over when he was two years old. Jessie threw the hat on a chair where it could be seen and went to let them in. Billy Boy wasn't with them.

"I just can't wait to see the baby," Alneta said as soon as Jessie opened the door. She ran straight through the house to the kitchen where the cradle was. Jessie and Harry followed her.

"Who does he favor?" Alneta was tucking the quilt back with her fingers to see the baby better. "Say, he looks like his daddy, don't he? Look here, Harry, don't he look like Billy Boy?"

Harry threw his leather jacket over a chair and leaned over to look. "He sure does favor him, Jessie. Sort of favors you, too, Alneta. Reckon that's because both of you was born about the same time of year. Ma said that always made a difference." He looked at Jessie. "Today's Alneta's birthday, you know."

"Yes. Billy Boy told me."

Alneta looked indignant. "Harry forgot about it until I told him. I was ready to spit, I was so mad, until I made him promise to bring me something from Richmond." The tone of her voice made you think it was going to be something better than a hat with flowers.

Jessie tucked the quilt back and went to the window. "Too bad you didn't go with Billy Boy this week when he went in the truck." Through the window she saw her husband coming up the path from the barn. Jessie's heart went weak; he had her hat bag in his hand. He had found her hat in the corncrib and was bringing it back to the house. She turned to Alneta. If there was going to be any hat burning, she better get her started before Billy Boy got there with that bag. She looked around at the chair and saw that Harry had put his coat there, covering the hat completely.

She moved to the chair. "Why, Harry," she said. "I'll just hang your coat up here. It's too pretty a coat to be just thrown around."

"Ah, that's all right, Jessie. Leave it lay there. It won't hurt nothing."

"Oh, no," she said, and picked the coat up. As she did, Billy Boy opened the door and Alneta turned to him.

"Say, that's a fine boy you've got there. Looks like us, don't he, Brother?"

BILLY BOY grinned and put the bag on the table. He looked at Harry, then at Alneta. Jessie was afraid to move, afraid Alneta might notice the bag before she saw the old straw. She pushed the straw off the chair, but Alneta was already interested in the bag. She couldn't help it, the way Billy Boy put it down. Her eyes lighted up like fires and she ran to the table.

"Say, Billy Boy, you brought Jessie another hat? You sure are good to her."

Billy Boy looked at Harry and grinned. "Go ahead and look, Alneta. What do you think of this one?"

Jessie stood weak with despair while Alneta opened the bag. But it wasn't her wedding hat. It was another one, dark green with pretty long brown and red feathers, like a woods bird, reaching out. She wanted to cry, it was so pretty. The look in Alneta's eyes, when she turned, was brighter now, and meaner. Before anyone could tell what she was doing, Alneta ran to the stove and lifted the lid. The hat went in, and there was a smell of burning feathers in the room.

Harry and Billy Boy looked at each other, but this time they didn't grin. They just looked stupid. Alneta turned with a smile on her face, which she let go of long enough to look serious and say, "It's sure too bad it had to be your new hat, Jessie, the first one I saw. But you remember me telling you about that little boy that was run over. His auntie didn't burn a hat for him, and we wouldn't want anything like that to happen." She couldn't hold her serious face any longer and burst out laughing. The laughing woke the baby, and he began to wail in his bed. Jessie went to him.

Billy Boy finally got the stupid look off his face. "But that there wasn't Jessie's hat, Sis. I didn't bring it to her."

"You didn't?" Jessie's voice was a whisper. She could still smell the feathers.

"Lord, no," Harry said, and his face was angry. "He brought it for me. I asked him to get it for Alneta's birthday, he picks such good hats. Cost me twelve dollars."

Alneta stopped laughing as suddenly as if Harry had shot her. All Jessie could hear in the room was the wailing of the baby, and then the fire in the stove cracked and popped. She picked up her son.

"Well, it sure was good of your Auntie Alneta to come all the way over here to wish you good luck, baby boy," she said. "Now stop your crying and say thank you to her." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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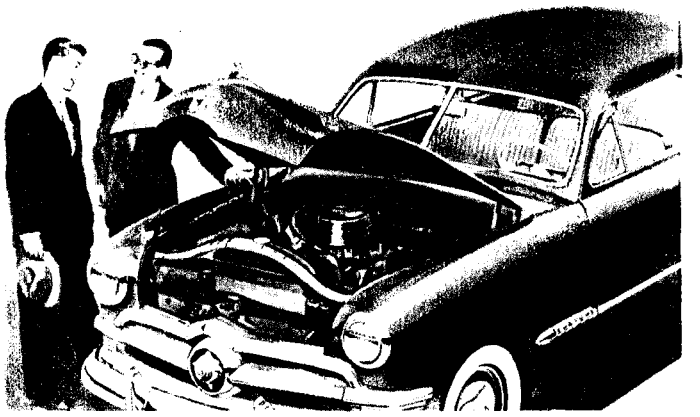

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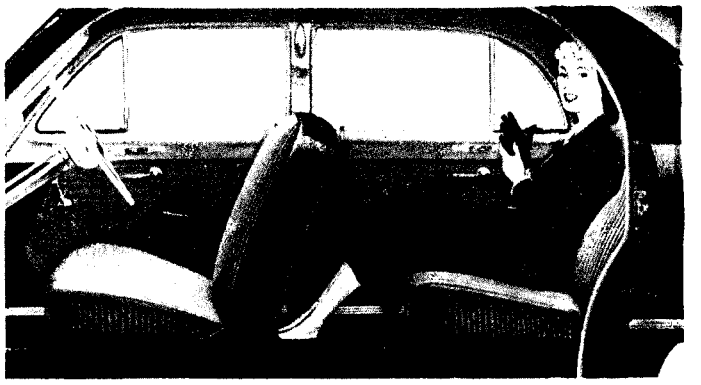

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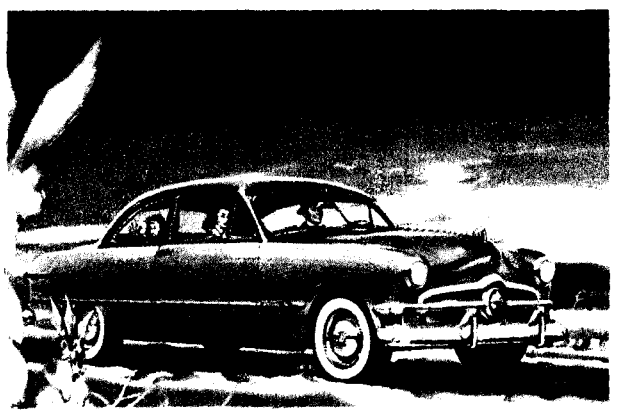

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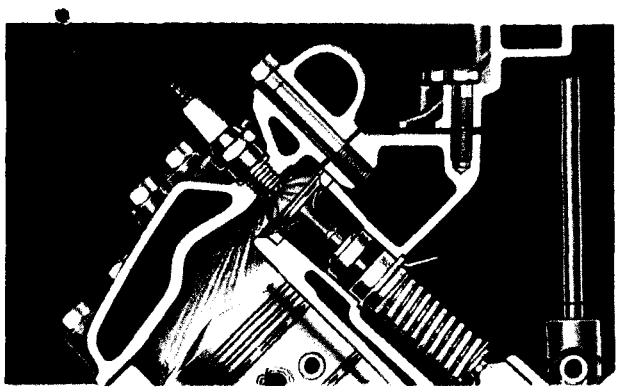

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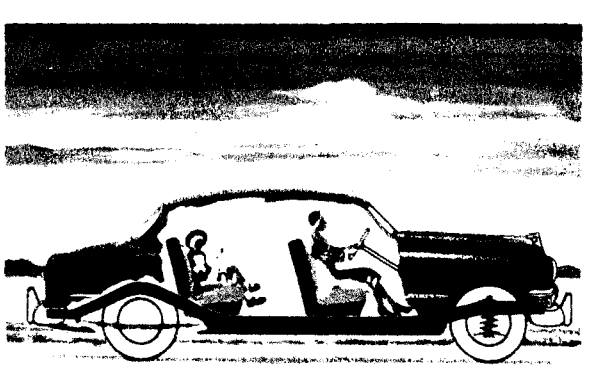

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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

toward the chief constable. At last he seemed to make up his mind.

"Young man, in the ordinary way I should fine you two guineas and costs and dismiss you with a warning. But from responsible representations made to me I am of the opinion that your case may be more serious than is presently indicated. I shall therefore fix bail at fifty pounds. Failing this you will be remanded in custody, to enable the police to collect further evidence."

As this judgment was pronounced, the stranger in the public seats forgot to register detachment. He seemed neither indignant nor surprised, but a singular interest stirred in his eyes. On Lena's face there was a look of startled concern.

"Can you find bail in the amount of fifty pounds?" the clerk of the court was asking Paul, in a singsong voice.

"No."

"Can you name any person who will guarantee the amount?"

Paul had begun to shake his head when the fat stranger rose and walked to the bench, bringing Lena with him.

"I am prepared to put up bail," he said.

Paul stood perfectly still, his hands locked together.

MEANWHILE, the chief constable had swung round, his expression of surprise and chagrin turning to sudden anger.

"I protest. I want to know where this money comes from."

"It comes from me—L. A. Dunn, of 15 Grant Street. I have the money here, in my pocket."

"I protest."

"Silence in court."

"Your Honor," the chief constable persisted. He was on his feet now, his jaw hard and grim. "I protest that the bail set is insufficient. I request that the amount be raised to a more substantial sum—two hundred pounds."

"Silence in court."

The magistrate waited stiffly, refusing to proceed until the chief constable had resumed his seat. Then, in a seriously provoked tone, he announced:

"This court wishes to make it quite clear that it is not subject to influence or suggestions from the police or from any quarter whatsoever. It sees no reason to reverse its present decision. Bail will therefore be accepted in the amount of fifty pounds. Next case."

As Paul left the court he was conscious of a scene of some confusion, of Urie arguing with the magistrate, then abruptly turning away through the private side door. Nevertheless, fifteen minutes later, having submitted to the formalities conducted by the clerk of the court in his chambers, Paul walked out, free.

He came into the open street where the brightness of the day struck at him and made him sway. Then he saw Lena and her companion, standing together on the pavement, not ten yards away. The sight of Lena brought a strange solace to his heart. She did not move. It was the big flabby man who approached, his overcoat flapping open, his hands in his pockets.

"We were waiting to take you back to Tron Place," he said.

"Why have you done this for me?" Paul said.

"Why shouldn't we do it?" Dunn smiled absently. "When a man's as sick as you, he needs a little help."

There was a silence. Paul's gaze wavered away toward Lena, whose anxious eyes had never left his face.

"I feel bad about this," he murmured, through the drumming in his ears. "I mean, bringing you into it."

"Don't worry, son. We'll survive it."

Dunn put two fingers in his mouth and whistled piercingly; the cab that was passing drew up at the curb. Dunn helped Paul in, then Lena and he followed. They drove to Tron Street.

Half an hour later Paul was undressed and in the spare bed, washed, propped up on two pillows, with a cold vinegar compress on his bruised, burning forehead and a hot-water bottle at his feet. He had managed to swallow and keep down the glass of milk which Lena had brought him. The pain still stabbed at his left side but this was far outweighed by the relief of being out of the cell and back in this peaceful room.

Wedged in the narrow wicker chair, still encumbered by his hat and coat—the impression grew that he slept in them—Dunn had not once taken his eyes off Paul.

"Feel better?" he inquired.

"Much."

Dunn made no comment; once again he studied his fingernails, for which he seemed to have a profound admiration.

COLLIER'S "Well, if you *do* play for exercise, I'd think you'd take as many strokes as you can" HERB WILLIAMS

Then he said, "Look here, son. I don't want to worry you when you're sick. But I understand you've something on your mind. I've heard about it from Lena, who incidentally is quite an old friend of mine. But if you care to get it off your chest, yourself—" He made an expressive gesture with his shoulders.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Lord forbid!"

Lena had been downstairs, but now she came back into the room and seated herself on a low stool behind Dunn.

Both figures were in the direct range of Paul's vision; he could view them without the fatigue of turning his head. He began to speak, his gaze resting upon them, stopping occasionally to regain his breath, feeling, in their silent attentiveness, an encouragement to unburden himself of everything that lay upon his soul.

When he finished there was a long silence. Dunn, who during the hearing had sunk lower and lower into the chair, slowly prized himself loose.

He pulled the curtain aside and looked out of the window.

"It's raining again—what a climate!" He yawned again and turned to Lena. "Look after him. We have five weeks before he surrenders to his bail."

He leaned against the door for a few seconds, took a cigarette from his overcoat, and placed it unlighted between his lips. There was a sleepy look in his eyes. Suddenly he wheeled his bulky frame round and, without another word, went out.

This man, Dunn, of the bored eyes and close-bitten nails was a product of certain odd hereditary circumstances. His full name, Luther Aloysius Dunn, gave some indication of his origin. His parents' marriage had been a most unhappy one. His Calvinistic mother and Catholic father had warred fiercely and continually.

When the boy reached the age of fourteen his father was killed in a street accident—he had gone out after breakfast, reviling John Knox, and came back before lunch, on a stretcher, dead. His widow after a period of blankness, was inconsolable—discovering too late her dependence upon the husband with whom she had warred so much, and, incredible as it may appear, she reversed the whole current of her life. She removed her son from the public school and sent him to the Jesuit college on Hassock Hill.

He never felt himself part of the corporate life of the college, but kept to himself. He loved games, although he never played them, and his knowledge of the records and achievements in every branch of sport became quite encyclopedic. Father Marchant, his English master, encouraged him to write little pieces on athletics for the college magazine. And when he graduated, he obtained a position on the Winton Chronicle, a daily paper of limited circulation but independently owned and of high reputation.

For the next few years his life continued wholly uneventful. He ran errands, cut and pasted, and, on rare occasions, went out to report the most minor of local sport events.

Later, however, they began to send him on less trivial assignments, and it was recognized at the main desk, though not of course disclosed, that he was accurate in his appraisals, graphic in his descriptions. On New Year's Day, when he was only twenty-five, he was given, without warning, the choicest of all sporting assignments—the local big-league football game. From the press box Dunn dictated two columns straight over the private wire, then, next morning, he turned in a feature article. This feature article did not describe the game at all, but dealt simply with a single incident which had occurred during its progress.

On that same afternoon J. P. McGowan, the editor of the Chronicle, who was also its owner, came wandering out of his office with the article in his hand. It was characteristic of McGowan that he never sent for anyone. He sat down beside Dunn's small desk.

"What does this mean?" he inquired, tapping the article with his pince-nez. "I ask you to report a football match. You give me a story on a young halfback accidentally kicked on the head. You show me thousands of human beings yelling for his blood. Then you show me thousands equally ready to destroy the first group. You describe the shouts, the abuse, the partisan fights, the bottles thrown at the players, the gashed cheek suffered by the referee—in a word, you give me a picture of jungle sportsmanship, of racial and religious intolerance which would make an Eskimo, sitting in his igloo, blush."

"I'm sorry," Dunn mumbled. "I started the machine and that's what came out."

McGowan stood up.

"It's the worst story I've had in a year. But tomorrow it's going on the front page." While Dunn gazed at him in a puzzled way, he smiled. "I want you to come to supper at my house on Sunday evening."

That was the end of Luther Aloysius Dunn's connection with the world of sport and the real beginning of his career. McGowan sent him first to the police courts, which yielded much of that human incident so particularly suited to his talents. Then he began to move about the country and to do regular half-page feature articles. Since the comedy of his surnames was now no secret to McGowan, the editor had hit upon a pseudonym for his leading reporter. Henceforth Dunn's articles were always signed "The Heretic," and the series which he produced—entitled "Burning Questions" and followed by "Further Burnings at the Stake"—attracted wide attention.

THE circulation of the Chronicle spasmodically increased, as did the friendship between The Heretic and his editor, a relationship which was strengthened in 1929, when McGowan's tall and rather stately sister Eva, who had for a long time bent her eye yearningly toward Dunn, finally took possession of him.

The marriage, though it did not cure Dunn of his fondness for beer and old clothes, was a steady success. Dunn allowed his wife to manage everything and since she was sincerely religious, he accompanied her to Mass with the children in orthodox fashion. But Dunn's heart was not in it. He set little store upon outward form, believing what lay in the heart of every man to be of greater importance. If he had a motto it was: "Live and let live"; and in his own life he was always eager to redress a wrong, always ready to champion the underdog.

But he could not endure to be regarded even remotely as a spiritual "uplifter," a reformer with a message. He was simply a newspaperman doing his job. Therefore he developed and covered himself with a protective veneer of melancholy cynicism. There were always, however, tender patches of sentiment showing beneath the tough skin grafts, but this good fellow did not see them and felt himself secure.

His contact with Lena has already been recorded. He had kept in touch with her during the past year, often stopping in at her counter for coffee and a bun on his way to the Chronicle office in Murdoch Street, and he had sent Angus small gifts on his birthdays.

Therefore, when Lena came to him at his house on Hassock Hill, late on the night of Paul's arrest, he recognized the full significance of her distress and listened to her with attention. When he accompanied her to the police court on the following morning he feared he was setting out upon a wild-goose chase. What he had seen there had shaken this belief. Then had come Paul's story, unmistakably authentic.

Dunn had trained himself never to jump to conclusions, but all his instincts told

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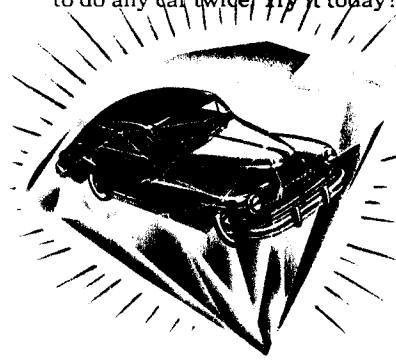

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him that he had stumbled upon the one great story of his life.

He said nothing to McGowan for a week. During that time, although he did not once appear at the newspaper offices, he was very busy, and took several extensive journeys. Then, after eleven o'clock on the night of the following Thursday, he came to the Chronicle building and locked himself in his office. He remained in meditation for some time, then slowly he began to type out a story.

In the damp darkness of the condemned cell, in this great and noble city of Winton, an innocent man sat waiting to be hanged. Outside, in the prison yard, he could hear the sounds of hammering as they erected the scaffold. In a few hours they would come, pinion his hands behind his back, lead him out into the cold dawn. Then, beneath the gallows the rope would be cast around his neck, the white bag dropped over his head . . .

Next morning, at nine, he rolled drowsily off the office sofa. Bleary and unshaven, he took his typescript in to McGowan.

"Here," he said, "is the first of the new Heretic articles. Also a complete synopsis of the other nine that make up the series. Read it. I'm going out for breakfast."

Half an hour later when Dunn returned, the editor was at his desk. He was a neat, spare man who prided himself upon his imperturbability. But now, though he tried not to show it, he was staggered.

"How in the name of God Almighty did you get this?"

"I didn't get it."

"Then who did?"

"Engel's son. He got it all."

"Where is he now?"

"Out on bail, in bed, and damnably ill."

McGowan rubbed his thin jaw. He was worried, undecided, and deeply excited.

"Can we print it?"

Dunn shrugged. "Please yourself."

"But, Almighty God, it goes right through the top judiciary to the Secretary for State. And how about—how about Mr. O? We can't come out with that. What about libel? We'll be sued for a certainty."

"Not a chance. Don't you see how I've planned it? We save him till the end. We don't particularize. We simply say Mr. O.—or, better still, Mr. X. Then we sit tight and watch what happens. It's the biggest thing that's ever come our way. Think of it—here's a man, fifteen years in Stoneheath—and for nothing."

"Maybe he d-did it?" In his excitement the precise McGowan actually stuttered.

"No, I'll swear he's innocent."

"They'll never admit that—never."

"We'll make them." Dunn began to walk up and down the room. "We'll force them to hold an inquiry. For months young Engel has been battering at their doors and they haven't opened up an inch. Why? Because they know they've made a mistake. And they're trying to keep it stowed away down cellar. Everything that was done to young Engel suppressed his right to be heard. If we are a free country, and want to stay free, a man must be able to raise his voice—"

"All right, all right," McGowan said sharply. "Don't quote the whole article. We'll print it, if it ruins us!"

ON THE previous Wednesday afternoon, when Dunn left Tron Place, Paul had fallen asleep.

Gazing at him anxiously, Lena was forced to admit that he looked quite ill. Nevertheless, a swift rush of feeling, which she could not restrain, made her want to keep him here, in this haven, quiet and secure, beside her. Her nature, hitherto so placid and untouched, was now fully awakened by an emotion that stirred her to the depths. How little had she imagined, when she was free and careless, that love would come to her like this, rending her heart with passionate anguish. Yet this pain gave her strength.

Quietly, she sat down on a chair by the bed, her eyes not moving from his face. At intervals she rose and wiped away the heavy perspiration that broke upon his brow. She took this to be a sign that the fever had broken. Toward evening she gave him some hot milk with an egg beaten into it. As she left him for the night she felt hopeful that she might go to work next day. She could scarcely afford to lose her job at the Bonanza.

The next morning, when she roused him, Paul told her that he felt better, but just when she was ready to go out and had given Mrs. Hastie some soup to heat for his lunch, she felt his hand. It was burning. "Perhaps I should stay home, after all."

He shook his head. "I'll be all right."

SHE went reluctantly, and all day, as she moved about behind the counter, her thoughts were bent uneasily upon him. At four o'clock she brought herself to ask Harris if, as a favor, she might go. His brows lifted, and he smiled at her in his offensive way, but he raised no objection. She hurried out of the store, paused at a grocer's to buy some food. As she came up the stairs she felt a most unusual oppression in her throat.

Paul was sitting up in bed, staring out through the window. His face lost its harassed expression and lighted up faintly as she entered. He reached out his hand toward her. Nevertheless, one glance told her that the symptom which had alarmed her was, if anything, worse. On each of his cheeks there was a bright round flush. He greeted her with a catch in his breath.

"Surely you're early?"

"We had a slow day." Observing him, she took off her raincoat slowly. "Shouldn't you be lying down?"

"I feel better up."

She straightened out the coverlet, trying to conceal her anxiety.

"I got us some chicken and fruit. Would you like some lemonade?"

"I'd love it." He suppressed a cough. "But I couldn't eat a thing."

"Paul," she said. "I'm going to fetch the doctor."

"No," he protested. "I want to be left alone. If you only knew—after everything—just to be left alone—with you."

She gazed at him in strained indecision, torn between her sound common sense and her desire to be with him. Still irresolute, she lighted the gas and pulled the curtain across the window, Paul watching her as she moved about the room. He had dozed, off and on, all day, and in between, his thoughts had been of Dunn. He had little hope that this newcomer would help him. Indeed, as he reviewed his own struggles during the past months the conviction settled upon him that it was all quite useless. He had reached the end of his tether. He could do no more.

"Lena—you've been so good to me. I wonder why."

She turned away abruptly. "Why does one do anything? I just did it."

"You're a very wonderful person, Lena."

"Maybe I'm less wonderful than you think."

"No," Paul insisted, weakly. "Quite wonderful. And I say that knowing everything about you—"

She started slightly and turned pale. She made as though to speak, but did not. He was too ill to hear her—what use to complicate the issue by explanations now?

"From the first moment I saw you, Lena. It's all so complicated—hopeless, considering the mess I'm in—but perhaps you do care?"

Tears suddenly streamed down her cheeks. In a broken voice she whispered, "Oh, my dear—you know I do."

He pressed her fingers, and closed his eyes.

There was a silence. He suppressed a short cough.

"I'm afraid I do feel rather bad."

Now she did not hesitate. Without speaking, she dried her eyes, put on her raincoat, and went out.

The one doctor she knew was out, and Lena had to be satisfied with leaving a

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message. She came away from the office with a pale and anguished face. Had she done right in leaving the call on such an indefinite basis?

Back in the room she found Paul apparently asleep. She waited in unbearable suspense, straining her ears for the sound of the doctor's approach. Shortly after eleven o'clock, when she had almost reached the breaking point, he arrived. He gave Paul a careful examination. When he had finished he withdrew from the bedside and looked at his watch.

"What is it, Doctor?" She could barely articulate the words. "Is it serious?"

"He's had a dry pleurisy—that accounts for his pain. Then came the exudate—lots of fluid pressing on the lung." He gave her a quick look, then glanced away. "I'm afraid there may be pus there. Empyema. That means the hospital."

"You couldn't treat him here?"

"Good heavens, no! This is a six-week job."

He went clattering downstairs to the telephone. She could hear him speaking, stressing the gravity and urgency of the case. She followed him down.

Mrs. Hastie was standing in the parlor doorway. She put her arm round Lena's shoulders. The doctor was having great difficulty in finding a vacant bed, but at last he was successful.

"They'll take him at St. Elizabeth's. They're sending for him now."

On the morning of Monday, February 21st, the Winton Chronicle carried on its front page the first of Dunn's series on the Engel case.

When Dunn reached the office, McGowan had arrived—they had agreed to sit out the series in the office, together—and he could not resist communicating his thought to the editor.

"I'd like to have seen Sprott's face, and Urie's, when they found what was being served for breakfast," Dunn said.

McGowan shrugged his shoulders. "We're into this now, up to the eyebrows," he said grimly. "Let's pray to God nothing goes wrong."

During that day no event of any great importance occurred. Several of the distributors phoned in for extra hundreds of the paper. There were no returns. Everything was calm—but Dunn suspected that it would not be for long.

The second day's article, much stronger than the first—which had merely outlined the main features of the case—had laid a definite charge of misconduct against the police. McGowan's phone rang early. When he put the receiver to his ear his eyes rested on Dunn. He nodded, and his lips silently shaped the name: Urie.

"Yes," he said. "This is the editor of the Chronicle. . . . Oh, good morning, Chief. I hope you're well."

Dunn had to be content with hearing only one side of the conversation and watching McGowan's face.

"I'm sorry about that, Chief. Now to which article do you refer? . . . Oh, the Engel case. I hope that isn't causing you any great anxiety." His expression remained bland.

"Why, I don't see any possible objection. It's our job to print the facts. And that's all we're doing. . . . What's that? . . . No, we haven't any doubts. But we've got some interesting evidence."

A longer interval followed. McGowan's answer was less amiable.

"We're not afraid of libel, or of any other action that may be brought against us. We don't care what the public prosecutor thinks—or what he does. We believe that the public should know about this case. And by the Almighty we're going to see that they do know."

A FINAL pause. The editor's lips were now compressed. His eyes glinted behind his pince-nez.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Urie. You see, the minute you close us up, we'll syndicate the rest of the series. We have a standing offer on Dunn's material. . . . No, I wouldn't do it if I were you. By the bye, if you'd like to read about Detective Inspector Swann's dismissal, it's in the next article."

McGowan was slightly flushed as he replaced the receiver. He lighted a cigarette to calm himself.

"He's raging. And badly worried. He threatened to suppress the paper."

"He can't do anything," Dunn said.

"He could," McGowan answered. "But he won't. You may be sure he's talked it over with Sprott. If they cracked down on us it would be practically an admission of guilt. They're up against it. I'll bet you a drink that tomorrow or the next day we have a visit from the head man." He picked up a slip which had just been brought in to his desk. In a matter-of-fact tone he added, "It's all good for business. We printed an extra fifty thousand today. Every one of them has gone out."

The following morning it became clear the case had begun to attract much attention. The mail brought a sack of letters from readers of the Chronicle, and several other newspapers devoted space to comment upon The Heretic's series. Most of the paragraphs were cautious, and the Herald took occasion to rebuke Dunn: *We are afraid that in his mission to reform the universe on this occasion our esteemed colleague is going a little too far.* However, the London Examiner, a liberal paper of the highest standing, ran an editorial of interest and commendation.

"It's begun." McGowan handed the clippings over to Dunn. "Wait till they see what you say about Swann."

There was a knock upon the door, and McGowan's secretary came in.

"Excuse me, sir. Sir Matthew Sprott's clerk is on the telephone. Sir Matthew would be much obliged if you would come over to see him."

Dunn and McGowan exchanged a glance. McGowan stretched his legs out.

"Tell Sir Matthew's clerk we're sorry not to be able to step over. Tell him we're extremely busy. On the other hand, if Sir Matthew should care to come here, we'd be perfectly happy to see him."

"He'll never come," said Dunn, when the secretary had gone.

"Perhaps not." McGowan shrugged. "But for the past fifteen years he's been frightening people. It's about time somebody started to frighten him."

The next two articles dealt, in no uncertain manner, with the suppression of the "ring clue," and with the peculiar manner

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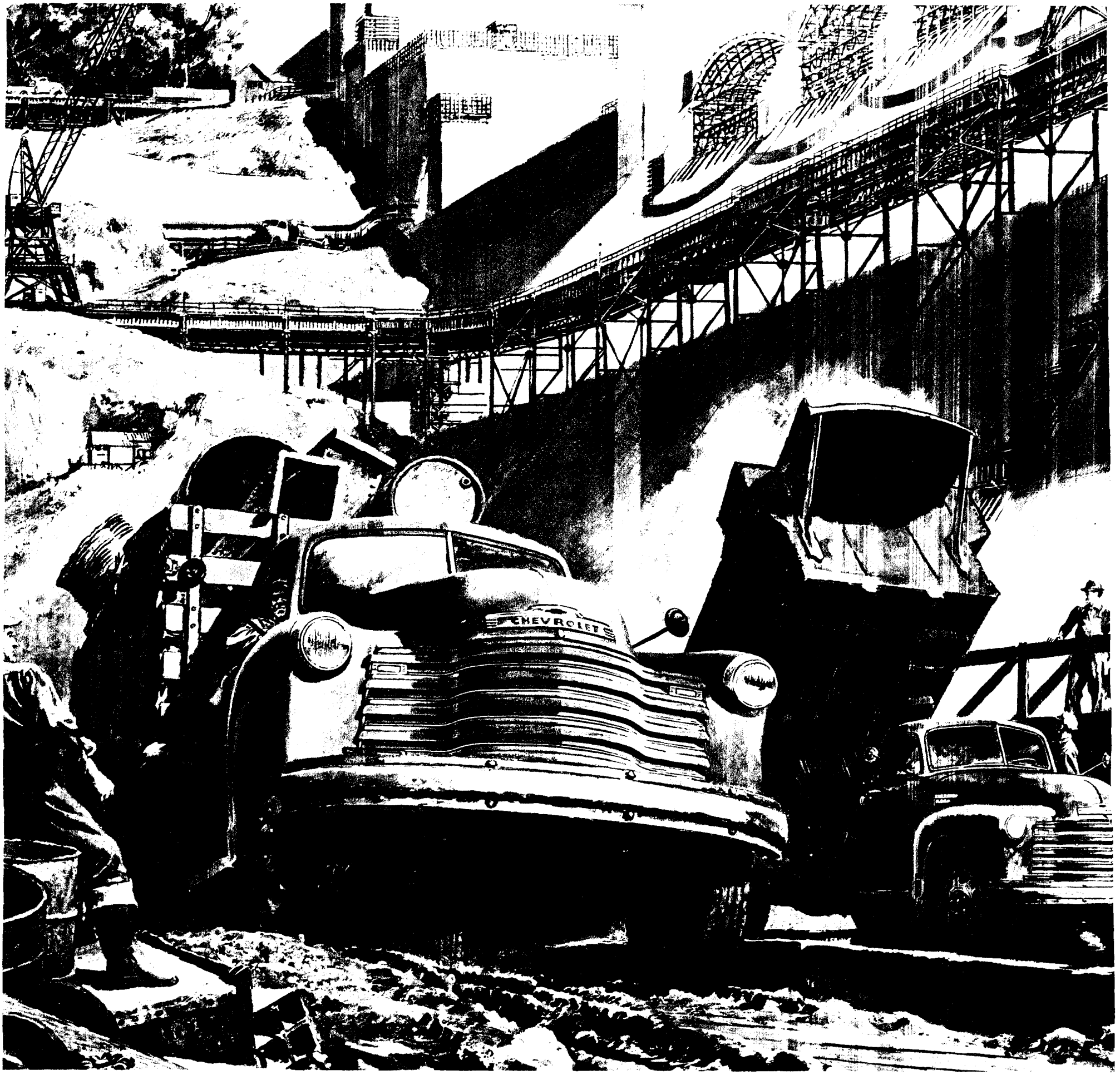

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in which the witnesses had been handled by the police. And now, indeed, the avalanche was under way. Sacks of mail kept arriving at the Chronicle building and so many telegrams poured in that McGowan arranged for a special group of sorters to work in the adjoining room while Dunn and he, in their shirt sleeves, stood by in their office.

From the Rev. Foster Bowles, a sensational publicity hound and preacher, this: *Warmest felicitations on your magnificent campaign. I am preaching on the Engel case next Sunday evening. God bless you, brothers.*

"Why does he want to butt in?" asked Dunn, a trifle jealously. "He's nothing but a slick windbag."

McGowan shook his head in mock reproval. "Where's your brotherly love, brother?"

He took up the next wire.

"Listen to this: *Intensely approve your continuance of matter raised by me in House November 19th. Should appreciate your acknowledgment my efforts. After all I was first. Will continue to seek justice. Sincerely George Birley, M.P.*

"Good old George," Dunn said, unsmilingly. "He wants to get on the wagon."

"And to slap back at the Ancasters. They spanked him so hard he almost went off his golf game. 'Will continue to seek justice' is nice." The editor took up another slip, studied it, then passed it across the desk to Dunn. "What do you think?"

Dunn read the telegram with a frown. It was personal, from the editor of the London Examiner.

Dear McGowan: In view great interest here Engel case offer run Heretic articles immediately no by-line but your price. Cordially Lloyd Bennett.

FOR a moment there was silence in the office. McGowan doodled on his blotter, then suddenly looked up.

"I know how you feel. But, of course, it's a great compliment—"

Dunn got up, and went over to the window and stood with his back to the editor.

"This thing is bigger than personal vanity," he said at last. "We'd better accept."

"Good," McGowan said briskly. "I felt sure you'd agree. We'll ask him a whale of a price."

"Oh, shut up, Joe." Dunn still stood at the window. "This thing doesn't belong to either of us. Here we are, like a couple of bloody bookies, punting on the big race, getting all the thrills—and the lad that really did the work, the poor plucky youngster who fought like hell to string it all together, is stuck in a hospital bed. It's all wrong."

"He's still pretty sick?"

"Damn' bad." Dunn nodded. "But they give him a slim chance. If only he could read my articles, they'd do him more good than medicine."

On the following morning the London Examiner carried a one-page supplement containing the first three articles of the series. The next day it brought itself in line with the Chronicle by printing another three. The seventh article appeared simultaneously in both newspapers. Late that evening, when Dunn and McGowan were preparing to go home, a boy brought in a teletype flash.

In the House of Commons Mr. Douglas Newton (L.), Member for Lothian, rose to ask if, in view of recent developments in the press and elsewhere, the Secretary for State was not prepared to reconsider his previous decision in respect of the Engel case.

Replying, the Secretary for State, Sir Walter Hamilton, said he would require notice of the question in writing.

In the office, the two men looked at each other in silence. It had been a wearing day, and the strain was beginning to tell on both of them.

"Notice of the question in writing," McGowan said at last, with a queer lift to his voice. "No point-blank refusal now. They want time to think. The wires to Winton will be red-hot tonight. Tomorrow we may have a visitor."

They took their hats and went out.

The following day was Wednesday, and toward four o'clock, that hour when the Chronicle management usually refreshed itself with strong tea, brewed by the office boy and served in thick, chipped china cups, a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in."

It was not the tea tray, but McGowan's secretary, Cairns, looking nervous, and, directly behind him, entering the room, Sir Matthew Sprott.

There was a slight pause.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the editor.

"Thank you." Sir Matthew took a chair. "You are difficult to see these days, Mr. McGowan. I happened to be passing and thought I would take my chance by looking in. Of course, quite unofficially."

"Quite," said McGowan, his eyes empty of expression, but fixed on the other's face. "May I offer you a cigarette?"

"No thank you." Sprott waved aside the silver box. "I am fortunate in finding you here also, Mr. Dunn."

There was a longer pause. The prosecutor betrayed no disquiet. He gave them a slight, self-assured smile.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have not come here to engage in dialectic. The matter is too trivial. Besides, I acknowledge that you are entitled to conduct your own newspaper in your own way. Nevertheless, I must tell you that your current series of articles is embarrassing His Majesty's government."

A silence. Both McGowan and Dunn were looking at Sprott. Behind his arrogance there seemed to lurk an anxiety which he could not quite conceal. When he spoke again it was with unnatural heartiness.

"We are men of the world, gentlemen. I am sure we all three appreciate the difficulties of running the country in these uncertain times. The elections will be upon us in a very short time. I make no deduction from these points; I merely ask you to bear them in mind. Now, there is no question whatsoever but that His Majesty's government is entirely sympathetic toward this matter you have raised."

"Indeed?" said the editor.

"I can assure you of the fact." Sir Matthew nodded impressively. "I talked by telephone for an hour last night with His Majesty's Secretary of State for Scotland." McGowan darted a swift glance at Dunn. "And I reiterate, dogmatically, that Sir Walter, who is a most enlightened man, wishes to behave with complete humanity in this strange and perplexing affair."

"Ah!"

Sir Matthew surveyed them with an intensification of his genial smile. "As I said, gentlemen, I am here unofficially—how, in my position, could it be otherwise! But frankly, though in absolute confidence, I am here to put before you an offer, a handsome offer which should, I think, once and for all resolve this business and bring it to a just conclusion."

The prosecutor moistened his lips and leaned forward.

"I am empowered to state that, if you will cease publication of these articles—which in the circumstances will be no longer necessary—Sir Walter will pardon the prisoner Engel, and release him immediately from Stoneheath Prison."

There was a silence. The prosecutor's magnanimous smile seemed fixed upon his face. Dunn and McGowan had not even exchanged a glance.

"Well, gentlemen, do you accept?"

"No. We refuse."

Slowly, Sprott took out his handkerchief and wiped the palms of his hands. His smile was gone.

"You refuse? You surprise me greatly. May I ask your reasons?"

"In the first place, it would be a betrayal of the Chronicle's integrity if we compromised at this point," McGowan said. "And in the second, one does not pardon an innocent man."

Sprott carefully restored his handkerchief to his breast pocket. "You say 'at this point.' What, may I inquire, is your ultimate objective?"

McGowan answered in a level voice. "To obtain the unconditional release of the prisoner Engel. To secure a full, open, and impartial inquiry into the circumstances of his conviction—and if there has been a miscarriage of justice, to procure ample and satisfactory damages for the horrible injury done to an innocent man."

The prosecutor smiled. At least he attempted to smile, but his facial muscles refused to carry out the task. They broke down, midway, and remained fixed in a contorted grimace. Hurriedly, he raised his hand to the lower part of his face. He kept it there for a moment, immobile, like a man suffering a severe neuralgic spasm. Then, with a great effort, he got to his feet. He said, coldly, "I can only hope, gentlemen, that you will not regret the line of conduct you have chosen to pursue. Needless to say, I shall oppose you to the limit of my powers. And I may remind you that it is a costly business to fight the crown."

He was too experienced, too skilled in performing before the public eye, not to preserve his self-control. He inclined his head toward each, in turn, and calmly left the room. But there was a gray look about his face, and he walked like an old man.

At the end of that week McGowan, looking ahead, opened the Engel Legal Fighting Fund in the columns of the Chronicle. Contributions came in from all over the kingdom. Rubbing his hands, the editor remarked, with nervous intensity, "It's a national issue. And it's coming to a head."

One after another the newspapers of the great cities fell into line in demanding an impartial investigation of the facts. Influential members of all the professions joined their voices to the prevailing clamor, and there were popular demonstrations all over the country.

One wet and dreary afternoon toward the end of the month, as McGowan and Dunn sat in the office, restless and uncommunicative, worn ragged by the continuous tension of the preceding days, they heard a burst of shouting in the corridor outside. A moment later, Cairns, the secretary, came into the room, followed by the other members of the editor's office staff.

Excitedly, he held out a teletype strip. "It's just come through, sir."

From below, on the compositors' floor, and from the basement beneath, there came sounds of further demonstrations.

"Read it then, for God's sake," McGowan said.

In a high voice Cairns read out: *"At five o'clock in the House of Commons the Secretary of State for Scotland rose to announce that Leon Engel will be unconditionally released from Stoneheath Prison on the last day of this month and that a public inquiry will be held at the Winton High Court within four weeks' time. The announcement was greeted with prolonged applause."*

AS THOUGH to point these final words, another explosive cheer sounded in the building. The editor gazed at the little group clustered in the doorway. In his own overwrought state he was surprised at the delight and excitement on the faces before him. He felt obliged to make some appropriate remark.

"You've all done wonderfully," he said, conventionally, trying to summon a show of satisfaction. "And now that we have the good news, I want to thank you for your support. There'll be a nice bonus for every member of the staff the day Engel is free."

When he had dismissed them he turned to Dunn, who sat back, examining his nails. He felt flat and stale, caught in the backwash of reaction.

"Well, we've done it," he said. "And I'm damned tired. I'm going home."

He began to pull on his jacket slowly.

"I'd like a short editorial for tomorrow's edition. You know, cracking up the parliamentary institution, the power of *vox populi* and so on. Will you do it for me?"

"All right."

"Thanks. Then bring Eva round to supper. We'll have something to cheer us up." He picked up his overcoat, paused at the door. "We've won, haven't we? We ought to be shaking hands and dancing the fandango. What the hell's wrong with us?"

"Reaction, I guess, J.P. We've been pretty hard at it. But Engel's free—we've done a good job."

"I wonder—I wonder how Lazarus felt when he came back from the tomb." McGowan shook his head and left.

Dunn finished the editorial in fifteen minutes. He gave the typescript to Cairns, then went into his own room. He meant to call the hospital to give Paul the good news—this was a treat which he had looked forward to for a long time. But a thought restrained him. He paused, smiled to himself, flung his hat on the back of his head, and went out.

At No. 61 Tron Place he found Lena, back from her work, busy ironing a pile of laundry by the kitchen fire. Angus was in his crib, fast asleep.

"Lena," Dunn said, "Paul's father is going to be released. It's definite and official. I want you to go round right away to the hospital and give him the good news. I have a feeling you'll do the job much better than I would. Hurry now—it may just turn the trick."

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S **"Why can't my employees just quit and let it go at that?"** JACK TYRRELL

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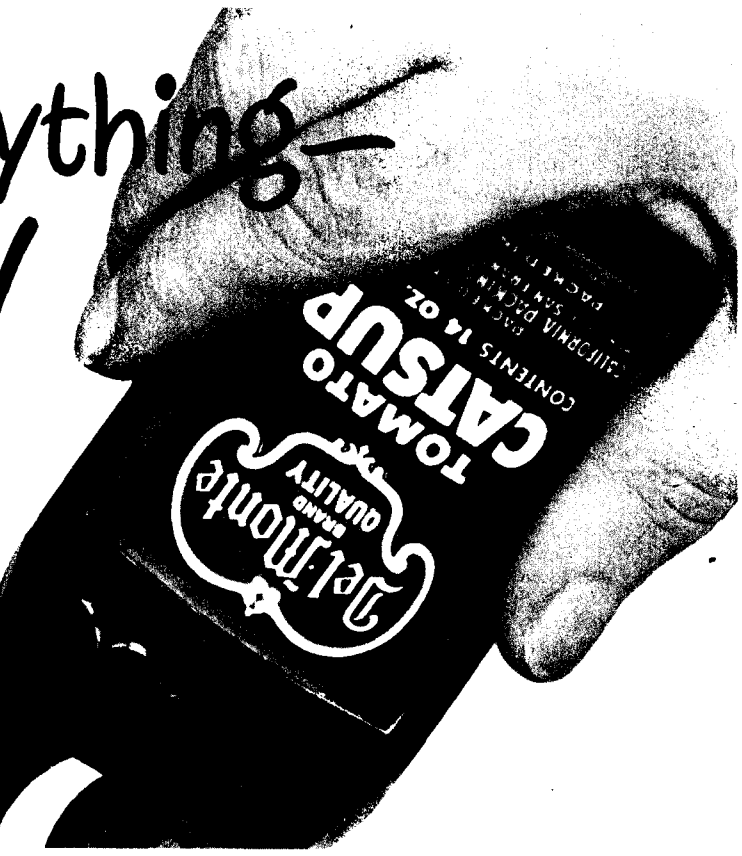

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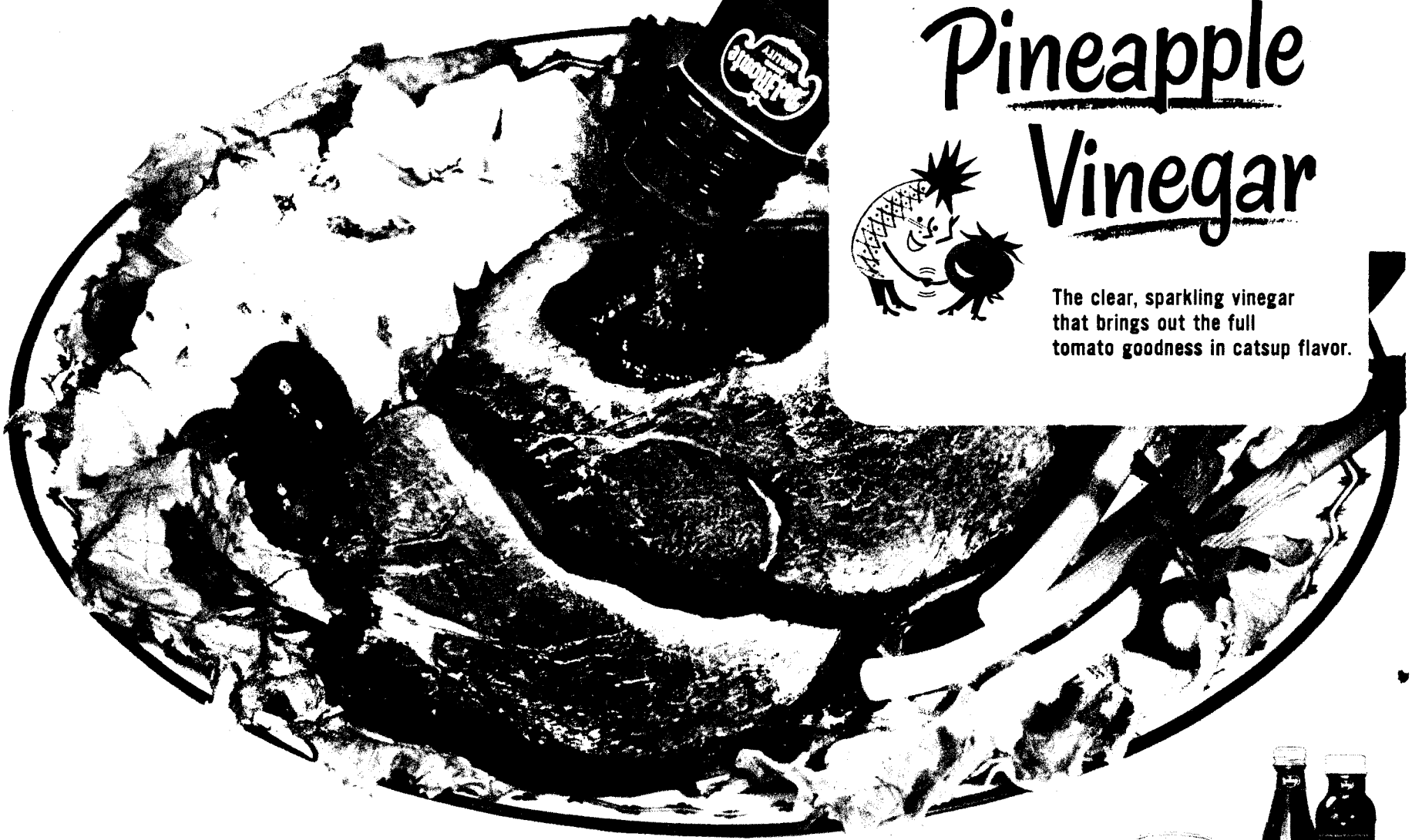

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Glider Attack

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

everyone hit the dirt. In a few minutes word circulated that it wasn't Japs; one nervous Chindit had pulled a trigger.

The glider carrying the airstrip lighting equipment and crew failed to come in, missing the clearing and crashing in nearby jungle trees. It took 16 hours to get through the dense forest—only to find all lives lost.

Left without proper equipment and crew, the Pathfinder Team had to use smoke pots and try a makeshift lighting job for the main force of gliders. They scurried around with flaming pots, laying the specified diamond pattern. Lieutenant Blush went a mile down the clearing and placed the release light, signaling the point where towlines were to be cut for the main arrival.

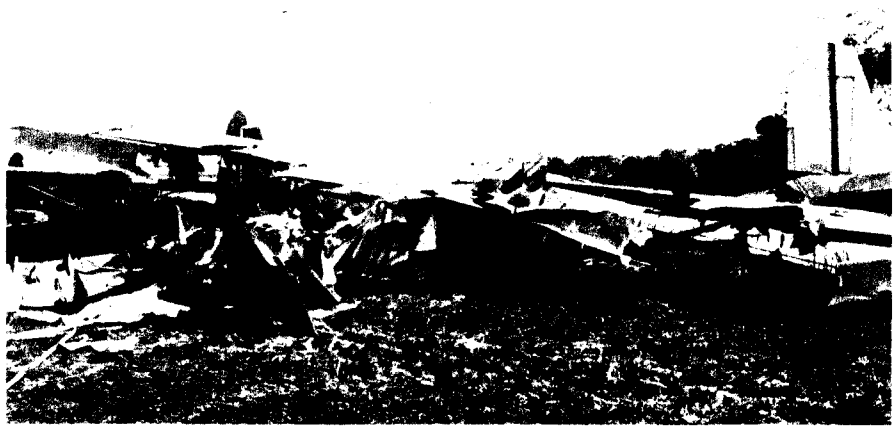
The communications glider with the radio equipment crashed. Nobody was hurt, but the radio was damaged. Major Ernest O. Bonham, from Chicago, and his radio crew worked frantically, but not a signal could be got out of the wireless. Wingate's basic tactical idea was radio direction of far-flung units, but they had no radio working and Alison knew how Cochran must be gnawing his fingers with anxiety back at Lalaghat.

make ourselves heard over the boom of crashing gliders."

Gliders kept coming. More could only add to the wreckage and hazard. The Commandos wanted to stop the arrivals, but it was impossible without radio. Alison moved the diamond pattern at the landing place to bring gliders in at spots clear of wreckage. As one lane was cluttered with cracked-up gliders, they shifted the lights to another lane. They moved lights back, so that new landings would be made past the litter of wrecks.

After several hours, the radio worked erratically. The most urgent message—send no more gliders—was flashed to Cochran in the most drastic of code words, "Soyalink," meaning that everything was bad, stop everything. They hoped Cochran would get it. They would explain to him in a subsequent radio talk. After that one flash, the radio went dead again.

Gliders kept arriving, as they would even if Cochran had received the forbidding message. He couldn't call back transports near their goal. The pandemonium went on, crashes and confusion in the moonlight. Forty-six gliders in all came in. Most of them were wrecked. Four Air



U.S.A.F. PHOTO

Wreckage at Jungle Broadway. Most of the gliders in the Pathfinder Team made crash landings

They waited in vain for Colonel Arvid (Oley) Olson, Jr., to come in and take command of Broadway. His glider had gone down in the jungle on the way. That put Alison, who had been deprived of a command at Piccadilly, the booby-trapped goal, in charge of Broadway.

Most of the Pathfinder Team made crash landings. The clearing was full of snares and pitfalls for gliders, lined with deep furrows where teak logs had been dragged. The local tribes had hauled teak across the clearing by elephant in the logging season and had worn trenches 18 inches deep. Some teak logs were left lying around. There were numerous elephant and buffalo water holes. None of these hazards hidden by tall elephant grass had been detected by air photography.

The main glider wave began coming in, one dim shape after another in the moonlight and black shadows. Gliders hit the teak log ruts and crashed. Wrecks littered the clearing. Gliders crashed into wrecks.

Alison told me: "Before the crews could get out, another would be coming in. We would be trying to get boys out of a glider when another would be coming. Getting the wounded out of the wrecks was a terrible job in the dark. If a glider hit a man, it would kill him. You'd hear a glider coming in, whistling in the wind. When you finally saw it, it would be 200 feet away, and you'd start to run. You would just see a dark bulk.

"A glider is built like a drum. When one hits another—well, you simply can't reproduce the sound. That sound was repeated time and again. We'd shout—'Watch out!' And another would come in. We couldn't

Commandos and 26 Chindits were killed that night.

There was a lull. Cochran had received the Soyalink message. Everything was quiet for a while, then from overhead came the sound of a motor. Somebody yelled, "Here come the Japs."

It wasn't a Jap plane, but almost as bad. It was a tow plane with a glider, arriving after being lost for four hours. The glider cut loose and started in, whistling in the darkness. This one carried the bulldozer to lay out an airfield.

"Then," Alison told me, "came the most terrifying crash. It was the most freakish of all the freak events that night. The glider with the bulldozer flew too far down the field, cleared the wrecks and hit the trees. That made the terrifying sound. The wings were ripped off and the bulldozer hurled forward. It pulled the trip that raised the nose of the glider and up went the nose, cockpit, the pilot, Flight Officer Gene E. Kelly, of Milwaukee, the co-pilot, Sergeant Joseph Desalvo, and all. The two were hoisted suddenly out of the way of the plunging bulldozer, which ran out of the front of the glider and stopped among the trees, little damaged."

General Calvert feared the game was up and suggested asking for light planes to evacuate the wounded. The rest, he said, should start walking back to India, which would take weeks. Alison persuaded him to wait at least until daylight.

Captain Patrick R. Casey, of Iowa City, Iowa, commanding officer of the 900th Airborne Engineer Aviation Company, who was to direct the airstrip construction, had been killed in a crash. The ranking engineer officer then was Lieutenant Robert R. Brackett, of Los Angeles, who died in Burma two months later.

"What do you think of this field?" Alison asked him.

"Well, sir, it's pretty bad," he answered.

"We've got to get a small strip done for light planes."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think," went on Alison with little hope, "that you can build a field to take care of the large transports?"

"I think so, sir."

"How long will it take?"

"Well, I think we can do it by this afternoon."

"And by God," says Alison, "they did. It was a terrifying piece of labor. Brackett and nine GI engineers worked their hearts out, constructing a long strip for big transports across the lines of teak log furrows."

Chindit jungle parties fanned out into the thickets at dawn, patrols of 20 men going in all directions for about five miles. They found no Japs or Burmese. Broadway was a natural glade in the forest without human inhabitants. They got the radio working, set up among the trees. Alison gave a quick report to Cochran, explaining what had happened.

"When I found they were not all killed," Cochran told me, "I was so relieved I was bawling. I had been physically knocked out by discouragement. Wingate was equally happy, but he was unperturbed as ever conferring on the radio telephone with Mad Mike Calvert."

Gliders Behave Erratically

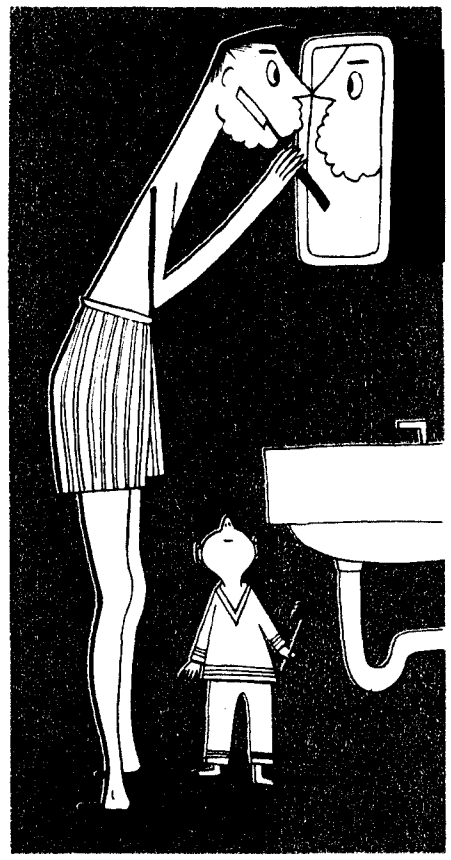
Taylor then discovered the reason for a puzzling factor that had almost reduced everything to calamity—the strange behavior of the gliders, their sluggish climb, reluctant response to the controls, tendency to dive when cut loose and excessive speed in landing. Checking his own craft, he found crates of rations and ammunition that should not have been in it. They had been loaded secretly and taken along by Chindits. In the Wingate jungle campaign of the previous year the Chindits had starved and died because of shortages of food and ammunition. This time they were determined to prepare against such shortages and at the last minute had smuggled aboard extra cases of cartridges, grenades and rations—not knowing extra weight would affect the behavior of the already overloaded gliders.

In the afternoon L-5 light planes landed on a hastily improvised small airstrip, and evacuated casualties. By nightfall the engineers had laid down a 4,800-foot strip, nearly a mile of runway. They had a portable electric-light system working for night landings—a decently lighted airport.

That night a large force of Chindits and tons of armament, munitions and supplies were flown in by C-47 cargo planes of the Troop Carrier Command, which did a job thus described to me by Cochran:

"Here were these fellows, troop carrier pilots who had done other odd things, and now they were asked to load up with British troops and heavy cargoes and take off from a field they didn't know and go into the center of Burma, and land on a strip that had been built in one day. They didn't know where it was. They were to go homing to it by radio. They knew they were landing 165 miles behind the enemy lines without fighter plane protection."

The first transport in, landing after dark, was piloted by Brigadier General W. Donald Old, of Uvalde, Texas, Troop Carrier Command chief. Nearly 100 C-47s arrived before dawn, with 2,000 soldiers to hold Broadway against any force the Japs might mobilize quickly. Then, night after night, the transports continued their air lift on a regular schedule, moving Wingate's men to Broadway and providing



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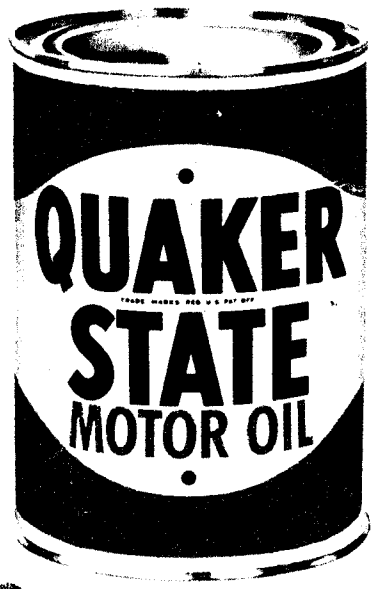

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them with armament and munitions. Materials arrived for building a stronghold—land mines, large-caliber machine guns, antiaircraft guns, even heavy cannon.

Jungle Broadway became a busy airport. The Americans said it was like La Guardia Field. The British said it was like Croydon.

* * *

The Chindits now found themselves fresh, well-armed and supplied, with ample air communications, 165 miles behind the enemy lines. This was a far cry from the previous year, when Wingate's columns had laboriously pushed to the Irrawaddy from the Imphal Valley in a month of tough going.

But the previous campaign had succeeded admirably against unknown odds. Penetration groups under Wingate himself, Brigadier Bernard Fergusson and Mad Mike Calvert had pushed past the Jap major river, road and rail lines, destroying bridges and harassing the enemy. The first Chindit campaign was carried out by green troops hardened by their commander in maneuvers until they were the finest jungle fighters the Japanese had yet faced.

New Guerrilla Attack Planned

Despite the tragedy of hundreds of men lost during the march back to India, the campaign of 1943 inculcated a worship of their strange commander in the English, Scottish, Burmese, Gurkha and African troops who comprised the Chindits. Its success had led to the assignment of Wingate to head a second guerrilla attack in central Burma during the 1944 dry season, in cooperation with the Air Commandos.

This favorable situation in Burma had resulted from General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold's idea of tossing young American flying talent in with Britain's unorthodox genius of war. The Commandos constantly were impressed by Wingate's fanatic devotion to his own fighting methods. Cochran told me afterward that "the Man" often made long speeches to himself and Alison. At first they were baffled by his accent and glottal tone, which had resulted from a self-inflicted throat injury.

"He talked clearly when you got used to it," says Cochran, "but that was difficult. I cured him of his habit of mouthing and dropping last phrases. I asked him to repeat them so often that he quit it.

"The Man had a habit of walking up and down while talking during his visits to our field. He was very nervous. He would soon have me up beside him while he paced back and forth with that short, buoyant gait of his. He looked old (Wingate was forty-one) but he had the springing step of a boy. If Prime Minister Churchill started to talk with him, Wingate would pretty soon have him interested and both of them would be walking up and down. After a while I refused to let him pull that walking trick with me."

The Americans developed a deep respect for this bearded "Lawrence of Burma" and his troops from scattered parts of the world were deeply devoted to him, but the British army command above Wingate was hostile. He was outspokenly contemptuous of their ideas of "pucka war." In return, the upstart Wingate with his unorthodox theories was resented deeply in high councils. His command went straight to the top—his men were now in the center of Burma by the mandate of Roosevelt-Churchill at the Quebec conference. The Indian army didn't care for that. Not only did he have the right to go straight to Churchill, but he often did. He'd grow angry, call a stenographer and say, "Take a screed to the Prime Minister." Then he would send copies of the "screed" to Mountbatten and to those he was complaining about. He said, "Don't be frightened, Phil, we will get our way. I will resign and they know I will."

* * *

During the first phase of the Air Commando invasion, on the night of Burma D day, 17 gliders broke loose in all. Of these, eight landed in friendly territory. Nine went down east of the Chindwin River in country held by the Japs. Care had been taken to route the glider trains over jungle areas where enemy forces were not likely to be found, but it had been necessary at one point to cross Japanese divisions massed for their planned drive into India.

Several gliders, breaking loose, were forced down in the vicinity of the Japanese 31st Division Headquarters. Chindits and Air Commandos were killed in crashes or were captured, some subsequently murdered by the enemy. Most often fortune was good, and returning glider men told thrillers of escape.

One glider landed on a river sandbank. British and Americans burned their aircraft in the face of the obfuscated Japs, and made off through the jungle. Starving, days later they dynamited a stream with a hand grenade, got 79 fish, and walked to Broadway, to which they were to have flown.

Another glider, flown by Flight Officer Robert J. Wagner of East Norwalk, Connecticut, landed on an enemy airfield at Katha. So astonished were the Japs that the crew was able to climb out in bright moonlight, march across the flying field, and disappear in the jungle. This party came in safely.

The two-glider tow that was to have been

"Thanks for the evening, Mr. Cranshaw. At least you did spend that . . ."

COLLIER'S LOWELL HOPPES

second in at Broadway broke loose beyond the Chindwin. One of the ships was Oley Olson's. Named to command at Broadway, Oley found himself and his companions in a very different situation. They were able to cast loose the towline cleanly and quickly and turn around for a long glide back toward the Chindwin and friendly territory. They landed not far from the river and walked back through the jungle.

Dick Boebel told me his story:

"We crash-landed in a rice paddy field. There was a crunching sound when we hit. We all piled out and gathered under the wings of the glider, 17 of us. There were four Americans, five Burmese riflemen, including one Burmese captain, and eight Britishers.

"Suddenly shots rang out. We flopped to the ground, flattening ourselves. In the darkness we could see nothing. We heard a machine gun, a stream of bullets cutting across the rice paddy. We decided we had better not try to attack them, we were so loaded down with guns and ammunition. I had a tommy gun, a carbine, a regular Army .45 and a small pistol, a lot of artillery for one man to be carrying around. We ran across the fields, away from the sound of the shooting, and toward a mountain that hid the moon. All the time rifle and machine-gun fire was clipping through the paddy field. We didn't know it but we had landed near a Jap military headquarters. The Japs, hearing us crash, were shooting in the direction of the sound. None of us was touched.

"The Burmese captain led us up the mountain. When we crossed a path, he made us walk backward along the path for some distance. If the Japs spotted our tracks, they would assume we were going in the other direction. This captain knew all the tricks. He was small and apparently delicate, but really rugged. He had great big eyes. He had been educated in an English university and after it was all over, he gave me a Japanese bill on which he wrote, 'In memory of a lovely journey,' and signed it, 'Valentine Barr.'

"We were 25 miles inside enemy territory, and solid jungle lay between us and friendly country on the other side of Chindwin. We traveled by night, hiding away in the thicket during the day and sleeping. The moon lasted for 10 days. A dim light filtered down among the trees at night, enough light to enable us to pick our way. The jungle was so thick we had to cut through it. Burmese soldiers out in front hacked the thicket with their big Burmese knives. When we heard dogs barking we knew there was a village nearby. We stayed away from villages. The Japs had natives in their pay.

"One evening we were breaking camp, ready for a night of travel, when a fellow next to me said suddenly, 'Look, there is somebody up on the hill.' I looked—there were two Japs. They soon ran away.

"On the fourth night we reached the Chindwin and prepared for a crossing. The river was wide with a strong current. We had to cross at night. Eight of our men couldn't swim a stroke. The British had a good trick. They took off their trousers, tied knots, and blew them up like balloons. That helped in floating us across, swimmers towing nonswimmers in the darkness.

"The nonswimmers were told that, if they happened to get loose from the swimmer towing them, they were not to cry out. Some of our Burmese soldiers had gone on a scouting trip and found that a Japanese patrol had been in the vicinity recently. We were afraid that Japs might be near and would be attracted by any loud sound.

"One of those who couldn't swim was a young glider mechanic, Corporal Estil I. Neinaber, of Columbia, Missouri. He was one of the few in the Air Commandos about whom we had been doubtful. He was small and thin, and wore thick glasses. A tough campaign had seemed no place for him. We hadn't wanted to take him along, but tears had welled in his eyes and it had been just too much to tell him he couldn't go.

"He was the only one to be carried away from a swimmer. The current yanked him away. He was swept downstream, and could not be spotted in the darkness. A call from Neinaber might have saved him, but the little fellow, about whom we had been doubtful, grimly obeyed the rule of silence. He could have let out a yell, but there was not a sound from him. He was lost.

"In the morning we saw a large native village at the foot of the hill. We started down and soon dogs were barking. When the villagers saw us they were frightened, seeing 16 half-naked scarecrows. Our Burmese soldiers had a job on their hands before they could convince the villagers that we were friends. They brought out their headman, who told us a British patrol had passed a few hours before, marching along a nearby trail.

"The villagers were about to celebrate a feast day which had something to do with the phases of the moon and invited us to join them. The feast consisted of delicious curry of peacock, served in clay bowls. You reached in and took out a piece of peacock, and dipped it in the curry. We ate all we could, and the villagers seemed insulted because we couldn't eat any more.

"After the peacock and curry, we didn't feel like walking, but started out, one of our Burmese scouts going ahead to look for the patrol. Soon he brought back a British infantry officer, a Captain Johnson, who took us to his outfit. They served us not peacock and curry, but the inevitable British tea.

"The captain told us that his patrol had located Japs and expected to be in action soon. He didn't want to get us mixed into the fight. We could get further help, he told us, by going along to an individual whom he referred to only as This Man.

"We started out again, following directions, and a few miles along the trail saw a man sitting on the side of a hill, along the bottom of which ran a stream. He was smooth-shaven and bigger than most Burmese. Around him were villagers, cooking food and tea for him. As we trooped up the hill, a weird band of castaways, he looked at us not at all surprised. He had a broad face and a fetching smile. He said, 'My name is Goldberg.'

"When I started to tell him who we were, he remarked, 'Oh, I know all about you. You crashed a couple of days ago in a glider. There are about 15 of you. You had a hell of a time getting out.' He spoke excellent English, although slowly, with some slight hesitancy in picking his words.

"He knew about us because Oley Olson and survivors of his glider had been through before us, helped along by Goldberg. Oley had told the jungle king to be on the lookout for us, knowing our glider also had broken loose.

"Goldberg was half English-Jew and half Burmese. He had been educated in Rangoon, and gone into the British civil service. In peacetime he had been very small potatoes, just another Eurasian clerk. The war had brought him into his own. He had become an agent for the British in dealing with the tribes along the Chindwin. He was in competition with Japanese agents, both sides buying the allegiance of the villagers with kerosene and salt—the most valuable trading commodities. Goldberg outbid and outsmarted the Japs. They offered a large reward for him, and one time a Burman betrayed him. After a narrow escape, Goldberg found out who the Burman was and asked the British to bomb the traitor's village. Royal Air Force planes leveled it. That struck the people of the region with a terror of Goldberg.

"He gave a feast for us—roast peacock without curry cooked and served by the natives. He had plates, forks and spoons, and coffee served in cups.

"He put us up for the night, providing us with beds slung on bamboo poles, comfortable beds four or five feet off the ground. For a day and a night we lived like kings with King Goldberg."

Japanese Thrown into Turmoil

Dick Boebel's story is a sample of adventure brought about by gliders breaking loose on the night of Burma D day. More important was the strategic consequence. The Japs were confused by the gliders landing here, there and the next place. Suspecting landings of guerrilla patrols, they were thrown into turmoil over what they believed to be a widespread and complex pattern of guerrilla attacks. They wasted time and energy by sending forces out to hunt for what they thought to be raiding parties. They put special guards to protect their communication and supply dumps.

The accidental breaking loose of the gliders had the effect of a diversion—as good as if it had been planned. It delayed the Japs in finding out about the seizure of the jungle clearing for the Broadway base, and hindered their moves for assailing it. Wingate said to Taylor, "Bill, did you play a trick on me and have those gliders land to throw the Japanese off the scent?"

After an almost disastrous beginning, Wingate's invasion began rolling. In a short time, 2,500 men established a stronghold and began harassing Jap communications. Next week's Collier's tells the thrilling story of victory. Order your newsstand copy now

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The Robe and the Sword

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

considering where he'd been not long before, he hadn't made many mistakes.

The Colonel would push this case, the Major knew. He had his evidence, those accursed letters: he had his witnesses; he had his charge, deadly in its potentiality—and he had it aimed right where the crucifix dangled on the belly of the Bishop's Man.

The Major picked up his phone, pushed a button, and summoned his court officer. Moments later he directed the lieutenant: "Have those letters translated for me at once. Prepare a criminal charge of smuggling mail out of our PW cage for SS prisoners. Prepare an information and issue and execute a warrant of arrest."

"Against whom?"

"The *Dekan*."

"You kidding, Major?"

"Oh, sure, sure, I'm kidding. Listen when you sign the papers, and you'll hear the Colonel chuckling. Keep listening, and you'll hear the Bishop laughing and laughing. By the way, don't jail the Priest; just serve a summons."

The lieutenant edged out, bearing a doubtful, sickly grin.

The Major went back to his chair, pulled out a desk drawer and put his feet on its edge. He leaned back, eyed the ceiling, and mused to the silent room.

"There are many things I should like to be in the eyes of other men. But least of all do I wish to be even a tiny version of the Antichrist."

And of this the Major was certain.

NINE feverish days later the trial was held—nine days during which emotional pitch in this German District had risen as the Main had crawled up its banks under pressure of the fall rains.

There were those who understood only that their beloved *Dekan* had been accused by those "Amis." There were others who darkly believed the Priest had conspired to allow the SS to escape; had plotted to free a horde of unrepentant and vindictive Nordic demons so they might seek vengeance on countrymen who had capitulated.

Swirling in this vortex of social passion were the Major and the Bishop's Man.

Yes, the Bishop himself had come and gone after making oblique references in his sermon in the *Dekan's* church to "Peter's immortality," the "powers of darkness," and "the suffering of my brother." Nothing more; no allusion to military government or Americans or the incident at the prison camp. But quite enough to keep the Major starkly awake in his bed, contemplating the alternatives in this hazardous contention.

Outside, cold rain was wrenching browned leaves from their moorings when the Major figuratively doffed his uniform, donned his judge's gown, and walked to the bench one morning to hear the action against the Bishop's Man. Already he knew a good deal about the case, enough to have a conviction of his own and a plan of possibilities.

They all rose when he entered the courtroom through the door behind the rostrum. The Major didn't have to look to know that. They always did. They did because he represented the awful might and power of the conqueror. Maybe a few stood respectfully because they'd heard of something known as "American justice," but of this last he was doubtful.

The Major sat down and they all sat down—all, that is, but the clerk, who intoned that this was such and such a court at such and such a place sitting on this day by authority of such and such a military statute, and that it was about to begin to sift fact from fancy in the matter of the United States Army's charge against the prisoner at the bar.

The prosecution's first witness was one of the Colonel's sergeants, a pink-faced youngster wearing an infectious smile and a Silver Star. Questions came from the prosecutor-lieutenant.

"You know the accused, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"You saw him last when?"

"Two weeks ago last Sunday."

"Where?"

"At the PW cage gate. I was guard sergeant."

"Tell us what happened."

"Mail had been getting out of the camp from the SS in violation of rules. We had orders to search all visitors. The Priest had been allowed to enter and hold a Mass. We searched him when he was leaving. We found the letters in a pocket of his robe."

"I'll scrimp and save on food, and we'll get a washing machine and save on laundry, and we'll get a television set and save on entertainment . . ."

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

"Are these the letters you found?"

"They are, yes, sir."

There were more witnesses with the same story, soldiers of the prison guard. This was a bilingual court, so things moved slowly. Each question was interpreted in the other language before it was answered; then the answer too was translated.

The Major had asked the *Dekan* if he had counsel and if he desired to question witnesses. The Bishop's Man stood proudly to say he would defend himself, and, yes, he had a question. He put it to each man who took the stand: "Was I not given permission to collect and carry out mail?"

With each successive cold "No," the Priest surrendered a bit of his composure.

The Major gazed soberly at the accused. He saw a man with white hair, probably in his sixties, round-headed, with dark eyes, full lips that he licked often, ruddy cheeks now touched with pallor, and a heavy body concealed in detail by his draped habiliment. He saw a man whose sensitive hands were trembling as the first of seven arrogant SS prisoner-witnesses was called.

Yes, *der Pfarrer* had brought him mail from outside and taken his letters for mailing. Each of this haughty seven said the same.

To each of them the Priest put his question: "Did not the Americans give me permission to perform that service for you?"

And the Bishop's Man was white and shaken after all had answered: "I do not know. But I do know you urged us to send out mail."

As though they had rehearsed, the SS gave that reply, and accompanied it with a malevolent stare for the Priest and a bland, supercilious glance at the court.

Fear warped the features of the Priest as he sank again to his seat. His defense had failed. He knew it. The Major watched him at his lonely prayers.

The room was silent as the Major glanced about. Spectators' eyes were upon him; soldiers, guards and witnesses had caught the drama; the Colonel nonchalantly winked from his seat within the rail; the court stenographer waited with poised pencil. There were two sounds—the rush of the rain outside, and here in the room the sound of the prosecutor's fingers drumming on his desk.

The Major eyed the Priest's bowed head and felt the man's terror. He was shocked by a flash of shame that he should be an instrument in the Priest's humiliation.

The Major knew well enough why fear had seeped into this little provincial courtroom. The party had sat in wartime judgment of men, and women too, in this community. Blood was but a day old on the wall of the courtyard outside when the "Amis" had come. The Major closed his eyes and could see the ugly shape of the stain. Yes, he knew, and he pitied.

He knew that for an offense against the military, such as was charged here, these sons and daughters of Woden could not conceive of a judgment touched even lightly by a quality of mercy.

Now the *Doktor-Jurist* rose timidly from a seat at the side of the audience. He asked humbly to be heard, the Major nodded, and the clerk told him to speak. This white-haired, gentle barrister often appeared here in defense of his neighbors. Usually, he asked only for clemency. His experience in the courts of Nazidom had dulled his hope for justice or compassion and veiled from him all premonition of acquittals sometimes in prospect.

He spoke slowly. "I have been saddened," he said, "that my dear old friend should decline my offer to give him aid in this honored and respected court. But I understand why. It is because he is sure he has not knowingly done wrong."

The Major, as always, listened attentively to the *Herr Doktor-Jurist*. But it was not necessary. He knew well what was to come. To him this cultured, urbane Bavarian had become symbolic of these people shorn of hope. For the doctor-jurist was gazing not at the Major, but to one side and beyond. His eyes were fixed—but on nothing. He was approaching complete blindness due to cataracts.

Everyone knew this, but *Herr Doktor-Jurist* could not bring himself to admit that they did. So he fastened his pitiful opaque eyes on a spot where the Major was not, and went on:

"I cannot ask you, *Herr Major*, to condone his offense, for I realize its magnitude in times such as these. I can only ask you to agree with me that he has been grievously misled. In this court he is guilty, yes; but he intended no crime, nor harm to the military. As his friend and spiritual brother, I implore you to grant clemency to our pastor."

A hand of the *Doktor-Jurist* fluttered behind him as he felt for his chair and lowered himself to it. The Major-Magistrate sighed, peered at those set eyes of shiny, gray agate, and said, "Your statement will be considered, *Herr Doktor*."

At this point final arguments were in order, but instead the Major quietly declared the court itself would call a witness.

The Colonel looked up sharply; the prosecutor-lieutenant, who knew it all the time, smirked slyly; a mixture of incredulity and dread fluttered across the Priest's face as he hauled his head erect.

THE court's witness was a lank American sergeant who had not been seen previously. He stalked stiffly from an anteroom. He was sworn, and the Major began to question him. "Sergeant, were you ever stationed in this community?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell the court when and where?"

"I was stationed here with my division until about two months ago. I was on guard duty, assigned to the PW cage."

"Were the prisoners then permitted to have visitors, Sergeant?"

"No, sir, not regularly—only when a special permit was issued and signed by the C.O."

"Do you recognize the defendant?"

"I do, sir."

"Tell the court what you know of this man."

"The defendant is the Priest of this *Landkreis*, sir. He came to the PW cage to hear confessions and say Mass for prisoners. He had a permit to come and go at certain hours—the guards were instructed accordingly."

"Is that all?"

The long-faced American on the stand hesitated. He leaned forward with hands twisted together between his big knees, and said, "No, sir. The Priest was permitted to handle mail for the prisoners."

"What do you mean by 'handle mail for the prisoners,' Sergeant?"

"Well, Major, the prisoners were allowed to write letters to their families; then the Priest would mail them. Replies came to the men through the church here, and the defendant was allowed to deliver them to the prisoners."

"You say, Sergeant"—the Major put this precisely—"that your superior gave you instructions to permit all this?"

"He did, yes, sir."

"It appears," the Major commented, "that we have here a conflict in orders," and he added, "a state of affairs not unheard of in armies."

That was all.

The *Dekan's* face was a mask of amaze-

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ment that spoke for all present when the Major announced a short recess and walked from the courtroom.

In his office the Major was joined by a disturbed Colonel.

"How did that last witness, that sergeant, come to show up here?" the Colonel demanded. "Did you get him into the picture, Major?"

"We investigate before trial, Colonel. His testimony seemed very pertinent."

"But, damn it, he wrecked our case, as you well know. In fact, he damn' well made us look foolish, and you know that, too!"

"I realize," the Major said quietly, "that a military government court at this stage must be an instrument of policy as well as of decision. At the same time, don't you agree we should strive for a measure of justice, and don't you agree that to do that we ought to bring out all available facts?"

"Of course, I agree," the Colonel exclaimed, "and that's another thing you know. But the situation is damned embarrassing."

Both were silent as a gust of wind smashed the rain hard against the windows.

Then the Colonel, exploringly, said, "Major, a month from now you'll have a German court operating here. Many of these people are terrified and angered that anyone, least of all one of their own, should even mistakenly risk a possible escape by those SS prisoners. Why not turn the old boy over to his own people for trial?"

"You mean wash my hands of it?"

"Damn it, let's not moralize!" said the Colonel.

"Right," said the Major. "Let's not—yet. Let's go back and finish it."

TO A now placid *Dekan* and the courtroom's other occupants, the Major declared, "I am prepared to pronounce judgment in this action.

"But first," he said as he measured the self-assurance indicated by the Priest's hands, folded in his lap, "first, I wish, just for the record, to discuss certain possibilities with this defendant."

Leaning back comfortably in his high-backed chair, the Major began: *"Herr Dekan,* it has been shown here that American authorities permitted you to handle mail for the prisoners because they recognized that even prisoners have rights as men. Is that not so?"

"Ja, Herr Major."

"And that the principal purpose of this concession—this liberalizing of the regulations—was to permit these men of the SS—*but men nonetheless, I remind you—to* locate and reassure their loved ones, their families?"

"That is true."

"Of course, *Herr Dekan,"* proceeded the Major dryly, "of course, as most of us here no doubt can agree, this tendency of the American soldier to feel for the grief of others, to bleed for the already bloody, is the regrettable defection which has brought you to your present plight. Is that not so?"

The priest glared at the interpreter in consternation, raised an arm in protest, opened his mouth to speak.

"Never mind," the Major cut in. "But tell me this. Did you trouble yourself to read the letters you carried in and out of that prison?"

The darting, blinking eyes of the robed man seemed to seek high and low for an answer.

"Pass that, too," the Major went on relentlessly. "The answer will become obvious."

The interpreter's bristling eyebrows leaped up in question. His *"Lassen Sie das. Die Antwort—"* was interrupted by the now intense man on the bench.

"Were you certain," asked the Major-Magistrate, "as you carried this unexamined, uncensored mail, that it contained nothing which might lead to an escape and an attack by those fanatical men on your parishioners?"

"I was sure, *Herr Richter."* It was plain the *Dekan* felt himself back on firmer ground.

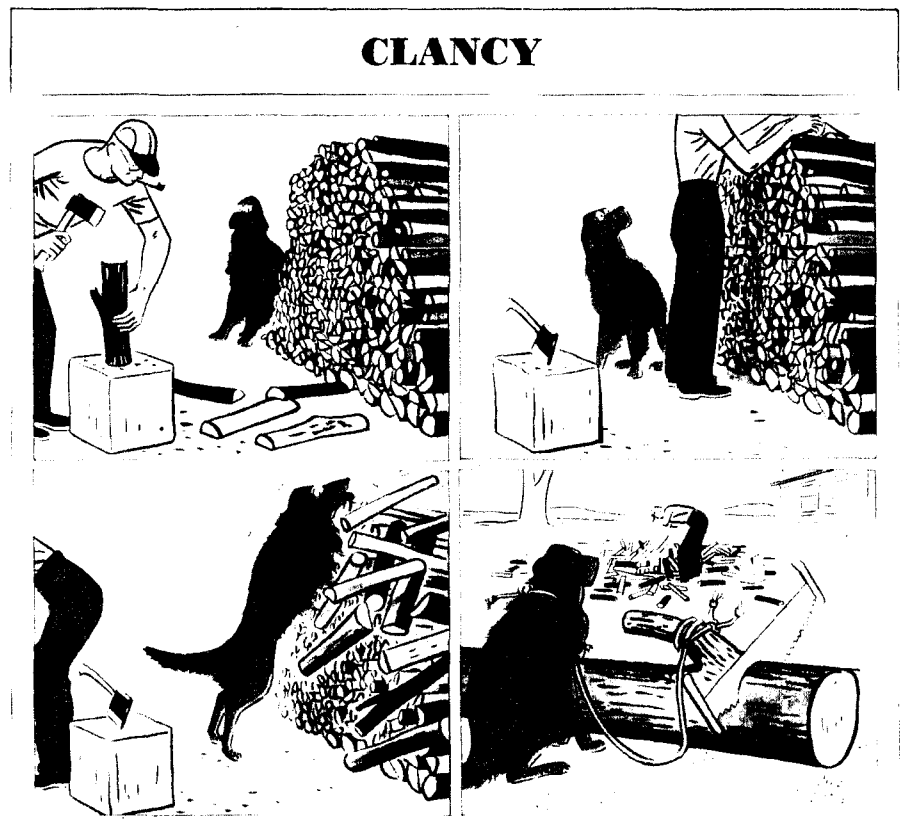
The Major leaned forward. "Were you certain that these letters contained nothing damaging or threatening to the Forces of Occupation?"

"Absolut nichts!"

"Were you assured"—and the Major was probing deep into the dark eyes of the stout man before him—"were you assured the mail you carried bore no evil or destructive words aimed at yourself, or at your church?"

The Priest took time to breathe once slowly; then said, as if to soothe: *"Herr Major,* I had come to know those men as though they were of this blessed *Kreis.* I had urged them to be patient and, when they could, to go to their homes and their families in peace. I have heard their confessions, administered Communion, and celebrated Mass for them. I am sure they would not harm a servant of God, nor would they betray the Holy Church!"

"That the man of God and the Holy Church," the Major-Magistrate said, "should go untouched by wickedness or betrayal we can all agree. Therefore, bear with this possibly naïve court just a while



more. Perhaps we may toughen the armor of the righteous."

As the Priest betrayed perplexity, the Major directed the clerk and interpreter, "Read and translate, carefully translate, that letter marked 'Exhibit X.'"

From the pile of impounded letters, the clerk extracted "Exhibit X." He handed the letter, to which its envelope was stapled, to the Priest and asked the accused to identify it as one of the letters taken from him by the American prison guards. "It is one of them," the Priest said. "I know the names."

It was the message of an SS man to his wife. Clerk and interpreter began:

"My dear Anna: Yes, it's me, your husband, alive and so far well off. I hope the same for you, darling. I was taken prisoner by the Americans and am now in PW camp near this town in the Main Valley. I suppose I was lucky to be taken by the Americans—they feed us at least, and give us extra coffee and cigarettes. That is democracy, it is said! We hear that 'Ivan' handles us SS men much differently!"

All in the courtroom strained to hear above the sound of the wild rain now lashing furiously at the tall windows and the echoes of mountain thunder bounding lazily about the valley.

The steady eyes of the Major were fixed on the Priest's broad face, which reflected his dreadful suspicion of revelation yet to come.

Clerk and interpreter went grimly on with the letter:

". . . However, the damned Americans needn't think they can win us over, although we do have a few swine among us who have gone soft. We of the old guard still have faith in National Socialism and are closer together than ever before. Our day will come yet! You may depend on that!"

Bleak fear had returned to the features of the Priest, fear of something that had poured from the pen of this brutish one who had followed to war the emblem of the skull. The Priest sat braced in anticipation, as the reading continued:

". . . Some of the townspeople here are friendly and on our side, so that in the near future we will make a break for it—that is, several of us will. These soft, silly Americans will wake with a headache and an empty cage and God help any German who stands in our way! Write, and be prepared to send me money . . ."

Blood rose from the edge of the Priest's smooth white collar and rosied his face. He leaned forward and clasped his clenched hands on his breast. His face became a mottled pink and white. The Major wondered if the man were becoming ill.

"Observe, *Herr Dekan,"* the Major admonished, "that you have been deceived even as were the American guards. As you no doubt long have been teaching, the forces of evil play no favorites in seeking deadly advantage."

The Priest seemed to be trying to speak, but finally only spread his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Finish the letter," the Major directed, and his tone and bearing made plain his compassion for this man whose cup of bitterness was almost full.

The clerk read on pitilessly:

". . . The 'Amis' right now are playing generous, and think themselves clever when they send us the damned Black Robe to doctor our souls and kill our spirits . . ."

The Priest's head fell forward into his agitated hands.

". . . A hypocritical Papist priest comes to our camp every other day. He says Mass, hears confessions, even ours, and—don't laugh!—he smuggles our mail in and out for us. The old imbecile is a great fool—but a great help now and later."

That was the letter.

The room rang with the silence which followed. The Colonel's eyes and those of all others were fixed on the bowed back of the man in black. His face still was thrust forward and buried in his hands, and the Major could see the knuckles whitened by strain. Even the rain and wind had quieted in the presence of this agony of spirit.

The Major's voice broke into this calm so sharply as to startle even himself, although he spoke gently: "This court now is ready to pronounce judgment in the action at issue."

"You will please rise," the clerk said, touching the Priest's elbow.

Slowly, ponderously, as though his burden of disappointment and disillusion were unmanageable, the Priest raised himself to his feet. But his head drooped forward, his wet eyelids were compressed, and his hands were clenched. A crucifix, loosed from his girdle, swung on a neck chain.

"In this courtroom today," the Major said, "we have heard the simple tragic story of yet another of the world's millions of fair and good men brought low by the baseness born in this land lately. He put his faith in the faithless and now, perhaps, he has been robbed of it. If punishment is due, he has been punished enough. This court is convinced he intended to break no law nor military ordinance; nor to harm any man or any thing. He is pronounced innocent—and is free to go his way.

"But, before we are finished," the Major went on, "let us at least identify the guilty. The American guards acted humanely when they granted the mail privilege; *Herr Dekan,* accused here, simply performed his time-hallowed priestly duty, as he should have done. Both soldier and priest were brought close to irreparable error by these contemptuous ones, these unmoral ones, these leprous ones, these spawn of the Nazi swamps. Under our perhaps imperfect law, we cannot, in this instance, punish them. But we can lash them with scorn, we can forbid them the comforts of fellowship, we can thrust them beyond the pale of human trust—they and all their kind of any nation."

His face grim and white with wrath, the Major still glared for a space at the seven smirking SS, then rose and turned to leave.

"Herr Major," the Priest said urgently.

The Major-Magistrate half swung round to look into the solemn but radiant face of one who had asked and who had received.

"He will bless you," the Priest said.

"Thank you, Padre," the Major said—and left the room with stinging eyes and a tight chest.

OUTSIDE in the headquarters hall, the Colonel caught up with the Major-Magistrate.

"Man alive!" he said. "What a show that was! I hand it to you! First we convict him, then you save him. Then you dangle the old chap over the brink of Hell, and finally you haul him up and turn him loose. On top of all that, you wind up by finding the bloody SS witnesses guilty—and for that, my friend, you deserve a commendation as long as a SHAEF directive!"

"Thanks," the Major said dryly. "Glad you enjoyed it."

"But still, you know," the Colonel went on, cozily now, "I still hold the opinion you should—ah, you might—have given the Priest to his own people for trial. In a German court, it's my belief, that letter would cause him trouble, priest or not, and we'd be out from under."

A wisp of a queer sober smile broke over the Major's drawn face.

"Possibly," he said, and his weariness was apparent now. "But have you forgotten, Colonel, that Pilate, too, was a military governor? And consider, Colonel, in this case now not one of us concerned need wash his hands."

The two officers gazed at each other steadily for a long moment.

Then the Colonel clumped away down the dim corridor.

At the door he looked back, and called, "See you tonight, fellow." THE END

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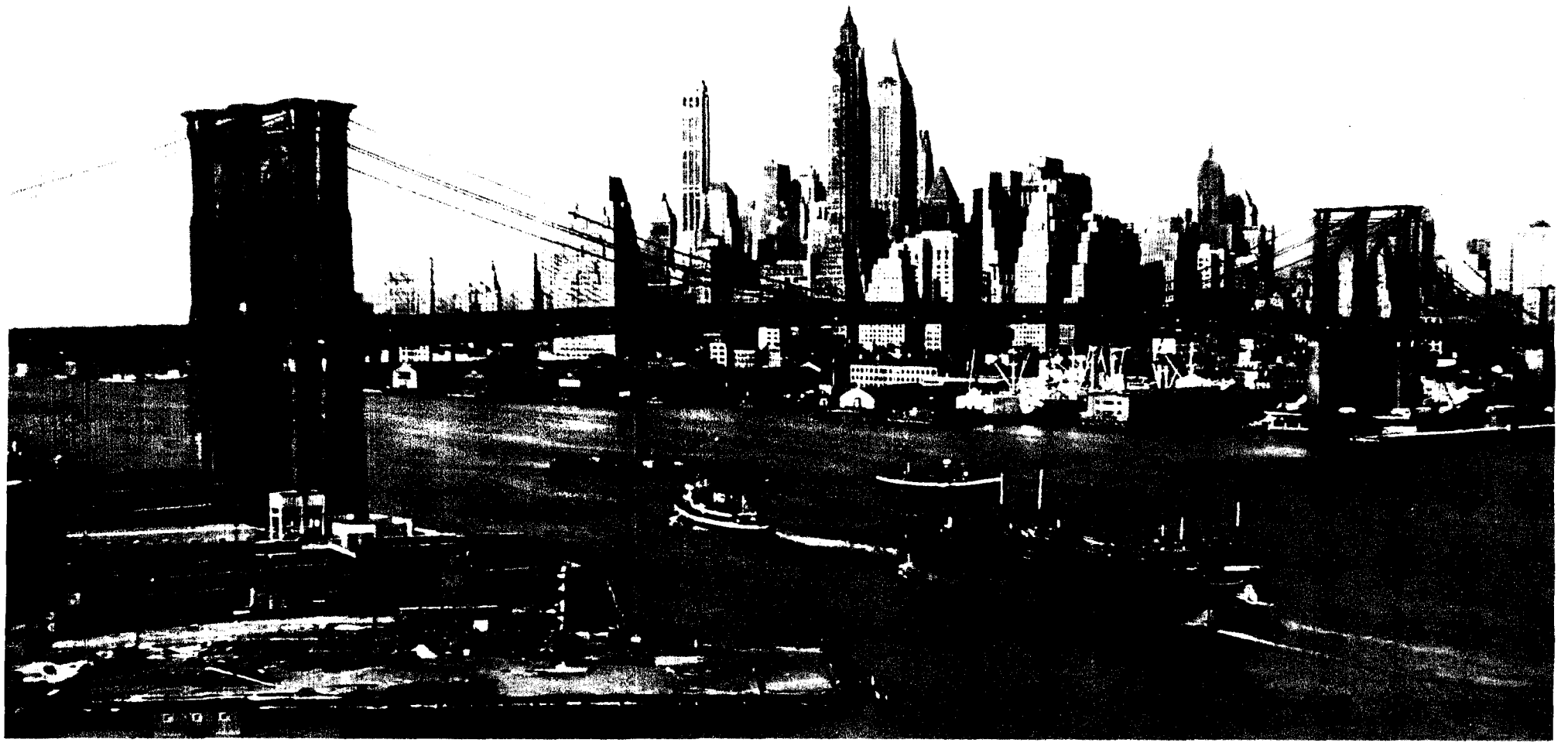
Challenges Comparison!



The New York sky-line *Challenges Comparison* with *any* man-made wonder. Calvert's good taste *Challenges Comparison* with *any* whiskey!

Ask a friend or favorite barman to pour about ¼ ounce of Calvert Reserve into one glass, and the same amount of your present brand into another glass—*without telling you which is which.*

Sniff one brand for *aroma*. Taste it *critically*. Swallow *slowly* to judge its freedom from harshness. Then judge the other brand in the same way, and pick the one that *really* tastes best.

Your own good taste will tell you

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My Cigarette Loves Your Cigarette

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Yeah"—Tim smiled wonderingly—"it has, hasn't it?" He looked at Eve for a moment. "It suddenly occurs to me that we are no longer the younger generation."

"I know," Eve said, and she sighed.

For half a block they walked along in silence, then Tim nodded at a restaurant they were approaching, and they turned toward the doorway, Tim moving ahead to hold the door open for Eve.

It was a small restaurant, not crowded, with half a dozen linen-covered tables set in small semicircular booths of padded green leather. Tim often had lunch here, and the waiter greeted him by name and led them to one of the booths.

"Like a drink?" Tim asked when they were seated.

"I guess so. An Alexander."

"And I'll have a Manhattan," Tim said to the waiter. "Let's have our drink before we order," he said to Eve. "You in a hurry?"

"No." She glanced at her watch, then sat back, staring absently at the tabletop. "You know," she said, "it's kind of sad."

"What is?"

SHE shrugged. "Oh, it hasn't really been so long, but it wasn't yesterday either, and— It's just kind of sad, in a way."

"*What's* sad?"

"Well—" Eve stopped, frowning at the difficulty of conveying her meaning. "Not that being married isn't ever so much better. But there *was* a kind of wonderful excitement about it."

"About what?"

"About what we were *talking* about. Being young, *really* young, I mean. And free and single, and—oh, you know what I mean. Having the phone ring, and wondering who it was, and hoping it was someone who'd ask you out. Or in knowing a man liked you and having him knock himself out trying to make an impression. While you were doing the same thing yourself. In just not being *sure* of things all the time, and—oh, I don't know. There was just something special and exciting about those days that's gone now." She glanced quickly at Tim. "Not that being marr—"

But he wasn't watching her. "I know," he interrupted quietly, slowly nodding his head, "I know what you mean," and his eyes, too, were remembering.

For a moment Eve looked at him, then she smiled brightly. "Of course, you were the real charmer," she said.

"Oh, sure."

The waiter brought their drinks, and they tasted them, then set them down.

"You really were," said Eve. She fingered her glass. "Remember how you used to say, 'My drink loves your drink,' and you'd push your glass up against mine?"

"Yeah."

"And you'd put your cigarette right beside mine on an ash tray and say, 'My cigarette loves your cigarette.' You always put them together so *intimately*. It was almost embarrassing."

"I'll bet."

"It was; but kind of cute." She hunched forward, elbows on the table, hands clasped. "Remember when we first met?"

"In detail."

"What did you think?" Eve wriggled slightly, snuggling into the cushions.

"I said to myself, 'Here is the future mother of my children.' "

"No, really. What did you think?"

"I was impressed." Tim said seriously. "I really thought, from the very first, that you were something pretty special."

Eve's head nodded slightly in unconscious confirmation, like a child following the words of a favorite story. "And when did you first fall in love with me?"

"Oh, hell—" He shrugged, smiling protestingly. "How can you say? It's like trying to figure out when you fell asleep last night. There's a time when you aren't, and a time when you are, and just when it happened . . ." He shrugged again, then took a sip of his drink. "But it happened fast. All of a sudden I knew damn' well I wanted to marry you, and I hadn't even thought of being married for two-three years yet."

Eve smiled happily. "Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know." His brows raised thoughtfully. "I was having fun, I guess, and there just didn't seem to be any hurry about it, that's all."

"Tim?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you know . . . a *lot* of girls? Before you met me, I mean."

"I wouldn't say a lot." He looked down at his glass, twirling it slowly by its stem.

"Well, did you—?" She stopped.

"Now, take it easy." He glanced up at her. "Don't be asking questions when you might not like the answers."

She smiled at him. "Okay. I guess maybe I wouldn't like the answers, at that."

"Oh, now don't get me wrong. All in all, I guess I was a pretty well-behaved lad." He grinned at her wickedly. "Reasonably so, that is."

"I'll bet. Tim, remember Georgie? I liked him a lot, till you came along. A very nice boy."

"Anyone called Georgie is bound to be a very nice boy."

Eve giggled. "It *was* kind of a silly name. Not George, but Georgie. It's what everyone called him, though, and it seemed perfectly natural. Did I ever tell you he asked me to go away with him for a week end?"

"How was it?"

"Now, Tim, don't be—"

"I'm not; I'm simply assuming that a week end with anyone called Georgie could only be—"

"Well, don't be too sure. Georgie wasn't—"

"Look, why the hell are we talking about Georgie?"

Eve shrugged. "I don't know. Why are we talking about any of this?"

"Sign of old age, I guess. Living in the past." He picked up a menu, and handed it to Eve. "Here," he said, "let's order our warm milk and crackers."

They ordered lunch, and when it came, ate for a time in silence. Then Eve opened her purse and brought out a small swatch of heavy green-patterned cloth. "I thought I'd order the new drapes in this material; it picks up the green in the davenport. She held the swatch out to Tim.

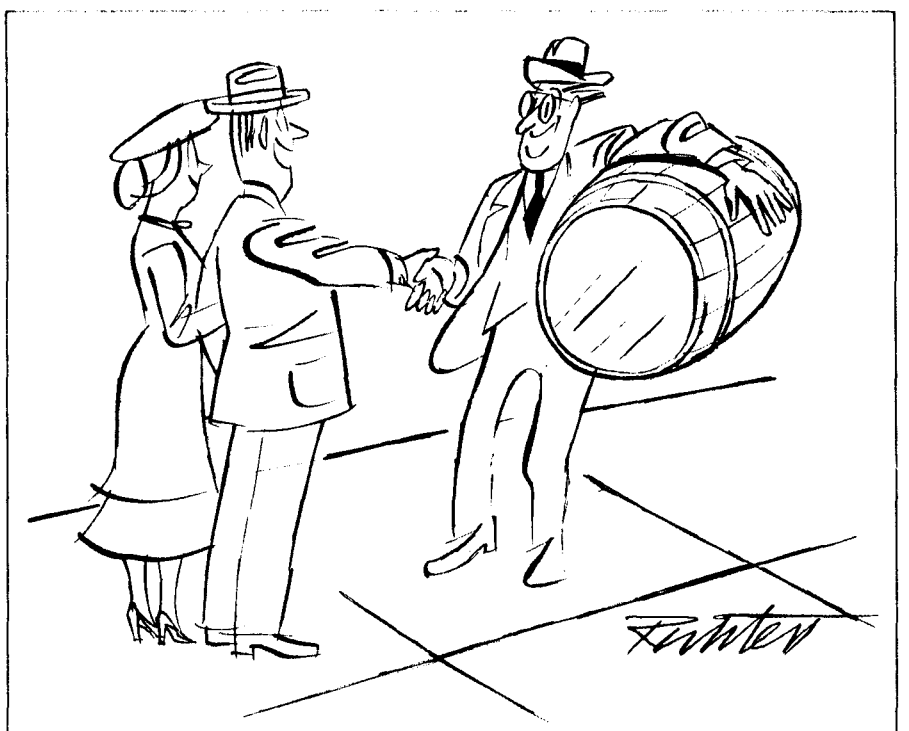
He took it and examined it, mechanically rubbing the cloth between his fingers and thumb. "Fine." He handed it back to her. "Looks fine."

Eve returned the swatch to her purse. "And I may look for a new dress. Nothing expensive; just a summer wash dress. I really need one more."

"Okay." Tim nodded, and picked up his fork.

"You going back to the office?" Eve broke a piece from a roll.

"Nope. Saturday morning's bad enough."



COLLIER'S — **"Why, Cousin Hayward! What on earth brings you to Niagara Falls?"** — MISCHA RICHTER

"What're you going to do, then?"

"I don't know; nothing, I guess."

"Want to come with me?" she asked doubtfully.

"I don't think so." He looked at Eve, and she saw that his eyes were puzzled and wondering, his expression almost wistful. "What time'll you get through?" he said.

"Around five."

For a moment he hesitated. "Want to meet me for a drink before we go home?"

"If you like; yes."

"Well"—he hesitated again—"how about the Trafalgar? At five?" The Trafalgar was a small bar they had gone to often before they were married.

Eve looked at him for an instant, then she smiled affectionately. "Fine. I'd love to."

Tim shook his head slowly, ruefully. "It isn't the same any more, is it?"

"Oh, I don't know," Eve said gently, and she reached out and patted his hand.

THEY walked to a subway station on Sixth Avenue after lunch; Eve was going to Macy's. Tim stood watching her as she walked down the stairs, and touched his hat as she turned to wave good-by. Then he walked a few steps to the corner and stood looking up and down the street. He felt depressed, low in spirit, and he stood wondering what to do.

The day was pleasant enough, he thought; bright, sunny and not too hot. It occurred to him that it had been a long time since he'd been out alone and dressed up with an afternoon to kill; he seldom worked on a Saturday, and ordinarily he'd have been home in slacks, shirt and slippers. And presently, as he stood there watching the rumbling traffic on the sunny street, his mood began to change, and he became aware of the stirring of an old half-forgotten feeling, and he frowned, trying to recognize it. Then he remembered; it was the old rising sense of elation he had felt so often during his first weeks and months in New York. So many times, he remembered now, he had stood just as he stood now and on just such a day, the week end ahead full of the promise of adventure.

Now, however, mixed with this old emotion, was a feeling of sadness, of something lost and gone forever; and Tim smiled, remembering the lunchtime conversation and understanding the reasons for both his feelings. But as he turned to walk down the street, this remnant of sadness and loss began to fade, and—the warm sun on his back, feeling just the way it had in the not too remote past—the sense of promise and elation grew stronger.

He walked for several blocks, strolling, stopping occasionally to look at pawnshop windows, and feeling more and more pleased with the afternoon of freedom ahead. It seemed to challenge him in a friendly way, and now he felt ready to accept.

AT a little hole-in-the-wall shop, its front open to the street, he bought a sack of popcorn. He didn't want it, really, but it had been a long time since he'd eaten popcorn, and it gave him a sense of pleasant leisure to saunter down the street eating it from the sack.

At a cross street he turned east, for no reason, stopped in the middle of the block to study the posters and photographs in front of a theater, then strolled on to Fifth Avenue. Again he stood, near the corner, just out of the stream of pedestrians. On the cross street a car slowed for the changing traffic light, and stopped not two feet in front of him. Tim looked up. A pleasant-faced girl of perhaps twenty-eight sat at the wheel, her bare arm resting on the door; she glanced idly out the window, then her eye was caught by the sack in Tim's hand, and she looked at him curiously.

On an impulse he held the sack out to her, keenly aware as he did so that he was doing it exactly right; not boldly, hardly even looking at her, but with an almost perfunctory courtesy, as he might pass a dish at a table, with no thought of being refused. She looked at him, a little startled, then down at the sack, and Tim glanced off at the Fifth Avenue traffic; then he rattled the popcorn in the sack, a little impatiently, holding it still closer to her reach. She smiled slightly, took a few kernels, and Tim glanced at her, not smiling, not pressing the advantage, and simply nodded his head in grave approval. He took some popcorn himself and turned to stare absently at the traffic again.

In a moment or two, without turning his head, he held the sack out again. The girl took some more popcorn, watching him curiously, and then, for the first time, Tim looked at her and smiled, his smile deliberately tentative and a little shy. She smiled back, and there was a beginning speculative interest in her eyes.

He knew that now he could speak to her and that she would answer; that he could—the excuse flashed into his mind—ask her for a lift to Lexington Avenue, perhaps, and that she might even ask him into the car. But in the same instant of thought it was clearly a pointless thing to do, and the necessity of finding things to say to her during the few blocks' ride was suddenly a chore he didn't feel like undertaking. He merely smiled again and turned once more to stare absently at Fifth Avenue; and a few moments later, when he heard the traffic lights click, he looked back at the

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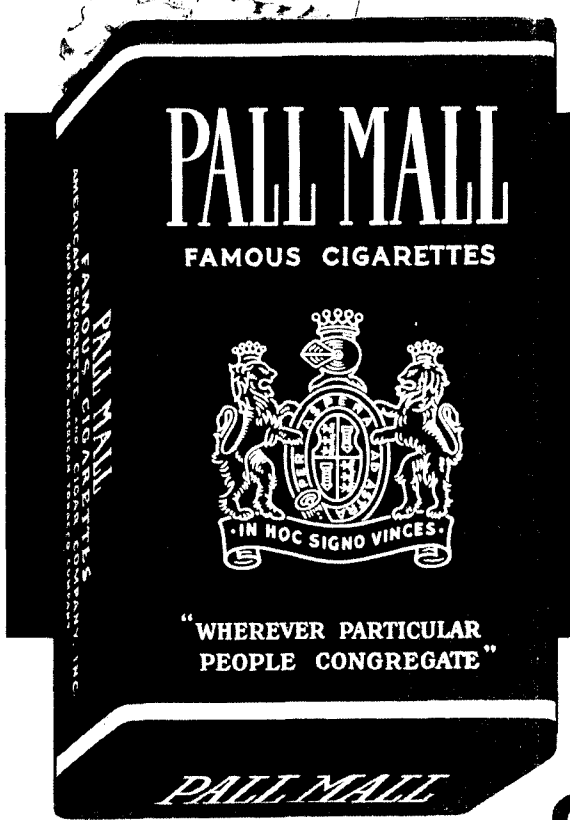
greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further…
filters the smoke
and makes it mild



PUFF BY PUFF… YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs *or 10…* *or 17…* when you smoke PALL MALL

Puff by Puff 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 *You're Always Ahead*

STUDY THE PUFF CHART! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

Outstanding—*and they are mild!*

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girl again and simply nodded politely. She smiled, a little mockingly now. "Thanks," she said, and flicked her hand in a wave as the car moved forward, and Tim lifted his palm in casual acknowledgment.

He grinned happily and walked on to the corner, dropping the rest of the popcorn into a refuse basket as he passed; then he walked on across the street; dusting the salt from his palms. Haven't lost my touch, he thought; then he grinned again, and on the other side of the street he glanced at his reflection in a store window. He looked, he was certain, exactly the way he had always looked. If there was any real change in his appearance from early twenties to early thirties, he couldn't see it, and the feeling of promise and adventure just ahead came over him again; then suddenly he was ashamed and embarrassed.

Childish, he thought, and his face flushed; immature, adolescent—and he wondered suddenly if other men his age ever had these thoughts and impulses. He began to watch the faces of men who passed him, but all of them, he thought, looked like solid, mature-minded citizens. Then he shook his head, laughing at himself. Yet somehow he felt a little disappointment, and he walked on, wanting something—he didn't know what—to happen.

At Lexington Avenue he turned south, stopped to look into the window of a stamp-and-coin store, then moved on. There was a bar at the corner and he turned in to it. The ball game was on the television set, the volume tuned low; the bartender and two men drinking beer were watching it. A couple sat at the bar, the man reading a newspaper, the woman sitting with both hands around her glass, staring at nothing.

Tim ordered a drink and sipped it slowly. The ball game went on, the bartender leaning comfortably against the back bar; occasionally someone commented on a play. A young man wearing a freshly pressed tan gabardine suit and a light summer tie walked in and sat down, shoving his hat back on his head, something about the movement just a little self-conscious. He ordered a drink, tasted it, then lighted a cigarette and glanced around the room. Then, his face bored, he began idly poking at the change lying on the bar before him. Tim sipped his drink, smiling a little. Even if you know what you're looking for, kid, he said to himself, it doesn't look as though you're finding it. He had never, himself, he recalled now, found any pleasure in wandering into a bar alone, and he began trying to remember whether there was anyone he knew in the neighborhood whom he might visit for an hour, but could think of no one. Presently he finished his drink, picked up his change and walked out.

On the sidewalk he glanced at his watch and frowned, annoyed at the time that had passed, and annoyed, too, he realized, that it wasn't passing faster. A few doors before the corner was a tiny store with the words Magic Shop painted on the door, and he stopped to look in the window. It was completely filled with artificial frankfurters and biscuits, puzzles made from linked pieces of metal, a pile of false faces, humorous post cards, a snake-in-a-box, rubber cigars, dice, tiny decks of cards, a miniature slot machine—a mass of things, some dusty and sun-faded.

He went in. The proprietor, a bald middle-aged man with a cigar in his mouth, was leaning on the counter reading a newspaper and he looked up as Tim entered.

"Hello," Tim said. "What's new in the trick business these days?"

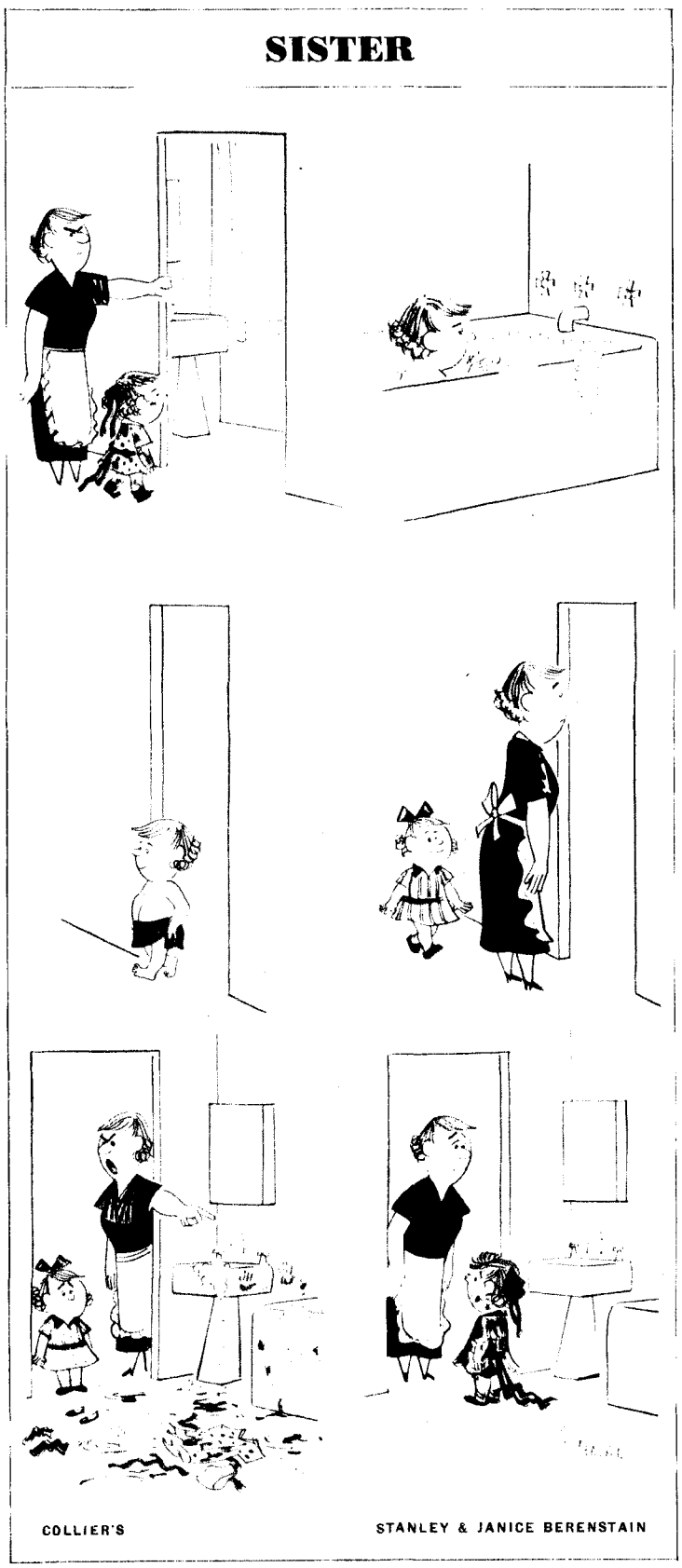
"Well"—the man read a last line in his newspaper, then reached to a shelf behind him and picked up a small black comb—"you seen this one?"

"Nope. What about it?"

"Licorice," said the man. "You take it out and eat it; people think you're nuts."

"Wonderful," said Tim; he reached out and took the comb. "Exactly what I need. All honor to the man who invented it." He pointed to a box in the showcase filled with black plastic spectacle frames to each of which a flesh-colored object shaped like a nose was attached. "What're those?"

The man brought one out. "Try it on," he said, and handed it to Tim.



He pointed to a mirror on the counter.

Tim put on the glasses, the hollow plastic nose dropping into place over his own. He looked into the mirror and grinned; the heavy glasses and realistic nose drastically altered his appearance. "Naturally I've got to have these. What else you got?"

From somewhere under the showcase, the proprietor brought out a spoon and handed it to Tim. It seemed to be a cheap ornately patterned spoon stamped or molded from pewter.

The proprietor leaned forward, forearms on the counter, the spoon in his hands; he pointed at the bowl. "Made out of sugar," he said, "with a harmless dye that looks like silver. Guy stirs a cup of hot coffee, and the bowl of the spoon dissolves. Nothing but the handle left, and he's sitting there wondering what the hell happened."

"I guess I need that one, too," Tim said. He paid the man, stowed his purchases away in various pockets, and went out into the street again, turning at the corner toward Madison Avenue, wondering just how and when he could induce Eve to stir her coffee with the new spoon.

He glanced at his watch, then stood looking at the pedestrians and traffic and buildings around him. Something about the aspect of the city had changed now, and it made him vaguely uneasy, and he tried to think why. The city had a late-afternoon look and feeling—a sad time of day, he thought suddenly. He wished now that he had stayed home all day, not gone to the office, and he glanced at his watch again and began to walk toward the Trafalgar. He walked slowly, using up the time, glancing often at his watch, and it was just five o'clock when he arrived.

He stood for a moment, looking in through the glass. Eve was there, perched on a bar stool, her back to the door. Tim entered, moving quietly. Walking to Eve's left, he sat down silently, one stool removed from where she sat. The bartender, mixing a drink, looked up and nodded, and Tim flicked a hand in silent greeting. Removing the glasses and false nose from his breast pocket, he ducked his head and fitted them on. Then he pulled his stool closer, its legs scraping the floor.

At the sound, Eve turned, and Tim nodded gravely, tipping his hat politely. For an instant she stared at him, then said in a startled whisper. "Tim, *stop* that. You—" She turned hastily away.

Tim brought out a pack of cigarettes, put one in his mouth, then leaned forward again. "Pardon me, miss"—he raised his voice politely—"but do you have a match?" He patted his pockets vigorously to indicate that he had none.

Eve looked at him coldly, then pushed a packet of matches toward him.

"Thank you." Tim lighted his cigarette, then closed the matchbook, glancing at the cover, on which was printed the name of the restaurant they had lunch at. "Nice place," he said approvingly. "I've been there, too." Eve didn't answer, and Tim slid the matches back to her. "I'm sure you want them again: a sentimental souvenir, no doubt."

He tipped his hat and adjusted his nose.

The bartender walked over, glancing expressionlessly at the glasses and false nose. "Yes?" he said.

"Rye and soda, and"—Tim turned to Eve—"perhaps the lady will have a drink?"

The bartender turned to Eve, and she answered, looking not at Tim but at the barman. "No, thank you," she said coolly.

Glancing warningly at Tim, the bartender turned away to mix the drink, and Tim looked down at the bar, smiling, his hands playing with the pack of cigarettes.

When his drink came, Tim tasted it, then reaching into a pocket, he brought out the comb he had bought and stared at it, turning it in his hands, till he knew Eve was watching. Then he bit off the end, a good inch or more, and sat chewing thoughtfully, loudly crunching the brittle fragments. He turned to Eve. "Chock full of vitamins," he said, and Eve stared at him for an instant, then turned away, blushing.

Turning on his stool, Tim put away the comb and looked at Eve intently, anxiously. "I don't suppose I could interest you in a cup of hot coffee?"

She looked at him wonderingly. "No."

Tim sighed and took a sip of his drink. Then he smiled. Leaning toward Eve, he placed his cigarette on the rim of the ash tray, beside hers. *My cigarette loves your cigarette,* he said softly.

Eve smiled. "Okay," she said, "that does it; come on over. But first," she added quickly, as Tim started to rise, "take those ridiculous glasses off."

TIM took off the glasses and sat down beside Eve, moving his drink. "I'm a pretty smooth customer, I guess. Picked you up"—he glanced at his watch—"in just four minutes flat."

She smiled. "What've you been doing with yourself, besides buying new toys?"

Tim shrugged. "Nothing much; just wandering around."

"I found a dress; a very simple little old sky-blue poplin with a jacket and lace collar and cuffs."

"Fine."

For a moment they were silent, then Eve said, "What else did you do?"

"Oh . . . I ate some popcorn." He smiled. "And fed some of it to a pigeon. Had a drink. Bought these tricks. And walked around town pretending I was single again."

Eve's eyes widened for an instant, then she said quietly, "Sounds like fun."

He swirled the drink in his glass, staring at it, then looked up at Eve again. "No," he said, "it wasn't; it was no fun at all."

She waited.

"It was about as empty an afternoon as I ever want to spend." He looked at Eve for a moment, then continued. "You want to know something? When we were talking today about how it was to be single, there's something I forgot all about. But toward the end of the afternoon I remembered, and all the way over here just now, I thought about it. I remembered a bus ride I took once, on a Sunday afternoon, by myself. I rode clear up to the Cloisters and back down to Washington Square just for something to do. And it was a miserable afternoon. It seemed to me that everyone in New York but me had friends or a girl to be with." He looked at Eve for a moment, then said, "That was a part of being single, too. Why, I spent evenings, I don't know *how* many, wandering around the streets alone, or sitting in a bar or movie wishing I were somewhere else, and I don't see how I could have forgotten it.

"Oh"—he shrugged—"I met people in New York after I'd been here a while; I made friends and a lot of them, but even then I was lonely a lot of the time. I'm not kidding myself; I had fun, too, and there *was* a special exciting kind of feeling about those days that you never quite have again. But right along with it, there was strain and doubt and worry, too; people forget that."

He shook his head, remembering. "You had to be making an impression all the time,

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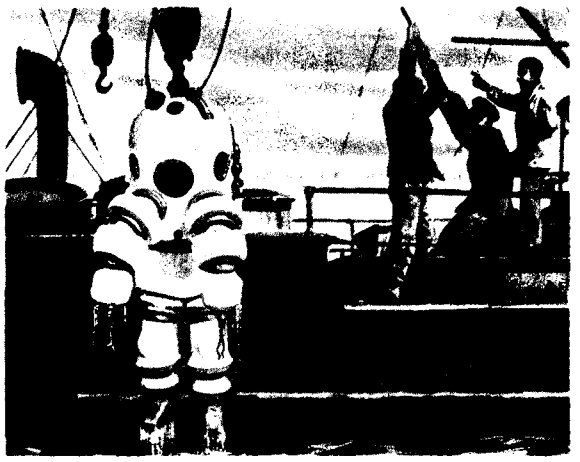
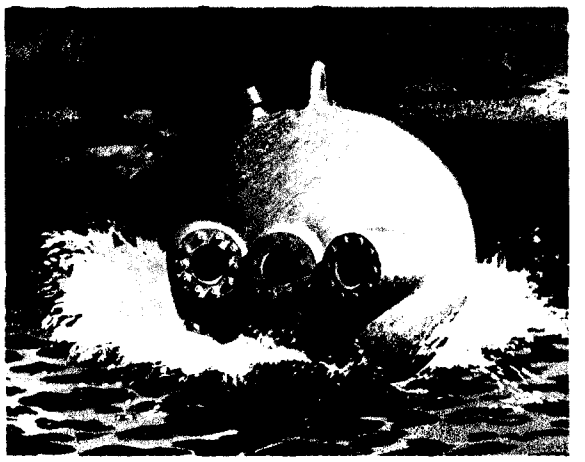
Prying into secrets of the deep

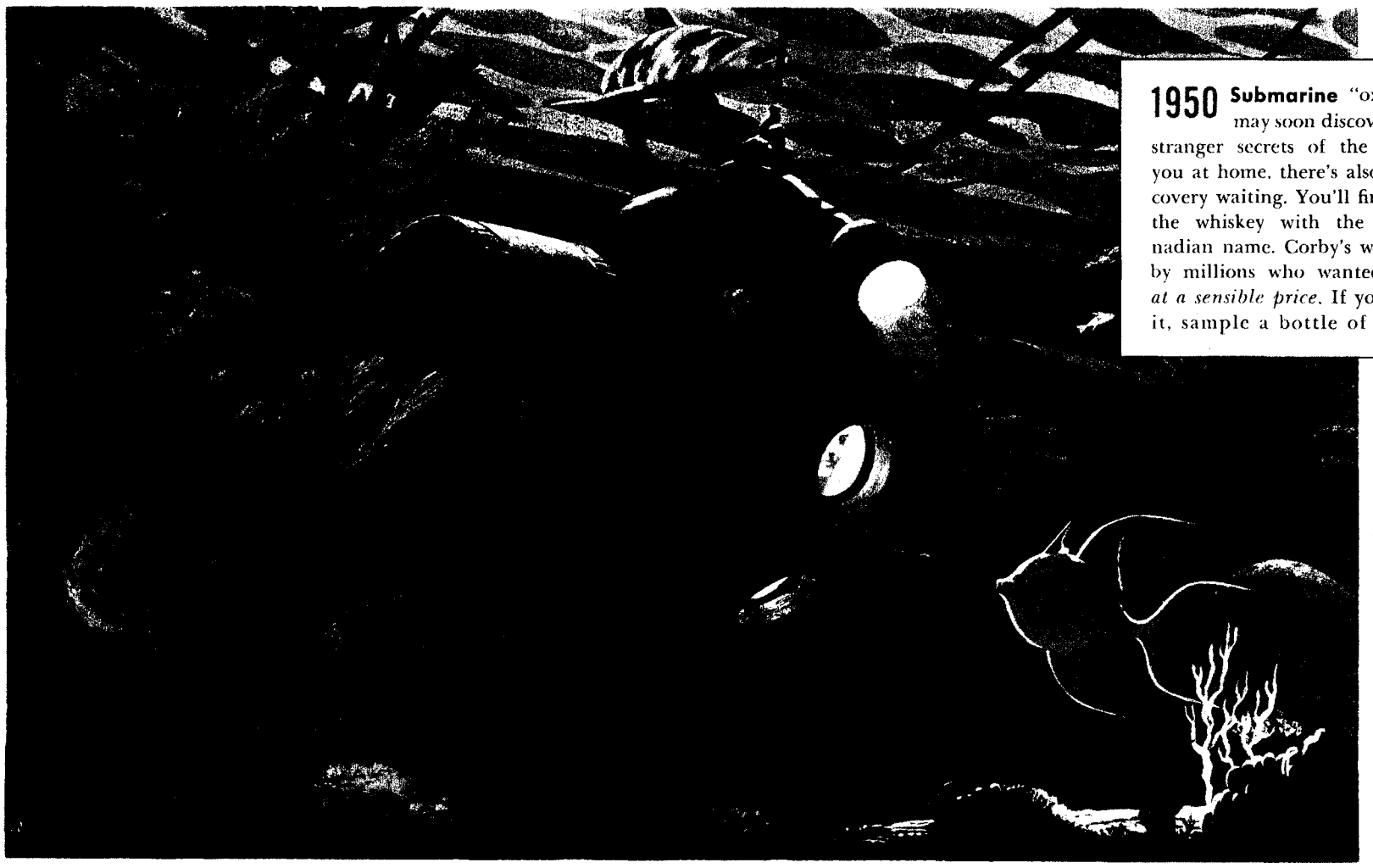
1869 Salvage first led man to pry into the ocean depths. One early exploit (off Shanghai, China) rescued $100,000 in treasure from the *Hamilla Mitchell*. She lay 160 feet deep, a near-record dive of the day. In this year, Corby's marked its 10th birthday as a fine whiskey name in Canada.



1925 This "Man from Mars" is a diving suit, too. In it, a man can descend 700 feet, stand 300 lbs. pressure per square inch. A suit like this helped raise $4,000,000 from the *Egyptian Queen* in 1932. The year it was invented, the name Corby's stood for one of Canada's most popular whiskies.



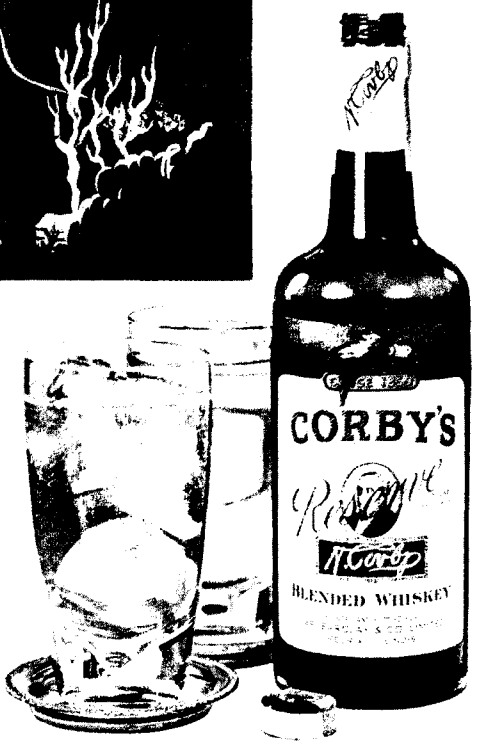
1934 Science took over as this steel ball plunged 3,028 feet. It was fitted with floodlights and 3-inch quartz windows. Inside, observers peered at strange life never before seen by man. They made undersea history as the whiskey name Corby's came to mean the best to quality-wise Canadians.



1950 Submarine "ox carts" like this may soon discover new and even stranger secrets of the deep. But, for you at home, there's also a thrilling discovery waiting. You'll find it in Corby's, the whiskey with the 91-year-old Canadian name. Corby's was made famous by millions who wanted *good whiskey at a sensible price*. If you've never tried it, sample a bottle of Corby's today.

Say **CORBY'S**

...a grand old name in Canada since 1859
Made in U.S.A.



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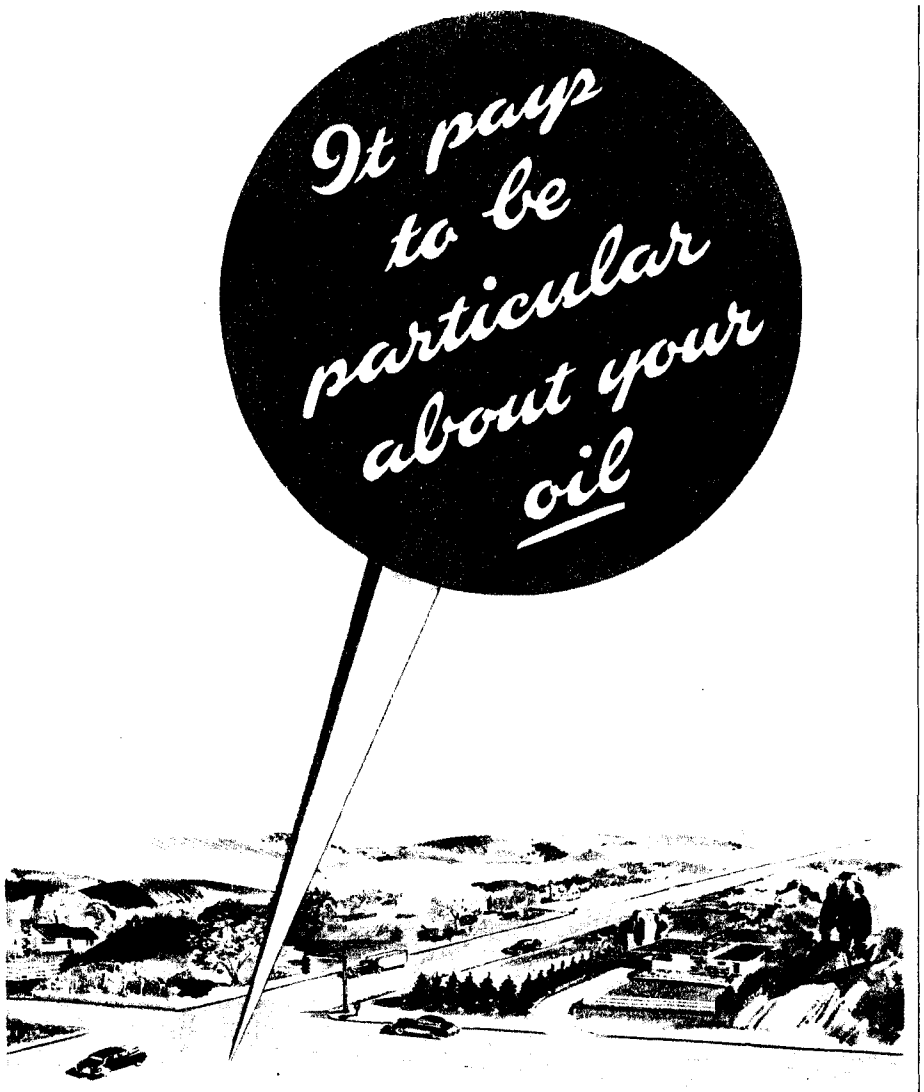

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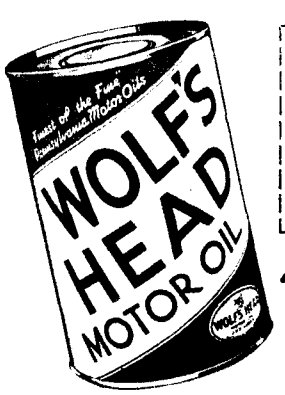

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or you thought you did, anyway. Always trying to make a place for yourself that you didn't yet have. And always with the feeling that everything was temporary, that you were really waiting for your real life to begin. Which you were." He grinned at Eve. "When I finally met you and got to know you, there was nothing I wanted more than to be married to you, and that's exactly the way I still feel." He reached out to Eve's hand lying on the bar and put his hand over hers. "Good to see you again, old lady."

Eve turned her forearm so that her palm met his. "It's good to see you," she said, "and now I'll tell you something. Remember Georgie? I half kidded myself that I liked him pretty well, and even today at lunch that's the way I remembered it. But this afternoon, standing at a counter waiting for a salesgirl, not even thinking about him or what we'd been talking about, the way it *really* was came drifting into my mind. You know what Georgie really was? And several others, too?" She looked at Tim for a moment. "They were date-insurance."

Tim frowned, puzzled.

"Georgie meant a sure Saturday-night date, and maybe another during the week, and that can be important, really desperately important. It's hard on a girl to sit home too much, and at times it can happen to the best of them. Eve shook her head. "Don't tell me about evenings alone. Or worry and doubt and strain. I wouldn't go back, not for a moment. Not even to the times after we met." She smiled and squeezed Tim's hand. "I like it here fine."

Suddenly, happily, Tim grinned at her. "So do I," he said, and his eyes began to move over her face, her hairline, her lips and eyes. For a moment he sat staring at Eve, then he reached into his pocket, brought out the glasses and false nose again, and put them on. "Look," he said, "I know this is sudden, but—let's just skip the preliminaries. How about spending the week end with me? In my luxurious apartment?"

The bartender, who had come back, coughed peremptorily and fixed Tim with a theatrical look of disapproval. Tim and Eve paid no attention to him.

Eve squeezed Tim's hand again; then, raising her brows, her voice doubtful, she said, "Well-l, Mister . . . ?"

"Ryan. Timberlake Ryan. Call me Tim."

"Well, Tim—I don't know. Do you really think I should?"

"Sure. I've got a swell apartment; the drapes pick up the green in the davenport. What's more"—he pushed his glass up against hers—"my drink loves your drink."

"I'll go," said Eve.

Tim grinned. "Marvelous," he said. Then his smile faded, and he took off the glasses and nose and sat looking wonderingly at Eve. "Marvelous," he repeated, and his face and voice were completely serious.

For a moment Eve looked at him, then she leaned close and whispered, "You know, I go for you; in a really big way," and Tim winked and she blushed. Then she pushed their two glasses aside, and picked up her purse. "Well," she said, "let's go."

"Now? This very moment?"

She grinned. "Sure."

Tim scooped up his change and cigarettes, and turned, helping Eve as she slid from the stool. Then they walked, Eve's arm under his, to the door, and as Tim pushed it open for Eve, he turned and waved to the bartender, who stood watching them wonderingly.

On the sidewalk, Eve turned east, but Tim reached out, holding her arm, and he beckoned at a hackstand down the street. "We're taking a cab," he said. Eve smiled. "Oh, you kid!" she said. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

should the war spread they'll probably come crawling back. We were reminded of those contract peddlers recently in Tennessee where we heard the Reverend Bobby Ben Cutter, Carolina evangelist. Among other things, the Reverend Bobby Ben shouted, "Come see me. Come straight and see me. Me, I'll lead you straight to God, brother and sister. And it won't cost you five per cent either."

★ ★ ★

We are assured by Miss Myra Zashing, of Pasadena, California, that a Helena, Montana, businessman who is one of his state's most rigid prohibitionists was in her town attending a morticians' convention. There was another convention in Pasadena at the same time. She says that the Helena dry got to the wrong hotel and sat in on a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous for forty minutes before he realized there was something wrong.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Hamish Bolger, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends us a want ad clipped from his newspaper: "Will trade my free and clear 6-room modern furnished home for half interest in small tavern." This, admits Mr. Bolger, is not important. "But," he goes on to say, "it is certainly a step toward solving how to get home alone about one o'clock in the morning."

★ ★ ★

Our New York City scouts inform us dolefully that a third of the lads seeking enlistment in the armed forces of the United States are flunking the mental tests. Most of them are brawny right up to the bridges of their noses, but from there up they bat .000 and are rejected. We don't know just how high an I.Q. a guy has to have to shoot an armed enemy, but not long ago we saw a skeptical Alabaman sitting in the front row of a crowd being exhorted by a fellow who was running for county commissioner, or some such important post. Leveling his finger at the aforesaid front-row voter he shouted, "Think of that, my friend. Think of that!" Getting no response he repeated, louder: "I'm a-askin' you to think, brother. *Think!*" That got no response either. However, after rejecting a couple more demands for thought, the besieged citizen replied, "Mister, I didn't come here to think. I came here to holler."

★ ★ ★

In his uproarious fight for the governorship of Pennsylvania, Mr. Richardson (Dickie) Dilworth of Philadelphia, the Democratic candidate, has carried around with him an effigy of his opponent, Judge John S. Fine. The judge being busy elsewhere in the state, Mr. Dilworth spent whole evenings giving the dummy horrendous lacings without a peep out of the miserable creature. Mr. Harry B. Hortenze, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, seems to think there is something remarkable about this. But not us. We've seen political campaigns when both candidates were actually dummies making noises that proved it.

★ ★ ★

Have a letter here addressed to "The Questions Editor"—whoever he is. It's from Mrs. Juniata Beaneward, of Seattle, Washington: "Is it true that delegates to the United Nations have to bring their own lunches?"

No, Mrs. Beaneward, but it's an idea.

★ ★ ★

And that's about all for this week. Just about room enough for a short-short editorial. We're kind of happy about the heading for this column, but any time Congress wants to cross us up by admitting Alaska and Hawaii to statehood, we'll be happy to change the title to "50 States of Mind." W. D.

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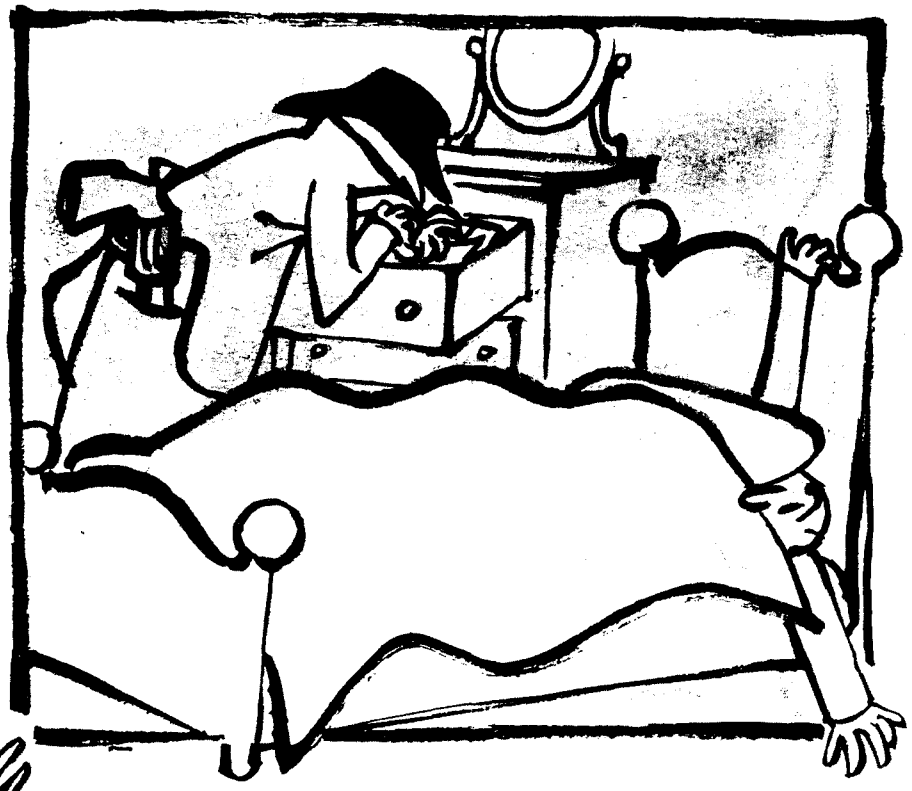
How to behave while *being* robbed



BURGLAR IN THE BEDROOM Even though you hate to give in to a crook, don't reach for a gun. He might beat you to the draw. Pretend to be asleep until he leaves the room, then yell for help . . . but loud!

HOLDUP ON THE STREET Don't resist! The one thing you can't afford to lose is your *life*. Hand over your valuables as ordered. But *study* the holdup man. What is he wearing? Any unusual features? You may have a chance to identify him later.

PICKPOCKET IN A CROWD Don't accuse the person next to you unless you're *sure*. Pickpockets usually work in pairs, so keep your eye peeled for an accomplice. During the confusion, he probably will try to escape with your wallet.

What to do *before* being robbed

See an Agent of one of the North America Companies. If you do not know who he is in your community, write us, and we will see that he gets in touch with you. The few minutes you spend with him may save you hundreds of dollars. He'll show you how little it costs to have the broadest protection against Theft, including Burglary and Holdup. Also, he'll give you friendly, competent advice regarding your Fire, Automobile, Accident or Liability insurance. And you'll feel safer knowing that your insurance will be placed in one of America's oldest, strongest and most progressive organizations.

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'Hopalong' Abramowitz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Abramowitz stormed the Arsenal and asked for the official, whose name, let's say, was Hinkle. Hinkle turned out to be six feet three.

"What's all the noise about?" growled Hinkle. "Who are these men?"

"I'm Abramowitz and we're the teamsters from the Bronx parks. We just been fired and we want to know how come?"

"I've decided to motorize the Park Department," replied Hinkle. "We've just bought 200 trucks so there will be no further use for any teamsters."

Abramowitz bristled. "And may I ask where you got the money for the trucks, Mr. Hinkle?"

"It's really none of your business, Abramowitz," said Hinkle, "but the city put up some of the money and we got the rest from federal relief funds."

"You mean to say you're using relief money to put men out of work so they should go back on relief?" shouted Abramowitz.

Hinkle shook a meaty fist at Abramowitz. "I'm a busy man. Suppose you get out of here and stop telling me how to run my job."

"I'm gonna go higher, Hinkle. I'm gonna go to the top," Abramowitz roared.

Graft Charge Angers Mayor

The little stableman went back to City Hall. Somehow he got into Mayor La Guardia's office. Fiorello was presiding at an important conference of mayors from 12 cities, but something about the stablekeeper made him leave the meeting.

Abramowitz described the abrupt layoff and the misuse of relief funds.

La Guardia was infuriated by the accusation. "The city did *not* buy those trucks. They must have been hired."

"Your Honor," said Abramowitz with deep respect, "you should excuse me but you don't know what's going on in the city of New York."

La Guardia left the 12 mayors, put Abramowitz in his limousine, and together they went off to the Central Park Arsenal. They were probably the shortest team of crusaders in history, but as Abramowitz says, "When that Hinkle saw us two little guys he shrunk up from six foot three to three foot six."

La Guardia forced Hinkle to admit that $248,000 had been paid for the trucks. Then the mayor ordered that the teams be sent back to work with full pay for the layoff period. The new ruling applied to the whole city and hundreds of horses and teamsters in the five boroughs were reprieved. The belligerent Mr. Hinkle soon faded into bureaucratic obscurity.

Abramowitz worked for the Park Department for a year and a half and, as he puts it, "I went in La Guardia's office like I go in my own home." But by 1935 he was back at his stable full time. The stagecoaches reappeared and Concord Avenue came alive again.

When a rodeo arrived at Yankee Stadium the Westerners wanted to rent a number of Abramowitz' carriages. Harry, however, would not trust cowboys with his stagecoaches; he insisted on driving them himself; and, with a cowboy hat perched on his balding head, Abramowitz raced his coaches around the infield at breakneck speed while the cow hands gaped and the spectators applauded the daredevil from the Bronx prairie.

A Bit of Historic Pageantry

The stagecoach business is booming in the Bronx today and Abramowitz particularly enjoys the pioneer American flavor of some of his work. When the city of Yonkers celebrated its 300th anniversary, he drove the original mail coach symbolizing the city's first generation. An airplane, "one of those kind with fans that stands still in the air" dropped a sack of mail into the coach and Abramowitz delivered it with great ceremony to the postmaster.

In addition to neighborhood advertising, for which he also uses a fleet of triangular-shaped poster wagons, Abramowitz excels at special events. Last year an acting troupe from Sarah Lawrence College traveled all over the city performing the Nativity Play on one of his biggest wagons, which had been rigged with lights and a manger scene.

Abramowitz insisted upon driving the wagon himself because of the dignity of the occasion.

At sixty-two, Abramowitz still works harder than any of his horses. His daily schedule extends from 3:30 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. Recently he pushed a donkey up five flights of stairs ("It wouldn't go in the elevator") to a birthday party for columnist Dorothy Kilgallen.

"That donkey made friends with everyone," Abramowitz reported. "He went from table to table eating the finest foods and he was so polite he behaved like a real gentleman."

Despite Abramowitz' strenuous routine he's found time to be a family man. His apartment is across the street from the stable and he makes frequent brief visits during the day.

Norma, his widowed daughter, says he won't admit that during the depression he sold one of his best horses to buy a dress for her graduation dance. And Shirley, another daughter, remembers how he parted with another favorite so the kids could have a set of encyclopedia. Louis, the son who never liked the stable business, is a successful farmer in Connecticut and his three years of college were also financed by the surreptitious sale of the horses and wagons that were Harry Abramowitz' life.

Fanny, the trim, attractive wife who shared the penniless years and the real-estate boom, has her own candid opinion of today's comfortable stable and stagecoach business. "I tell you," she says, "this is a nice apartment. We have a television set and my grandchildren are wonderful. Everything is fine and Harry is a wonderful guy—but how can I compete with those horses?"

THE END

Violation

MARTHA BLANCHARD

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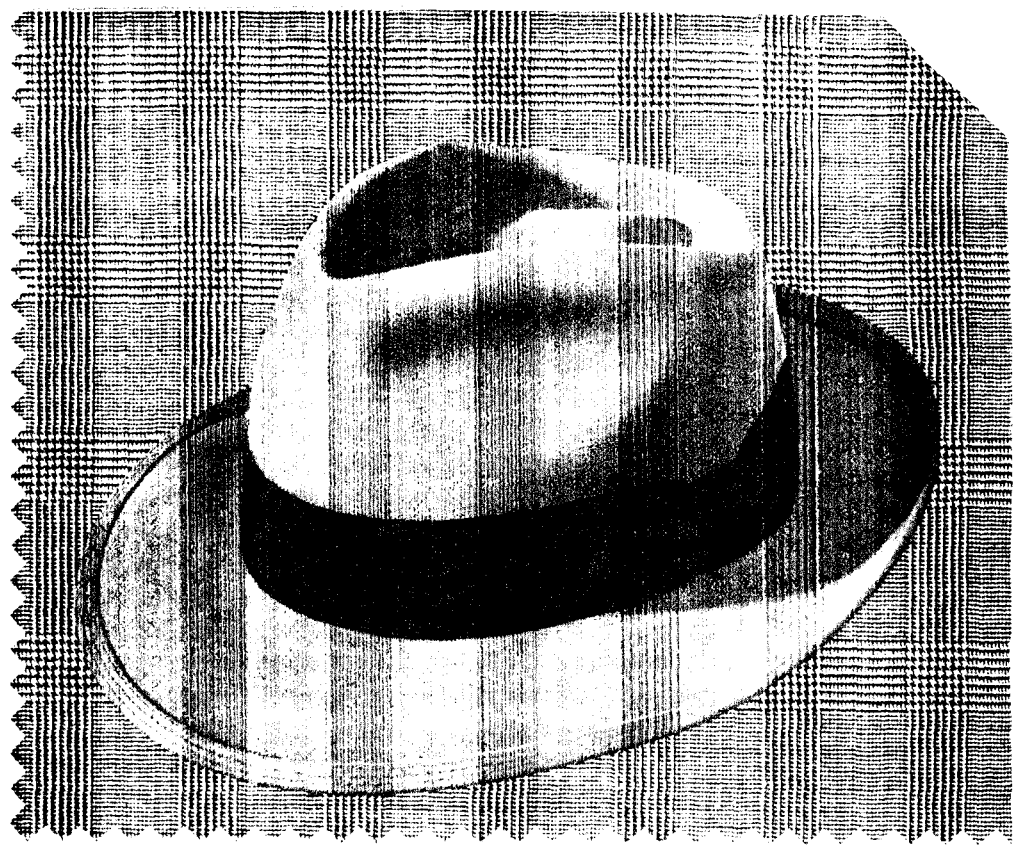
With my trusty repeater
The friend who invented
The parking meter.

Why must my time limit
Always expire
When I'm trying on girdles
Or under the drier?

—ETHEL JACOBSON



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What to Do about an Ulcer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

years that the use of psychiatry was recognized in modern medicine as treatment for ulcer or any other disease. It was, of course, used in primitive form in the intervening centuries—by witch doctors, fakirs, sorcerers and the like, as well as by sincere religious practitioners. With the advent of modern medicine, the newest of the natural sciences, in the last century, psychiatry fell into disrepute; it was viewed by clinical doctors as a sort of astrology. Medicine tended to treat the organ in question, not the individual as a whole; medical men forgot that at one time the physician and the priest were one and the same.

This situation is changing. Physicians everywhere are recognizing that each patient is different and should be treated accordingly. Many doctors now hold that medical schools have given entirely too little attention to the subject of psychiatry, and are urging that these institutions remedy that lack.

It's a little late to talk of *prevention* of ulcer in such a case as that of Mr. Brown. It is equally late in the case of the seventy-one-year-old businessman who got an ulcer from being suddenly confronted with the problem of not being able to supply his customers; or the sixty-five-year-old schoolteacher unable to accept direction from a principal half her age; or the thirty-four-year-old wife who pretended her marriage to her brilliant husband was a success, when it was not; or the bank executive torn between love for a younger brother and disgust for his brother's gaudy escapades.

It is true that in each of these cases psychoanalysis, combined with sound medication and diet, effected a cure and the patients were able to live normal lives; but it is equally true that the intelligent application of psychiatric principles might have prevented all of them, might even prevent the entire 80 per cent of peptic ulcer cases due to such emotional disturbances as these.

The reasons for ulcers are as many as there are life situations, but in general there are two ulcer types. First, there is the aggressive business executive (Mr. Brown is an example) who represses his emotions; second, there is the dependent, demanding, disgruntled individual, who is not self-repressed, but who is frustrated by circumstances outside his control.

A Synonym for Common Sense

It is important to remember that these individuals are what they are because of behavior patterns that might have been corrected in early life by psychiatry—which is simply another name, in this instance, for common sense. This must be used by parents because, before the ulcers, before the vagus, before the repressed emotions, before the inability to cope with these emotions, there is the influence of the parents on the child from birth to adult life.

Parents must nurture the threefold development of their child—the mental, the physical and the emotional. It is generally in the emotional phase of this development that they fail.

The mother, of course, has the biggest task in applying preventive psychiatry. She is the one who is with the child most of the time and who gives the child most of his loving and sympathetic attention. She must remember to do this in moderation and to begin the development of self-reliance in the child as early as possible. The mother who gives her baby the breast at the first cry is very probably laying the foundation for a future ulcer, because she is encouraging oral craving to appear at the first sign of emotional crisis, providing food as the solution of that crisis instead of letting the child try to work out his problem.

In later life the individual who has been so treated in childhood will be likely to avoid his emotional responsibilities by trying to escape back to his infancy and the refuge of food. This, as we have seen, leads often to ulcer.

As for the father, while his responsibility may not be as obvious as that of the mother, his collaboration is essential. He should realize that the baby, in his way, has had an active day and doesn't want to be taken from his comfortable crib and pawed. If father insists on doing this, baby will no doubt raise a yowl—and that will bring mother, who will probably feel she has to comfort him in some way, with food or something baby thinks is food, and the cycle begins. By not setting off this cycle, father also will avoid mother's jealousy. Such jealousy is quickly sensed by baby, who then plays one parent off against the other. In so doing the infant avoids responsibility for his own emotional crises and makes plainer the way to future ulcer.

When Dad Chews Out Junior

Another thing father should remember is this: If he comes home nervous and irritable after a hard day at the office, with no tolerance in his soul for any juvenile nonsense, he will, if he roughly rebuffs Junior, send him wailing to mother for the affection and comfort he knows he will get for bruised feelings. This, of course, adds to his dependence on her.

Mother, of course, should see that her child gets adequate rest in the afternoon nap, because this, too, has its effect on ulcer in the adult. With insufficient rest, the child will burn up energy and produce a tissue deficit. In turn, more blood sugar will be needed to make up the deficit and in the end there will be irritability and, very probably, food for comfort.

The environment of the child's room is, of course, enormously important. Naturally, it should be conducive to rest and quiet. Television or radio sets emphatically should not be in use during rest periods, nor should these sets be in the room as a temptation. Children should listen to programs only in the late afternoon and the programs should be selected so that the child's interest is absorbed without too much excitement. Such excitement would interfere with the normal hunger and evening eating habits. Programs should be those that do not produce dreams that will disturb the child's sleep, because if his rest is broken he will demand mother's care during the night, developing another dependent need.

As the child grows and reaches school age, he should be given tasks that will develop independence. Later, as the critical period of puberty approaches, parents must be particularly careful. Now is the time for tolerance and sympathy, without too much indulgence. It is a time for wise discipline and astute encouragement.

In puberty the child is on trial. He is beginning to lose the security and protection of his home—he must lose them if he is to grow properly. If he has been intelligently handled to this point, the crisis will not be so turbulent and he will have developed the rudiments of independence with which he may face his developing maturity with confidence.

The psychiatry of ulcer prevention is actually very simple. With a little thought anybody can apply it, for it is nothing but common sense. With its application, Mr. Brown and the others might never have had their ulcers, because their emotional households would have been in order to cope with the disturbances. In this modern day such stability is needed more than ever before. Western civilization, it is said, has as its great disease characteristic the peptic ulcer, and since our civilization promises to become more complicated rather than less, it is up to us to prepare our children better to meet its problems. THE END

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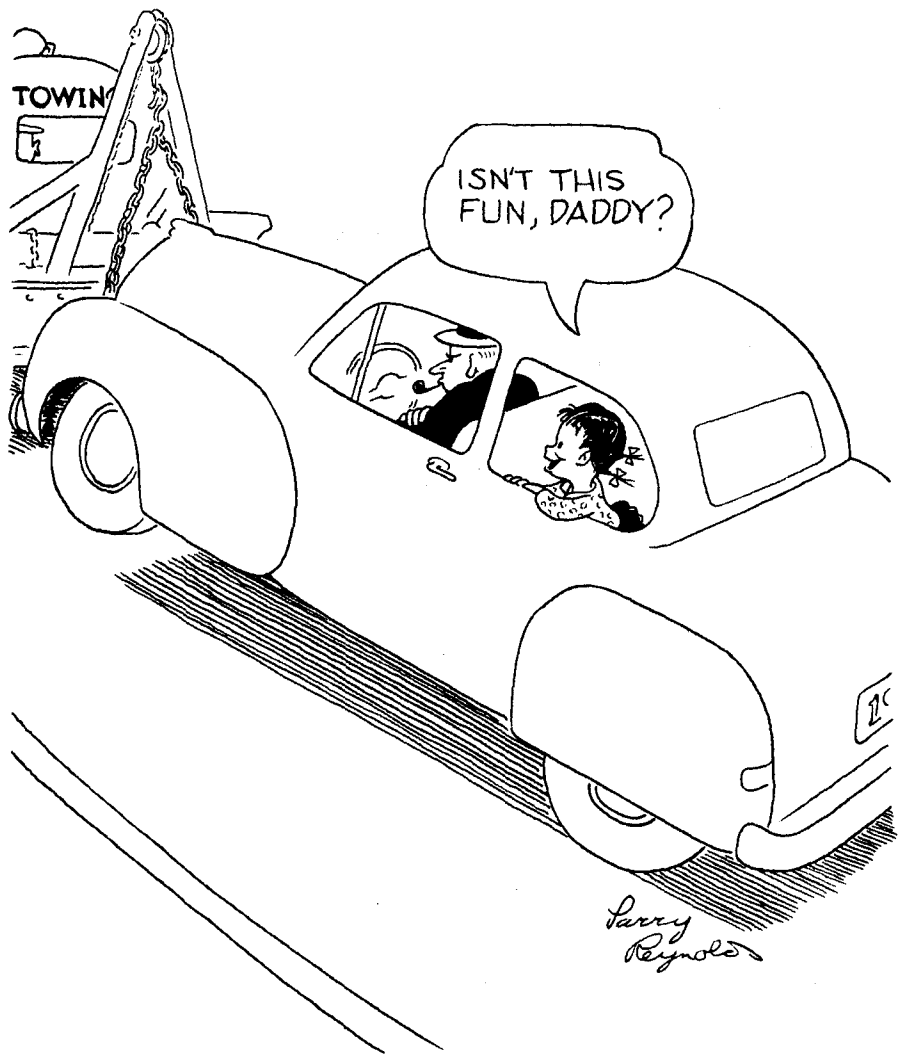

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The Capone Gang Muscles Into Big-Time Politics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

client, mobster Charley (Cherry Nose) Gioe, now out of federal prison on parole.

A tall, lean and personable man of forty-three, Korshak is impeccably dressed by one of Chicago's best tailors. He drives an expensive car. He entertains a good deal in Chicago's swank North Side cafés.

At a three-hour lunch session, I laid my findings before Korshak's friend, political leader Jack Arvey. Arvey expressed disbelief. Then he said:

"If I thought Sid (Korshak) represented gangsters, I'd still be his friend. But I'd resign as chairman of the Cook County Executive Committee."

Law Office Goes Hush-Hush

I told Arvey that Korshak seems to commit little business to paper and keeps few files. And I named some of those who call him. The next day an amazing change came over Korshak's office. Suddenly, over the switchboard, all callers lost their identity and became merely Mr. Black, Mr. White, Mr. Green. Callers in person also took security measures.

Why the cloak and dagger, grade-B-movie security measures?

The friend of mobsters, Arthur X. Elrod, is now the ailing Arvey's chief lieutenant and possibly one of the most active politicians in the state. Elrod is now under subpoena by Senator Estes Kefauver's Crime Investigating Committee. Never far from Arvey's elbow, Elrod has access to Democratic bigwigs. Now, let's look at others whose favor Elrod has courted—such as the pander Jack Zuta. An infamous brothel keeper, Zuta rose to become the brains of Bugs Moran's North Side booze, prostitution and labor racket ring and was murdered by other gangsters.

"I never knew Zuta," Elrod told this writer. "I never owed him money. I never held any of his property. I never signed any bonds for any of his gang."

Telltale court and police records have a way of vanishing from the files in Chicago, and it is no routine matter, as in other cities, to get them and check a man's word. But in this case not all the records had disappeared. From a dusty, foot-high pile of papers stored in the Probate Court's warehouse and from the vaults of the Municipal Court we unearthed the documents that spelled out Elrod's intimate connection with mobster Zuta and his gangland affairs.

Among the assets of Zuta's estate was an unpaid 90-day note signed by Elrod. Zuta's administrator also found Elrod holding Zuta's real estate which Elrod returned after he was brought into court on a contempt citation. Furthermore, a bond for the release of Leo Mongoven, an early Chicago machine gunner associated both with Zuta and Bugs Moran (now serving a stick-up sentence in Indiana), bore the signature Arthur X. Elrod.

Elrod has other interesting associations. In 1929 Elrod resigned from a job in the corporation counsel's office after questioning about his connection with a company dealing in slot machines, punch boards and similar racket devices.

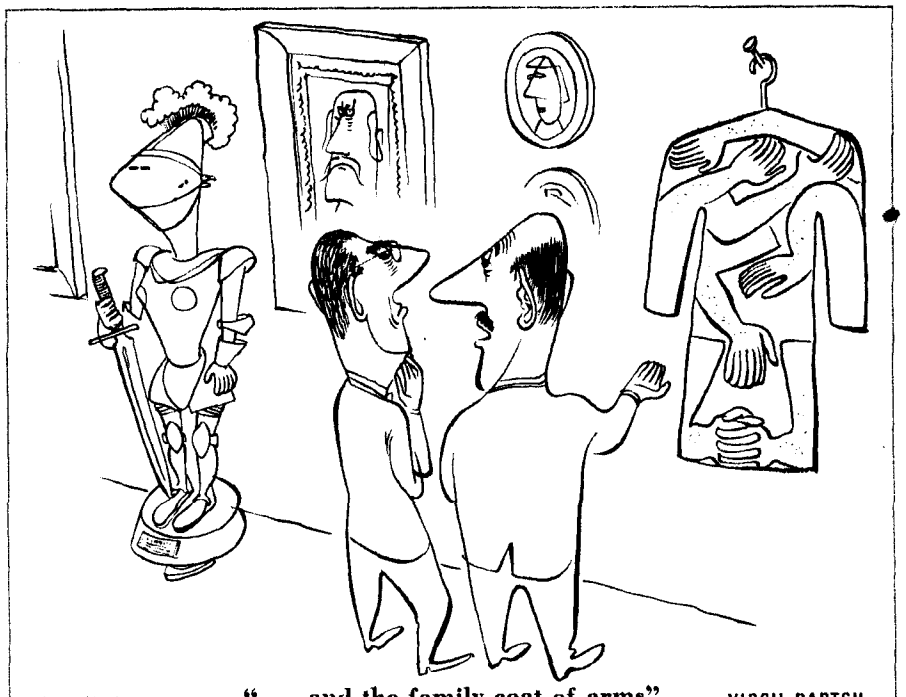
Elrod's intimacy with underworld affairs did not end there. Commercial gambling was rampant in Elrod's bailiwick—the 24th Ward melting-pot area in the West Side—during the war years when Arvey was in the Army. Elrod was in command as ward committeeman while Arvey was away. So rich a prize did this gambling become that gangsters, fighting over it, turned Elrod's ward into the "Bloody Twenty-fourth."

Ben (Zukie) Zukerman, gambling boss, was slain in 1944, and his partner, Eddie Tausch, was rubbed out a year later. For those who know the pattern of underworld operations, the gambling and murder in Elrod's ward further illuminated the kind of politics existing there. The pattern:

No illicit activity of any sort—prior to the advent of Reform Mayor Martin H. Kennelly in April of 1947—could operate without the knowledge of the ward leader. (Protection still exists, through bribery of police.) It was through the ward leader that police were kept in line. Since bookie betting and other gambling is a monopoly of the Capone mob, the political boss of a ward where gambling flourished closed his eyes to mob activities.

Jack Arvey, who is regarded as clean of mob taint, told this writer, "No man in public life escapes meeting bad characters. You've got to in politics. But you can still be free. You're free if you don't take their money. Once you take their money, you're not free to do what you choose."

As a young assistant state's attorney, Arvey once convicted Harry (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, brother of Little Jack Guzik, of pandering. Arvey once tried to discipline the Democratic legislators who do the mob's bidding in the State Capitol. And he has given the people of Illinois and Chicago high-grade public servants.



COLLIER'S "... and the family coat of arms" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Yet Arvey knows the power and terror of the mob and the ramifications of Capone gang influence. As Arvey himself explained to me, the gangsters have become so rooted in Chicago life that a politician can never be sure whether he's dispensing a favor to a legitimate businessman or honest citizen—or to a secret front for the mob. Whether he's doing a favor for a laundry owner, or for a gangster who owns the laundry under a secret nominee.

The closest man to favor-dispenser Arvey is his best friend, Sidney Korshak, described to Bioff by Capone mobsters as "our man." Yet Capone mob influence goes beyond friendship with men close to the sources of political power. In Illinois, the Capone-organized crime syndicate's links tie right into the lawmaking machinery of a great state itself.

In a balance of power position in the Illinois state legislature is a handful of legislators known as the West Side Bloc—so called because they stem from Chicago's West Side. Prime mover is James J. Adduci, Republican leader in the Lower House. A friend of the Capone mob's current enforcer, Tony Accardo, lawmaker Adduci has a lengthy arrest record followed by acquittals.

Adduci and his West Side Bloc this year thwarted efforts to improve the state's crime investigating and prosecuting machinery by blocking anticrime bills sponsored by the Chicago Crime Commission. The West Side Bloc tried to make a deal with Governor Adlai Stevenson, offering to go along with his drive to streamline an antiquated state constitution if he would forget about the anticrime bills. There was no deal—and no constitutional reform.

Already a powerhouse, the West Side Bloc launched successful primary fights last spring to cement its strength at the next session. In this enterprise, Adduci and Company forced to go along with them a member of Congress who heads an important House committee and is a big wheel in the Democratic party—Representative William L. Dawson of Chicago, the fourth Negro to be elected to Congress.

Accused of Double-Dealing

The political czar of Chicago's teeming South Side, Dawson passed over a highly respected Negro ex-legislator seeking election to the State Senate. He accepted, for an area that is 80 per cent Negro, a little-known white precinct captain dictated by Pete Fosco and his pals. The rejected candidate, Dr. Edward A. Welters, a successful dentifrice manufacturer of high standing in the Negro community, charged that Dawson first supported him, then offered him $15,000 to withdraw—a charge Dr. Welters set down on paper and sent to President Truman, Governor Stevenson and Mayor Kennelly. This charge Dawson denies.

Congressman Dawson is a handsome man of considerable personal force who still limps from a World War I wound. An important and well-liked figure in Washington, he is chairman of the House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments and a vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Consequently, he is widely regarded as the most influential Negro politician in America, and Negro citizens throughout the country are proud of the important role he plays. But in his own bailiwick many Negroes, and whites too, raise heated questions about Dawson.

Dawson commutes weekly between Washington and Chicago where, as Second Ward boss, he is to be found at his headquarters two and even three days out of seven—doing local favors, keeping in touch with his bailiwick's affairs.

One phase of his district's life is the fantastically lucrative and pitiless numbers racket which parlays the humble pennies, nickels and dimes of tenement dwellers—many of them on relief—into a staggering $10,000,000 or more profit per year. The numbers racket, as any precinct captain in Dawson's Second Ward can tell you, is interwoven with local political activity. Jobs as "runners" are regarded as political patronage and are distributed by precinct politicians who answer to Dawson. These runners, about 14 to a precinct, call daily from door to door, collect money and hand out numbers slips. The best-known figures in the neighborhood, they become important political workers on Election Day, get people to polls, tell them how to vote.

Important in maintaining local Democratic organization strength, the numbers racket is also a source of political funds. Dawson is convincing when he says he does not take money from numbers racketeers for personal gain. But he says he will accept political contributions from them.

Protecting His Own People

To this writer he revealed that he has fought to protect Negro numbers racketeers against invasion by outsiders (the Capone mob).

Once, Dawson told me, when local police captains—bribed by Capone gangsters—were harassing Negro gambling wheel owners, he had to go to a former mayor and have the offending police officers transferred out of his bailiwick. "If anyone is going to make money out of the frailties of my people," Dawson said, "it's going to be my own people."

There is little in the way of rackets in Chicago that the Capone syndicate doesn't get its fist into. Despite Negro resistance, the white mobsters are now in the numbers, too, in Negro sections. One, Sam (Golf Bag) Hunt—so called because that's how he used to carry his machine gun—represents the mob's interests in this field.

The underworld's influence today, its prosperity—which surpasses anything the prohibition gangs knew—stems from the coast-to-coast gambling monopoly the mobs have welded. A bookie-betting industry estimated at $8,000,000,000 yearly is the biggest melon the mob monopoly cuts up. But there are the slot machines which take many millions more yearly from Americans' pockets; there are the pinball machines, the numbers and the gambling casinos. The Capone mob has exclusive rights to the rich Chicago territory (enforced by murder) and has a part in rackets in other territories through understandings with other mobs.

Here is how the coast-to-coast mob gambling monopoly works:

Suppose a "grifter" (one with talent for taking money from strangers) wants to set up a "crib" gambling house in the Chicago area. He has spotted a nice location. But he's an outsider, say from New Jersey. The underworld observes certain formalities. He needs introductions. And these are provided by the rackets boss back home. In New Jersey, Longy Zwillman or Fred Moretti would do. The Jersey rackets boss phones the Midwestern mob chief, Charlie Fischetti:

"The guy's okay," he says.

If Fischetti and his boys let the New Jersey man in, the newcomer is expected to show his gratitude by cutting in the Chicago mob and the sponsors back home for a small share of the profits. If the mob vetoes the New Jersey grifter's business ambitions, he must stay out of Chicago or be prepared to lead the life of a grade-B-movie gangster, surrounding himself with gunmen and traveling in bulletproof limousines.

So important in the mob monopoly is Fischetti of Chicago that to get into the rackets in Wisconsin, Michigan, even Ohio, his nod is needed. Knowing Fischetti, you know a good deal about the mobs too. As first cousin and bodyguard of Al Capone, Fischetti used to swagger down Michigan Avenue with a .45 automatic tucked in his trousers waistband. Now, at fifty, he works hard at being a gentleman. To this project, Fischetti brings a broken nose, a knife scar on his left jaw and a swarthy hoodlum's mug. But Fischetti does the best he can. He wears elevator heels to give his stocky five-foot eight-inch figure an added inch

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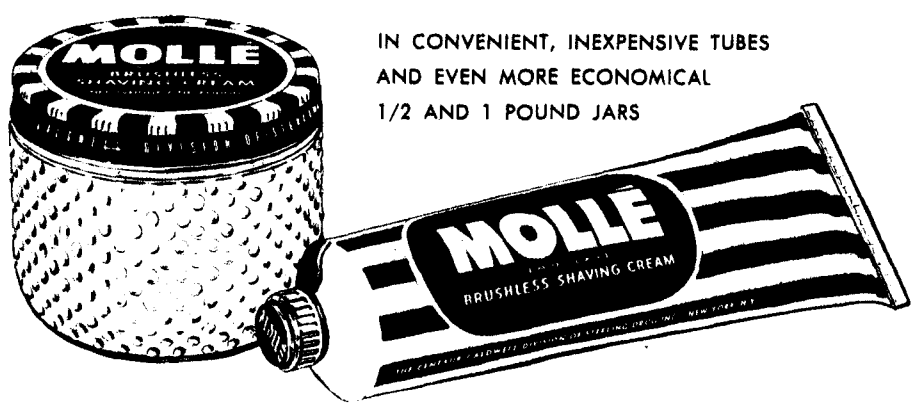

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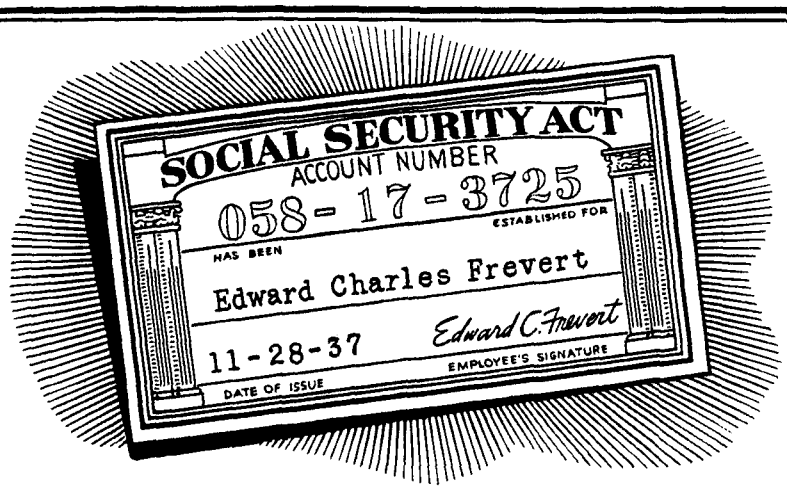

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of height, platinas his wavy hair, douses himself with cologne and lavishes as much as $300 apiece on his loud suits.

Making like a gentleman, Fischetti lives in a duplex, 15-room penthouse on Sheridan Road on Chicago's gold coast, where six servants attend him and his brothers, Rocco and Joe. There he provides baronial entertainments to out-of-town vice overlords, politicians and lawyers. Fischetti calls himself Dr. Fisher and buys fine paintings.

Fischetti has been associated with the VIPs of the underworld such as Ricca, Tony Accardo, Jack Guzik, since prohibition. Each, in partnership with one or more of the others, owns a piece of the "books" or the "slots" or gambling casinos —the size depending on the gangster's standing in the underworld. As top man with plenty of cash for investment, Fischetti has the biggest cuts. Some enterprises, like the Vernon Club at Deerfield, Illinois, a gambling casino, he owns outright with his brothers Rocco and Joe.

The Mob's Roving Ambassador

As head man, Fischetti is the Capone Outfit's link—and ambassador—to other mobs. That's why Fischetti travels so much, mostly by airplane. By noting where he roosts, you get a pretty good idea of the Chicago mob's outside interests.

You could tell the Chicago mob was interested in Kansas City, Missouri, as far back as 1948. Fischetti was seen there in a huddle with Tony Gizzo, Kansas City mobster. This was the first inkling that the Capone Outfit was playing footsie with Charles Binaggio, the politician-gangster who was murdered last spring—presumably because his testimony before a federal grand jury threatened to implicate gangsters outside Kansas City.

The mob takes great care to protect top hoodlum Fischetti. Safely in the background, he doesn't squeeze the victim directly. When the Chicago Outfit was in the business of terrorizing and boodling labor unions, the actual rough work of seizing a union would be done by Paul Ricca, the *late Frank Nitti and Louis Campagna.* These worthies would invite a hapless union leader for "negotiations" at some hangout and "suggest" that he decorate the union payroll with mob fifth columnists—or else. Not participating in the extortionist talks but seated at a table nearby would be Charlie Fischetti. Fixing the squirming union leader with his cold, hazel eyes, Fischetti would glower him out of countenance—and sometimes out of his union.

The "organization" Fischetti heads numbers about 150 men and some women. The "dolls" are used to rush shoe boxes full of cash to settle racing bets when paying by check won't do. The male punks are used, in part, to provide the muscle that polices the Outfit's interests and territory. Of rough background, these thugs must abjure such private, extracurricular activities as burglary, must stay out of trouble and behave like gentlemen—except, of course, when on errands of mayhem for the mob. As they rise in the underworld, the "heavies" (gunmen, enforcers) get small pieces of racket ventures—usually 10 per cent—or win a place on somebody's payroll, often a public payroll.

For obvious reasons, the Outfit has no formal headquarters. Its high command used to meet at a restaurant opposite City Hall, and so potent was their influence that the hangout got to be known as "Little City Hall." Now the underworld's bosses meet at one another's houses, or see one another on the fly. Guzik, the elder statesman, can be found frequently at a Loop health club. He also has a room at the Chicagoan Hotel, presumably for conferences. The sickroom of Hymie (Loudmouth) Levin, one of the managers of the Outfit's R. & H. racing news service, is another meeting place. And for meetings between organized crime overlords from out of town, there is, of course, the Fischetti penthouse.

When I was in Chicago recently "the heat was on." The police were chivvying the bookie joints. The Illinois Bell Telephone Company was yanking bookie phones. The Cook County Grand Jury was investigating vice and police corruption. Senator Estes Kefauver was preparing to send in his crime investigators.

And gambling was flourishing.

When police began to raid some "walk-in" bookie joints (those that have racing charts on the walls, take bets openly), the mob made other arrangements. They simply shifted to business by telephone.

Here is how it was done:

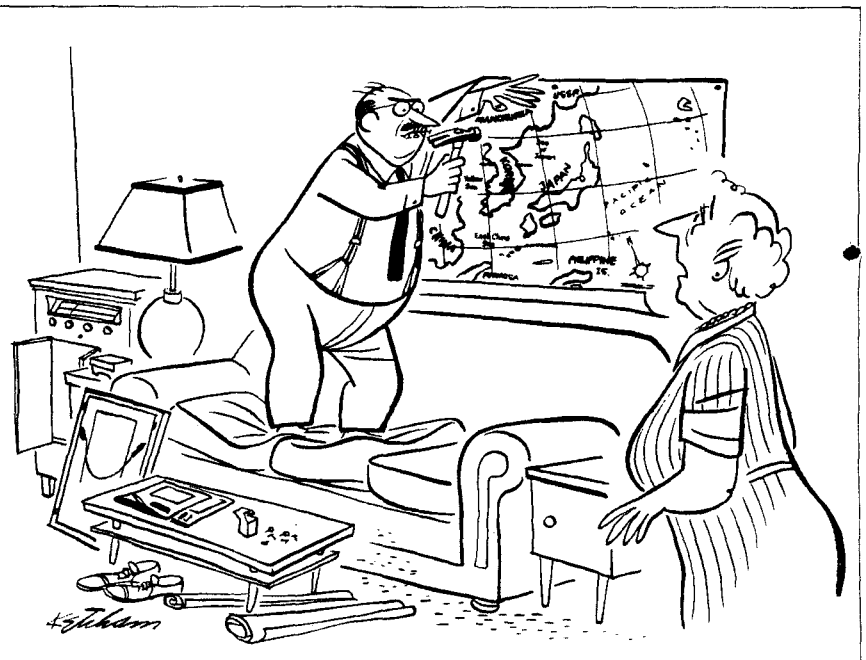
Instead of going to a horse-betting parlor, the bettor simply went to the nearest newsboy or saloon.

"Almost every newsboy, bartender and cigar-stand keeper has become a bookie," *gangster Jack Guzik told me.*

The newsboy or bartender either telephones in his bets to a "wire room" (a bookie joint that takes bets by telephone) or gives them to a runner for such an establishment.

Where did the Capone Outfit come in?

The wire rooms are mobster owned. Or they are mobster "protected" in return for about 50 per cent of the profits. The outfit's heavies regularly patrol the saloons and newsstands, and woe betide him who either doesn't phone in the bets to a wire room designated by the mob—or tries to



COLLIER'S

"Oh, Charles! Are you starting *that* again?"

HANK KETCHAM

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book some of the bets himself. The mob's espionage is all-seeing and far-reaching.

The mayor and police commissioner told this writer that 691 telephones had been yanked from bookie joints since the first of the year. Illinois Bell Telephone Company employees confirmed this. But they added:

"We have no idea how many bookie phones have gone back in."

Camouflaged under legitimate fronts such as lawyers' offices and business firms of all sorts, new bookie phones are brought in almost as fast as the old ones are yanked. A bookie who needs 10 phones, say, will have them installed by fronts scattered over several offices on the same floor of a building. And these are secretly linked together. The telephone company found several of its employees doing this. The telephone company fired them. Now many are full-time employees of the gamblers.

Not only was the Outfit holding its own, while I was in Chicago, but branching out into new territory. In Du Page County saloonkeepers who had been phoning in customers' bets to the bookie of their choice began to get unexpected visitors—gents with well-padded shoulders who rolled up 16 at a time in convoys of four limousines each. The toughest of the mugs would saunter to the bar, unfurl a "bundle"—and push away $100 bills until he came to a fifty. Then, ordering drinks, he'd give other orders: "You've been telephoning your bets to Joe. Tomorrow, you start booking with Ed."

Just as the pattern of bookie operation adapted itself to the reform administration, so did the pattern of protection.

How It Used to Be Done

Before reform, the first step in opening a gambling joint or bawdyhouse was to see the ward committeeman of the party in power. He, in turn, checked with the mob. Was the applicant and his location okay with the Boys? If so, the mob took over. It "put in the fix" with politicians and police—for which it took 50 to 60 per cent of the joint's profits.

The ward leader was a key figure because he could get the mayor to transfer out of his district any honest copper who took the law seriously. Now that a ward leader can't very well go to a reform mayor with such requests, the local political boss is sidetracked, in some instances, and the mob deals directly with many police captains.

Police Chief John Prendergast, an honest but bumbling copper, confirmed this. Prendergast, who is past the retiring age of sixty, is devoted to Mayor Kennelly, and is having gambling joints raided to the best of his ability.

"Who are your police captains loyal to?" I asked Commissioner Prendergast.

"I wish I could say they are loyal to me," the commissioner said sadly. "I guess some of them are just loyal to themselves."

Chicago is unique for the wealth its police captains achieve on their $100-a-week salaries. (In 1941 the pay was $71 a week.) A Collier's investigator talked to one police captain, Louis Klatzco, nattily attired for his station-house duties. A heavy and full-bellied man, Klatzco sported a silk shirt. On the little finger of his right hand was a sizable diamond ring. Captain Klatzco, it turned out, was suspended in 1943 on charges of failing to suppress gambling in his division, which included Arthur Elrod's 24th Ward, but was reinstated by court order three years later. A man with outside interests, Captain Klatzco revealed he was stepping down in a year or so.

"I've got a business ready to step into which my sons are already operating," he said. The business is a lucrative "kiddyland," an amusement park for children.

Cop Admits Owning a Ranch

Captain Joseph Goldberg is another copper with means. At his station, Captain Goldberg told this writer that he had a 700-acre ranch at Tucson, Arizona, for which he had paid $16,000.

Some police captains would just as soon not talk about their incomes. When the Cook County Grand Jury probed charges of vice and police corruption charges in the near North Side night-life belt, it called Police Captain Thomas Harrison. Asked to state his yearly income, Police Captain Harrison refused.

By pressing protected gambling in defiance of reform raids, the Capone mob had practically demoralized the city's police. "How do you expect a young officer to maintain his honesty?" asked Charles M. Wilson, ex-head of the city's Crime Laboratory, according to a Chicago newspaper. "Chicago's police are sneered at for refusing bribes and bullyragged by judges, prosecutors and their own superiors."

Protected gambling has yielded such riches to the mobsters that they have considerable money to invest in legitimate business. This they have done through fronts.

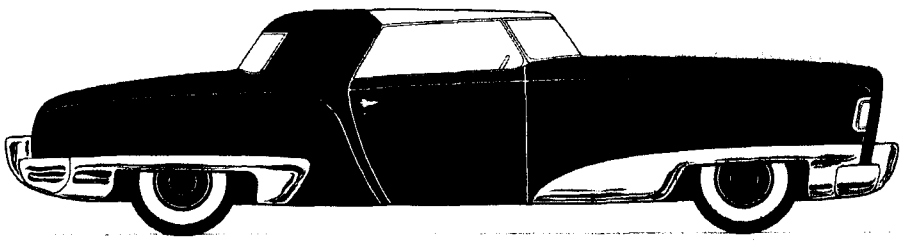
In the Loop, there is a fine restaurant whose decorations alone cost over $100,000. It sports fine murals, private dining rooms and a swank bar. The successful lawyers, brokers and bankers who eat there little suspect that it is part of a $10,000,000 collection of business enterprises owned by four mob big shots: Ralph Capone, brother of Al; Sam (Golf Bag) Hunt, Murray (the Camel) Humphries and Sam Buglio.

Front for the mob in this instance is a former night-club manager who is clean; that is, he has no police record. For a small share of the profits he operates seven corporations for the mob: restaurants, catering companies, Loop office buildings, farms.

A detective rode with me through a gray neighborhood of beat-up tenements and refuse-cluttered empty lots—part of the wilderness of brick that is Chicago's South Side.

"This is where it all started," he said, pointing to an ancient tenement that used to house Al Capone's first bawdyhouse. "But don't look for the boys here any more. Look for them on the gold coast or in the rich suburbs."

This writer looked for Paul de Lucia,



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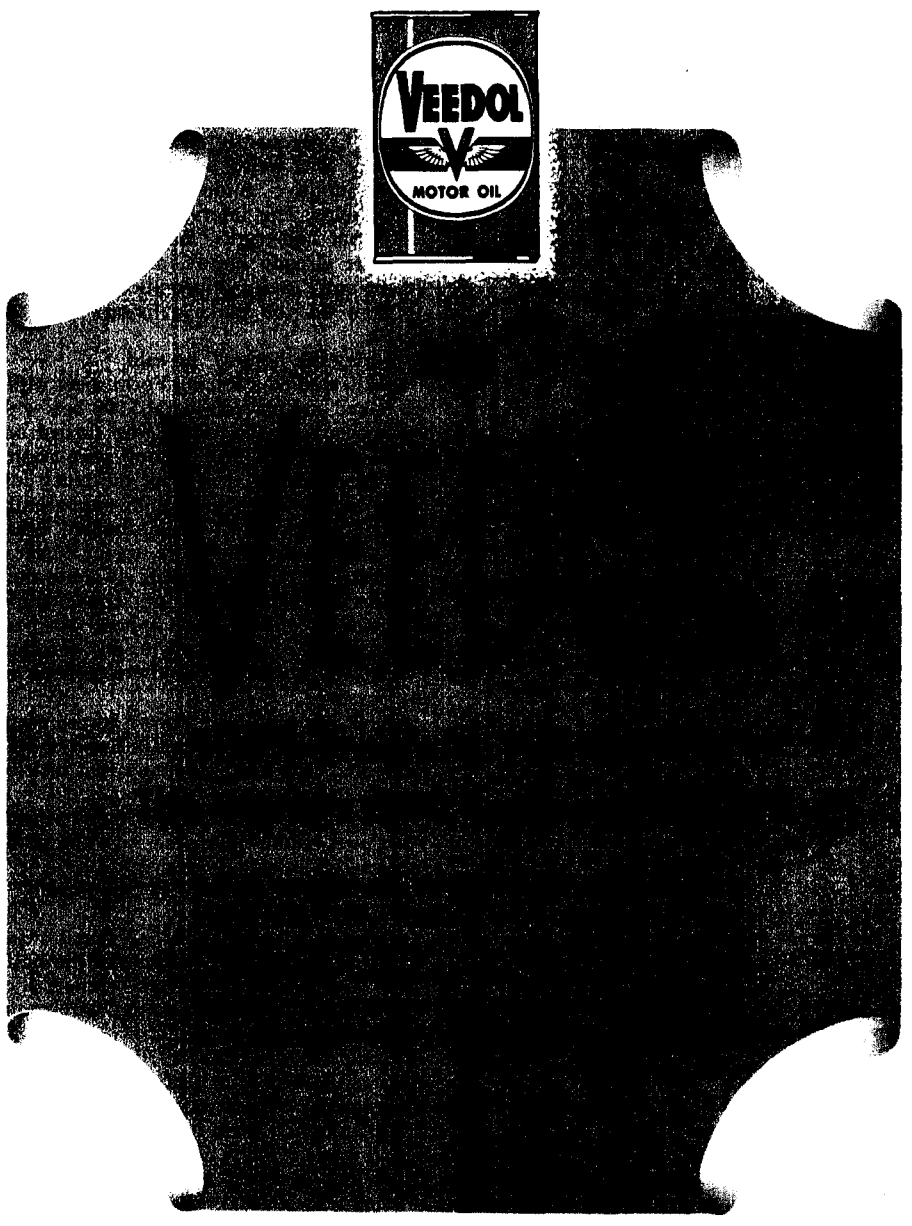

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alias Paul Ricca at his 16-room colonial-style, three-car-garage home at River Forest, one of Cook County's wealthiest suburbs. Ricca was not at home. He was at his 100,000-acre gentleman's farm, 60 miles north at Ottawa, Illinois. His neighbor, Anthony Accardo, alias Joe Batters, who lives in a white-pillared Southern colonial home five blocks away, wasn't home either. He, too, was at his summer place.

Also, there is the model gangster gentleman "Little Jack" Guzik. Daily from 1:30 to 3:00 P.M., you can find gangster Guzik next door to the West Monroe Street offices of the Chicago Crime Commission at a health club. The writer went to the inner sanctum that is Jack Guzik's afternoon roosting place. "The Little Man" was there, and sitting beside him, stripped to the waist, was toughie Gus Alex, who sometimes served as Guzik's bodyguard.

A Man Whom Scarface Trusted

Deep crow's-feet under Guzik's brown eyes and a petulant frown that is deepened by a sinus ailment give him a perpetually harassed look. Hunched at his desk in a maroon dressing gown, the gangster bigwig looked about as sinister as a little old grandmother. Yet, if some magic truth serum could unlock Guzik's tongue—what a running account of 25 years of Big Organized Crime this confidant of Al Capone, and business brains of the mob, could give!

"I don't give no interviews," Guzik protested. But soon he waved away Gus Alex, and we talked.

Knowing where so many bodies lie buried, a gangster kingpin can't disclose much without risking jail—or getting shot in the head. Consequently, interviewing a top gangster is a weird business in which the usual, intuitive guides for judging truth don't help. The interviewer can, at best, ferret out half-truths, match them against facts he already knows, and so piece together new, useful information.

"How do you make a living?" I asked Guzik.

"I play the horses," he said.

Guzik studied a Racing Form sheet while we talked and placed several $100 bets with the locker-room attendant who turned out to be a "runner" for a Loop wire room. But the persistent ringing of the ivory-colored telephone before him—apparently Guzik's personal wire—intimated that Guzik had other, and more urgent business at hand. The telephone rang six times during the first half hour of our conversation —obviously from callers whose business could not be aired before an outsider. Guzik would not answer the telephone in my presence.

Guzik has long been known to represent large Capone mob holdings in Loop bookie joints and in a local company that distributes racing news.

"Why don't you place your own bet with your own bookie joint and save the commission?" I asked.

"Would you believe it?" he said. "I don't own one book."

I would believe half of it. Guzik's answer was an excellent example of the half-truth. Guzik has a younger brother, Joe, who fronts for his substantial wire-room investments.

Already so wealthy in 1930 that he could make a $1,000,000 tax settlement with the government (he served a two-year tax-fraud stretch), Guzik has invested heavily in real estate. These and other investments Guzik has, in recent years, taken considerable pains to conceal. His home on Luella Avenue is in his wife's name, he told me.

COLLIER'S

"Here's the part about us, dear . . . Mrs. Gordon Maitland Sweetland III, beautiful as always, wore a Mainbocher gown of blue satin. Her lovely blond hair was swirled into a radiant . . ."

CORKA

But there is no doubt that Guzik is in the money. He asked a locker-room boy to fetch some fruit salad and iced coffee for us, then paid for it from a thick roll of bills. "Always carry $1,700 or more around with me," he said. "Might want to make a good bet." Another half-truth. The cash has more practical uses, and Guzik was once found carrying as much as $60,000. For Guzik has long been known as the paymaster for the mob, the man who "saw the right people."

"If I were to talk, some of Chicago's best citizens would go jumping out of windows," Guzik said, according to two policemen who arrested him in 1946. This, Guzik denies. But he did reveal to me he was a political power. "Used to be pretty active," he said. "Would get out a pretty good vote."

After an initial conversation of an hour, Guzik invited this writer to come back and talk some more the next day. This I did, and we sat in front of the health club's steam bath with towels around our middles. Probing the underworld mind wasn't easy even in that close atmosphere.

"You're sixty-three years old, Jack, and won't live much longer," I said. "Why don't you tell me the truth?"

"Why should I tell the truth?" Guzik blurted. "You're clean (legitimate). But do you always tell the truth?"

From the Mayor's Viewpoint

I asked Mayor Kennelly what he was doing about the Capone organized crime syndicate. The mayor at first minimized the mob, called it a "myth" and said he didn't know who its leaders were.

"You name them," he said of men who have been household words in Chicago for years. But the mayor did say he was attacking the gangsters where it hurts—in their pocketbooks—the bookie joints. But an effective campaign against gambling requires an honest and devoted police, intelligently led. And this the mayor has not achieved. One reason is that he dislikes quarrels. Despite a police captain's refusal to tell a grand jury his yearly income, Mayor Kennelly did not discipline or transfer him. The captain remains in the district around which charges of corruption centered. Removing the reticent police captain would have meant a head-on collision with a powerful local Democratic boss.

Fighting the modern mob is more difficult than coping with the prohibition era gangs. And in fairness to Mayor Kennelly, one hard and unpleasant truth must be pointed out. The modern underworld grows out of and fattens on a condoned racket—bookmaking chiefly—that runs to over $10,000,000,000. And this colossus of an industry continues to grow because many Americans want to gamble. The gambling American makes a reform mayor's fight on the underworld a difficult one.

With the rich gambling industry at stake the mobs will do whatever is necessary—even kill—to protect it. In Chicago, the Capone mob, part of the national gambling monopoly, has fastened itself to the political machines, has defied the mayor and corrupted his police. The mob has flouted the state legislature and the governor.

It has mocked the work of the Chicago Crime Commission, a faithful watchdog headed by ex-F.B.I. man Virgil Peterson, who has kept public attention focused on mobsters and law-enforcement officials.

The Capone mob has even defied the United States Senate.

As this is written, one Capone gangster, Harry Russel, evades a Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee subpoena. He has sent word to Senator Kefauver he's afraid to talk. He might be murdered just as the late Charles Binaggio of Kansas City was.

The modern mobs are so tough, so well heeled, so respectable and so influential that Uncle Sam may have to step in and help local officials cut them down.

But before this is done, the underworld's links to the upper world, the scope and pattern of its operations all over America must be bared.

Given the truth, Americans will know what to do—even about the mobsters. Here is a probing job worthy of the Senate's best efforts.

Take it away, Senator Kefauver! THE END

Next Week

THE NEW BREED

Foxhole Report on the Marines in Korea

WORLD SERIES, 2000 A.D.
By Branch Rickey

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I Flew a Jet Strike over Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

—and for the pilots who flew them. Both had been tested in battle and had come off with high honors. The F-80 had proved it could accomplish feats which a few weeks ago would have sent its designers into a tailspin.

Necessity still dictates the rules in the Korean war. If they are not according to the airmen's Hoyle, it's simply because tactical commanders must make the most of what they have at hand—and Heaven knows that's little enough. So we see a plane like the F-80, an interceptor fighter built to operate best at 30,000 feet, suddenly turned overnight into a close support plane coming in at *thirty* feet against small ground targets—and doing an incredibly good job. Recalling the "impossible" things which had been accomplished so far in this strange war, I couldn't help agreeing with a placard hung over the door of squadron headquarters back at base: "Don't say something *can't* be done, because some damn' fool will come along and do it!"

Thirty thousand feet, our altimeter read. It was true that the war was cleaner up where we were, but the courage of the men who brought these planes back to base day after day—300 miles or more, many times with great shell holes in fuselages, with wings and rudders partially sheared off, with engines shot up, and almost no fuel left—was no less great than that of the men in the mud whom they flew to support.

But in the fliers' own language, they would "clobber" you if you said anything about bravery or heroism or "any of that stuff." The fighter pilot is a strange breed of man who bears no relationship to anybody else in the world—except another fighter pilot. And he'll tell you he deserves no special credit, because he would rather be a fighter pilot than anything else in life. There are the eager beavers in the group and the incredibly young "second looies" who were only twelve and thirteen years old on Pearl Harbor day, and then there are the "old men" of the outfit, World War II veterans like Fletcher and Beckett; but no matter what their previous individual background, their mutual love of fighter planes binds them together in one of the closest fraternities in the world.

They Commute to Battle Front

To Fletcher and Beckett, the "old men" of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, this was the "commuter's war." Both had their homes and families back at the Japanese air base, as did many others in the same squadron, and when they finished the day's combat missions over the war front, they could ring up their wives from the Operations office and say, "I'm back, honey. You can put dinner on—I'm on my way over." A strange kind of fighting, unique in American air warfare.

Still fresh in my memory was our return from the mission the day before. Captain Fletcher's wife, Becky, and their two children, Rebecca, three, and Henry III, five, had been given special permission to be on the flight line when our jet came roaring in. "Fletch" parked the jet on the strip and jumped from the cockpit as the two youngsters rushed into his arms. It could have been 6:00 P.M. at Bronxville, or Evanston, or San Mateo, except for the weird twist the war gave it.

I had accepted the Fletchers' invitation to go along to their house, for I wanted to find out how fliers' wives felt about this business of seeing their husbands off to combat every morning. Several of Mrs. Fletcher's closest friends in the housing area had become war widows within the past few weeks and I feared it would be a difficult problem to discuss. But Mrs. Fletcher faced it squarely:

"Our pilot husbands have a new name for us dependents," she said. "They call us the 'despondents' because we are always hanging on to the telephone waiting for word. They won't admit they need us—but they do." (Fletch had already told me as much.) "Sure, I worry," she continued, "but I'm still glad I'm here. At least here I know what's going on. It's not like the last war, thank goodness. My husband was on Iwo Jima when my first baby was born—and that was a bad time. You worry lots more when someone is so far away.

"I try not to think about the possibility that Henry might not come back for dinner one night," she said. "I simply look at it this way: These boys are good pilots, really good pilots. They've got brains; and they are flying the best ships that Uncle Sam can give them. All that is in their favor. The rest is up to God."

Living from Moment to Moment

As for the pilots themselves, they claim they don't think about it. "When you're flying, you don't have a chance to worry about anything except where you are and what you are doing that very moment," they said. Their approach to the problem seems best expressed in a carefree song I had heard them sing (to the tune of Jingle Bells) at the party the night before:

"O death, where is thy sting,
a-ling-a-ling,
O death, where is thy sting,
The bells of hell will ring,
a-ling-a-ling,
For YOU but not for ME!"

I tried to remember the other verses to that song as our jet headed homeward, but my mind wasn't working too well. Actually I was getting sort of lightheaded, as though I were on a jag. For 25 minutes or so, ever since we left the target area, I had been fighting a growing conviction that something was radically wrong with my flow of oxygen. There must be a leak somewhere, I reasoned, because I had begun to feel very queer indeed. I examined my mask a dozen times. It was securely fitted to my face—no leaks there; the oxygen tube was firmly connected to the built-in supply—okay there; the blinker which indicates that oxygen is coming through continued to work, so I knew I was getting *some* oxygen every time I inhaled . . . but still it didn't seem enough.

Funny . . . I'd flown at these altitudes before and had been perfectly all right, and even Fletcher's acrobatics yesterday—when he showed me what the jet could do if it had to take evasive action in a dogfight—hadn't left me feeling this bad. I hated to admit to Jim Beckett up front that I was being a sissy, so I clenched my fists and tried to stick it out. But it seemed to get worse instead of better, so I finally pressed the mike button and asked Jim if I could switch the lever to 100 per cent oxygen for a few minutes. (Ordinarily you breathe just a "normal mixture.")

"Okay," he said, "but only for a few minutes. Otherwise it won't last us back to base."

The way I felt, I was not sure I wanted to last back to base, but I switched to 100 per cent and tried to take as many deep breaths as I could. That helped, and then I turned the lever back to normal. My "revival" was only temporary, however, and the feeling of partial suffocation returned—but good. I had heard about "anoxia" and I was finding out about it firsthand.

Jim called back a time or two. "Are you all right?"

"Oh, sure," I said weakly. And then, finally, I decided to take firm measures. Something was wrong and I'd better find out what. I started with the top of the mask—the "nose" of the mask protrudes so that you can't see directly beneath your eyes—and felt along every inch of the tube. Halfway down I discovered the trouble—and I have seldom felt so silly in my life. How stupid can you get, old girl? For there was my safety belt, painfully tight, fastened directly *over* my oxygen tube and restricting it so that it's a wonder I was getting any of the stuff at all.

Then I remembered what had happened. I had dropped a roll of film while we were flying over the target area and, before I could retrieve it from the floor, had been forced to unfasten the seat harness the crew chief had strapped so securely before take-off. I had found the film and then picked up the ends of the safety belt—carelessly neglecting to put the oxygen tube *outside* the belt as I refastened it. Well, there's always the hard way to learn.

Air—good, clean, "normal-mix" garden-variety air—had never been so welcome or so wonderful. I took great heavy draughts of it and snapped out of my stupor in no time. Jim could see in his mirror that I was all right again, so in a minute he said, "We've been keeping the plane at 38,000 feet. Want to try for 40,000 before we go home?"

"Roger," I said and kept my eyes on the altimeter . . . 39,000 . . . 39,500 . . . 40,000 . . . 40,150.

I had never been so high before in my life. "Feel how queerly the ship behaves at this altitude," said Jim. But all I could notice was the very first vibration since take-off. That was one of the astonishing things about this jet (the sweetest of all ships, I had long since decided). Once airborne, there is no vibration and almost no noise. Before I had ever flown in one, I had always assumed that the roar inside must be as deafening as that which we always heard outside when jets were around—but then I hadn't realized that most of this noise is behind you as you fly. At 40,000 feet, the plane was still quiet, but the whole frame quivered and seemed just the least bit unstable.

With Fuel Running Low

"Watch me move the stick back and forth," said Jim. "See, nothing happens. At a lower altitude we'd be doing barrel rolls at this point. Well, we're pretty close to the field now—and a good thing, too. Did you notice the red light flash on back there? That means fuel critically low. Can you take a straight dive?"

I nodded. I not only could, but wanted to. And seconds later we were again plummeting earthward at a speed close to 600 miles an hour and a descent rate of *10,000 feet a minute*. This can really be appreciated only when you think that, to prevent passenger discomfort, the maximum rate of descent for a commercial air liner is generally from *250* to *300 feet* a minute.

As we plunged straight down toward the water at a speed approaching that of sound itself, I thought, for one brief instant: You know, old girl, sometimes these planes don't come out of these dives. And then pure elation overcame fear, and everything in me responded to the sheer exhilaration of those few moments. Now I knew why a fighter pilot is a fighter pilot.

When we pulled up we were practically on the field. Jim called the tower for a straight-in approach and we banked and came sailing in. When we finally rolled to a stop, Jim looked at his fuel meter and said, "Well, we did fine today. We have almost two minutes of fuel left."

We crawled out and lugged our parachutes and crash helmets over to squadron headquarters. As we passed the lounge, a group of jet pilots was clustered around the soft-drink counter singing lustily, if slightly off key:

"... The bells of hell will ring,
a-ling-a-ling,
For YOU but not for ME!"

THE END

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To Give the Challenge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

to file out, and she put on her raincoat.

The Mitchell girl was waiting. She came to Miss Emerson now and said, "Miss Emerson, I wish I could ask you—"

"Some other time," Miss Emerson said. "Not now." And she went out of the room, down the hall again, out into the rain, and across to the dining hall.

Mademoiselle Bechard was already at their table in the faculty dining room—dark, stocky, peasant Ma'm'selle, who was brusque and nasal in manner as well as speech. Ma'm'selle lived in the other half of Miss Emerson's cottage. She said something about the rain. George Lane, the science teacher, came in—tall, thin, harassed-looking. He sat down and folded his hands on the table and watched the doorway—watching for Griswold. Mr. Lane didn't like Griswold, but it was a daily reassurance for him, here in a girls' school, to have another male at the lunch table.

Mrs. Lawrence came in, with Carol Carter, the two of them laughing. Miss Carter was a tall blonde with a long, thin face; until two months ago she had been the dour, worried type, the precise Latin teacher. Then she announced her engagement and turned vivacious, blatantly in love—desperately in love, Miss Emerson thought. Adele Lawrence covered the matronly air of one five years married with an affected girlishness; she wore sweaters and skirts, and a school blazer.

They sat down, still laughing. Then the gym teacher came in, and Mrs. Forrester's secretary; then Mr. Griswold, his hair dewy with raindrops; and just behind him Mrs. Forrester, white-haired and severe. Mr. Griswold saw Mrs. Forrester, held a chair for her, then announced, "Well, children, now we can eat." Miss Carter laughed at him, and Mr. Lane seemed to sigh with relief. A waitress appeared. Two more faculty members straggled in.

THE talk began—talk about rain, about college boards. Ma'm'selle Bechard asked something of Mr. Griswold in French, and he answered her in halting Latin, and Miss Carter said he should stick to either English or Spanish. All very lighthearted, very unimportant. Miss Emerson looked around at them and thought: Adele Lawrence is worrying about the lectures she has to give next week on sex, and Griswold is worrying about his heart, and the math teacher is wondering if she can afford a new dress, and Mrs. Forrester is worrying about the board of directors and next year's budget. And they are all secretly worried about the world. Yet they chatter of inconsequentials—a cross section of humanity, refusing to face its real problems.

She picked at her food. Ma'm'selle, who ate like a horse, asked her if she wasn't feeling well. "I've got a beastly headache," Miss Emerson told her, frowning as though she really had. "I'll take a sleeping pill and spend the afternoon in bed."

Ma'm'selle nodded. "I shall not disturb you," she said. "I shall be in the library this afternoon. Perhaps I should look in on you before dinner."

"Don't bother," Miss Emerson said. "I may sleep right through."

Mrs. Lawrence was saying something about Gigi Ainsworth. "The poor child cried terribly last night. Her mother got married for the third time yesterday."

Miss Carter exclaimed, "No!" And Mr. Griswold said, "What will it matter in the long run? The girls will all grow up and get married and divorced themselves."

The talk ran on—words, words, words. Miss Emerson wished it might be different, this one time, wished they would come to grips with something.

She drank her coffee and excused herself, thinking even as she left: This is the way it always has been and always will be, the world crashing down around their ears and they babbling, babbling.

She went back across the campus in the rain, back to her cottage. She closed the door and lighted a fire in the fireplace and sat in the big chair and held out her hands to the blaze. There was no hurry. She had all afternoon—and forever.

This, she thought, was her sanctuary. No others came here. She never invited them, and they never intruded. Other teachers lived two to a cottage, but she chose to live alone; and when Ma'm'selle Bechard came here, two years ago, the other half of Miss Emerson's cottage was the only place available for her. They became neighbors, but not companions. Miss Emerson prized, even cherished, her privacy. And so she had come to this point alone, completely alone—which was probably just as well.

The books, she thought, looking at the shelves, should go to the school library, though it really didn't matter.

Some people must travel alone, even their last mile. She had been an only child, so she was born to the role, in a sense. Her mother was killed when Katharine was in high school, struck down by a drunken driver—a needless, meaningless death. Mother had never been a warm, motherly person; she had been rather remote, in fact. But she was Mother. And after Mother's death, Katharine lived on in the lonely house with her father and one servant.

Her father was a lawyer, legalistic even in parenthood, who talked to her in the language of a legal brief. She couldn't remember that he ever actually spoke the word "whereas," but her memory of his voice was full of whereases. Father was stricken the year after she took her bachelor's degree. He collapsed in court, victim of an embolism that left him speechless and bedrid until he died three years later. There was a little legacy, not much after the bedrid years. But she was teaching by then, and the year he died she came here to this school. That was the year she met Robert.

She was young, then—twenty-six. That seemed young, now, at thirty-four. Robert was twenty-eight, a doctor just one year in practice. Robert had a brilliant mind, and full emotions. They would have been married then, but he said, "It's not fair to you, Katie. I may not come back."

You don't quarrel with fate; certainly not eight years later, anyway. But they might have had something, something . . . He went, and he didn't come back. Missing in action, lost with a plane somewhere in the Pacific.

Another incident in a life alone. You take the hurt, and it eats away a little part of you, or a big part, and you go on. And in time you see that even you are of no consequence in the big design—if, indeed, there is any design at all.

SHE roused herself. Yes, the books should go to the library. What else? Nothing of any consequence.

A few things she should do, though. She should write a note, for one thing, a simple note to put the facts on record. She got out paper and a pen.

She dated the sheet at the top. Her father would have said to start it, "To Whom It May Concern." If she did that she would have to use his whereas language. She did it her own way. *Whatever happens to me,* she wrote, *I shall have done it myself. No one is to be blamed.*

She paused and looked at the fire. What more was there to say? No need to tell Mrs. Forrester that this was the change she meant. No need to say that the world was a savage place, inhabited by savages. Those who knew would understand without her saying so, and those who blinded themselves to it would deny the statement. No need to write a polemic.

She put the pen aside and went to the window that looked out through the woods away from the campus. Wet, chill woods. The kind of woods the barbarians came out of to overwhelm Rome. And Rome ignored them, laughed at them. And after Rome came the Dark Ages.

She was leaning against the window, her head against her arm, when she heard the knock. It startled her, then angered her. Had Ma'm'selle, the fool, come to look in on her? She hesitated, wishing to ignore it. But she must answer or someone would sound the alarm. She went to the door, picking up the unfinished note as she went.

The Mitchell girl was there, in her dripping slicker and red boots.

"Oh, Miss Emerson, I hope I didn't disturb you. But I had to talk to you. She looked inside, hopefully. "May I?"

Surprised as she was, Miss Emerson couldn't think of an immediate reason for sending the girl away. "Come in," she said.

The girl stepped inside and took off her slicker and left it with her boots in the entryway. She came across the living room. "I love a fire," she said. She stood, waiting for Miss Emerson to sit down. Miss Emerson, still holding the sheet of paper, drew a smaller chair up to the hearth, facing her big chair. She sat down, nervously folding the paper.

The girl sat watching the flames, then turned to her with anxious eyes. "It's about what you said this morning."

"Yes?"

"Well, you wanted to shock us into thinking for ourselves, and that's why you said what you did. But—well, we wanted you to go on!"

"Go on from where?" Miss Emerson asked. It all seemed remote, totally unimportant. She had had her say.

"You said the same things keep happening over and over," the girl was saying. "How can we stop them from happening again?"

"You *think*, then, that they can be stopped?" Miss Emerson was being sarcastic; the whole situation was ironic, and faintly amusing.

"Of course! We have to stop them!"

Miss Emerson smiled. Then she said, "My child, I don't know how to stop them."

"But if you don't, who does? Nobody else even—even gives us the challenge."

"The challenge?" That was surprising. Why, she had no challenge for anyone! You reasoned things out, faced the facts, and acted accordingly.

The girl laughed. "You always give us a challenge, Miss Emerson. You make us look at things and try to understand."

Miss Emerson smiled again. "The class marks hardly substantiate that statement, Miss Mitchell." She had folded the sheet of note paper several times and now was pressing the creases with restless fingers.

"I guess we aren't very good at understanding," the girl said. "But you make us see that our little problems aren't very important compared with the big world problems."

MISS EMERSON stared at the fire. When had she ever said anything like that? Their child problems—why, of course they were unimportant. But—

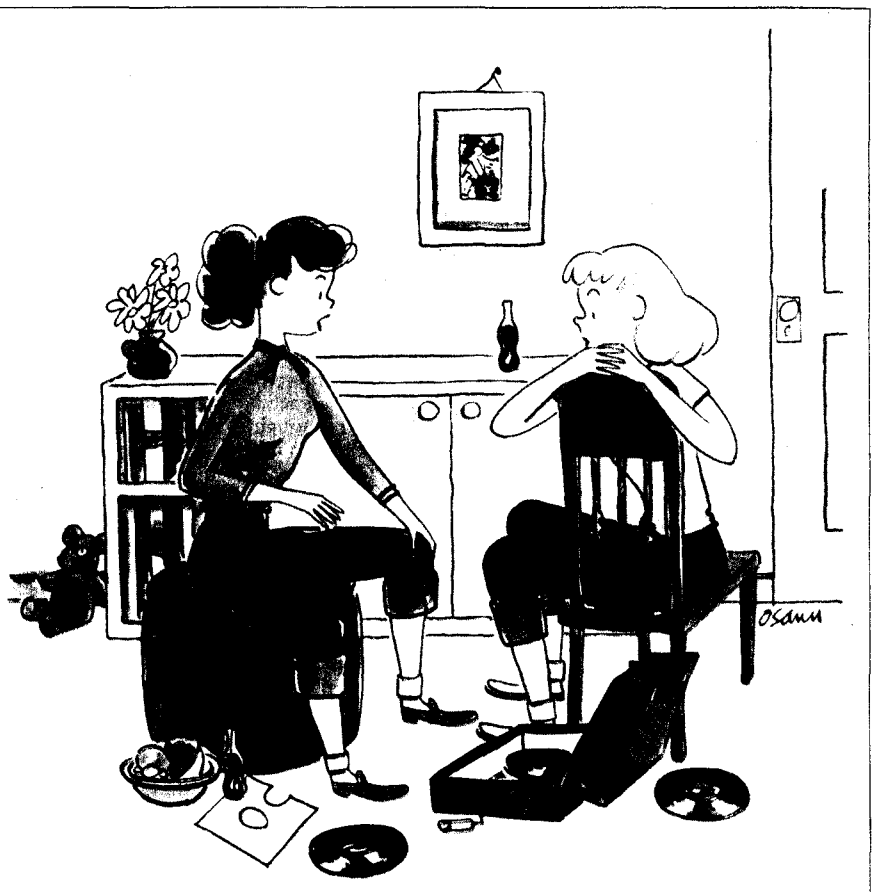
She got to her feet, and walked across the room. Why had she let this child in here, anyway? She turned back to the fire. She had to do something. On impulse she asked, "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?"

"Oh, thank you! May I help?"

"It's no trouble." She got out the electric hot plate and a small copper teakettle, then brought out the brown earthenware teapot and the white cups. Motions, gestures—something to occupy her hands. It was all a foolish little drama, and she kept thinking how foolish it was. She should have locked the door and drawn the blinds and got it over with. And here she was, instead, serving tea to a schoolgirl who talked about challenges and big world problems.

While the water was heating, the Mitchell girl said, "Miss Emerson, the girls all wish they knew you better. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but Gigi Ainsworth has a crush on you."

Miss Emerson wanted to laugh. But it was all a part of the ironic picture. Ainsworth, the tall, giggly redhead. Wasn't she the one whose mother had just married for the third time? One of the poorest students



"You'd think if he doesn't want to see me any more he'd give my telephone number to somebody else!"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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"Forest fires destroy enough trees to build millions of homes. You can help prevent this shameful waste."

Strong "muscles" for a big job...

"Your Unseen Friend" makes them tough

"Get a line in front of it!" the Fire Boss orders.

So Forest Ranger Jack Dunford and his crew dig in... with shovels, rakes, hoes, axes. They battle like bearcats to put a line of good clean earth before the creeping blaze.

But everything's dry as dust. And the fire, fanned by a stiff breeze, whips ahead... fast. Too fast! It devours brush, twigs, dead branches, saplings. Races ravenously towards Old Baldy and the tall timber.

It looks bad. It looks like a runaway—*until*...

Until the "crawlers" come roaring up... to punch out a blade-swept fire line that protects the tall timber from the on-rushing flames.

They're tougher than blazes, these bulldozers. And one thing that makes them tough is Nickel.

Nickel alloys are used to strengthen their "muscles"...

... to make vital parts such as track pins hard enough yet tough enough so these fast-moving crawler tractors can stand up to rough, rocky, rugged going.

... to make other vital parts such as drive gears strong enough so that these earth-movers can be depended upon to have a "Sunday punch" day after day after day.

These days, you see bulldozers in action everywhere... fighting forest fires, building roads and dams, doing the big jobs fast. Wherever you see one—think of Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend."

Nickel is used to bring one or more special properties—strength, toughness, or hardness, for example—to the critical parts of these dependable "work horses." You seldom see it, of course, because it's generally intermixed with other metals.

That is why Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

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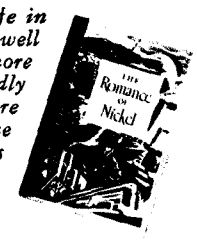

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in the whole class. "Absurd!" she said as she poured the water into the teapot.

"Oh, it's perfectly understandable," the girl said. "When you haven't any security at home, and when school means so much to you, and you have a teacher like you, why, you just naturally get a crush."

"She seems to be a very unhappy girl," Miss Emerson said.

"She's one of the lonely ones. Or she was. Last year, when she first came, she was so despondent it frightened some of us old girls. We even went with her when she took a bath, because we were afraid she might try something—something desperate. But she's all over that now." She took a cup of tea.

"We all have our lonely moments," Miss Emerson said.

"It's hard, being lonely when you're young," the girl said. And Miss Emerson wanted to say: Child, you never knew loneliness—I've known it all my life! But the girl was speaking. "Last night she cried, about her mother, and Mrs. Lawrence came up, and they talked. Mrs. Lawrence is kind of like an older sister. We can talk boy problems, and things like that, with her. Girls worry about those things, but they know they'll grow up and handle them themselves. But we're not sure about the big things."

Miss Emerson was no longer smiling. The irony, somehow, had gone out of the situation. We all have our lonely moments, she had said. And here was this child saying how she and the other girls would grow up, out of loneliness, and handle their lives. Youth, confident, unbeaten-down youth. When does the beating-down come? When does one lose courage? Or does one lose it? Does it rather ooze away, unnoticed?

She set down her teacup and went over to the window that looked out on the gray woodland. "Come here, Miss Mitchell."

The girl went and stood beside her, and Miss Emerson said, "Just before you came I was standing here, looking out at those woods, and saying to myself, 'The barbarians may come out of those woods at any moment, now, and overwhelm us.' "

The girl looked at her, young and serious, and their eyes met for a moment. Then the girl laughed. "And you were thinking," she said eagerly, "that even if they should come, we would beat them back, just as we always have! Oh, Miss Emerson, you're wonderful!"

They turned toward the fire again and Mitchell apologized for staying so long. She put on her boots and the slicker and said, " I don't know how to thank you. I wish the other girls had come with me."

Miss Emerson said, "I wish they had."

SHE stood at the door and watched Mitchell go down the path in the rain, head high, shoulders back, confident in every youthful gesture. Then she went back to her chair in front of the fire.

Confident of what? Confident of the boundless strength of youth. Well, that was something to believe in. And confident of a continuity. Something else you couldn't deny. How else do you read history? What other meaning does history have, except continuity of some kind, the persistence of this dream of mankind.

So they got a challenge from her. She had no challenge to give, except in the facts of history. Yet, they got it—something they hungered for, reached through her to find.

Then she thought of the aloneness. Even the other teachers were in awe of her. Only old Griswold dared call her by her first name, and he did it out of bravado. If she were alone, it was because she had walled herself in, away from them, away from the world. Ainsworth, giggly Ainsworth, was one of the lonely ones. When you are alone and lonely, she thought, you turn to the intellectual arrogance of the brilliant ones, or to the desperation of the dull ones. Or you tear down the walls you have built around yourself.

Walls of what? Of fear, for one thing. Fear, that made the whole world look apprehensively at the gray, wet woodland. Given a little faith, you could say, "We will beat them back, as we always have."

The world goes on, she thought, and the dream persists, not because of blind faith and young enthusiasm, but because there are those of sober years who have known the pain and the heartbreak, but to whom the dream is more important than the pain —those who have faith despite the disillusion. And progress comes because maturity can lose its illusions and still persist in the belief that the end result is enough worth while to encourage young faith to continue its struggle. Civilization dies only when maturity laughs at dreams, when age loses its confidence and smothers the dreams of youth.

To have the faith, and to give the challenge—how little, she thought, we know of ourselves! We see the failures, and the path leads to a dark nowhere. The successes are lost in our own shadows. A lonely girl, she thought, spends the whole period drawing doodles in her notebook and is tongue-tied if I ask her a question. If I only gave her a tenth of what I have to give! I was lonely too, she thought, and I built walls and never broke them down.

She took the folded sheet of paper with its unfinished message from the book where she had tucked it while they were talking. Without even opening it, she tore it into strips and fed them to the fire. Then she went to the bedroom, took the big bottle of sleeping capsules from her dresser drawer, and flushed them down the toilet.

She was putting away the tea things when a timid knock came at the door.

MA'M'SELLE BECHARD was there, flushed and nervous. "Oh, Miss Emerson," she said, "I should not disturb you. I knock light, so if you are sleeping I do not wake you."

"Come in," Miss Emerson said.

Ma'm'selle hesitated, then stepped inside. "Oh, the fire! It is so nice to have a fire!" She was like a bird, a fat little bird poised to take flight if Miss Emerson so much as made a quick gesture. "I thought maybe to bring you some dinner. It is good to be waited on, when you are ill."

"I'm much better, really," Miss Emerson said. "But it was kind of you. Won't you sit down?"

Ma'm'selle shook her head, but her dark eyes showed pleasure. "I have never been in your house before. Did you know that? Neighbors, we are, and I have never been in your house! I must wash the dust of the library from my hands and go to dinner. Then the concert."

"The concert?" Miss Emerson said. "Oh, I'd quite forgotten."

"You would go?" Ma'm'selle asked.

"I'd like to go. Couldn't we go together? I'll comb my hair while you wash up. Then we'll go to dinner."

Ma'm'selle chattered like a happy child as they walked across the campus to the dining hall. They went in through the student dining room, already half filled and buzzing with girlish talk and laughter. Miss Emerson looked over toward the junior table. The Mitchell girl was there, with Ainsworth and Howland and Sherwood and Adams, in a group at the far end of the table. Mitchell was talking earnestly, and the others were listening. One of them saw her, passed the word, and they all looked up. The Mitchell girl smiled and hesitantly lifted her hand in greeting. Miss Emerson lifted her own hand and waved stiffly. It was as though they were all waiting for some signal, even such an awkward one as she gave. They waved back, a pigeon-flight of eager hands. The Ainsworth girl giggled, so loud that Miss Emerson heard it clear across the hall.

Then she and Ma'm'selle went on into the faculty room, and old Griswold looked up and said, "Well, children, now we can eat. Here's Kate!"

And Miss Emerson smiled at them and said, "Thank you, Andrew," and sat down, among friends. THE END

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The New GI Joe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

It had.

For instance, my only contact with a general during my first months in the Army was when a gentleman wearing two stars stopped the garbage truck on which I was laboring and ate me out because I had wrestled a garbage can into the truck in such a way that I had dented it and lacerated my knee. "One of the first things you've got to learn, soldier," he said, "is to take care of government property." I didn't know whether he meant the truck or my knee.

Today, the parent of every recruit at Fort Riley receives a letter from Major General L. J. Whitlock, commander of the 10th Infantry Division which trains the men. The letter reads, in part:

"Dear Mrs. So-and-So:

"As part of your son's acceptance in the Army, a photograph was taken shortly after he received his new uniform jacket and cap. I think you would be interested in having a reproduction of the picture, so I am forwarding the attached copy . . .

"It is my foremost desire that every member of the 10th Division be given the best possible care. Here at Fort Riley we have good facilities for medical attention, education and recreation . . . [Also] as you probably know, we are placing great emphasis on character training for the young men of the Army . . .

"If at any time you would like to correspond with any of the officers in the division, concerning your son's activities, we shall be happy to be of service to you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"L. J. WHITLOCK,

"Major General, U.S. Army, Commanding."

"Why do you think you'll be recalled before supper?"

COLLIER'S — BOB CAMPBELL

The New Army being what it is, many parents accept General Whitlock's kind offer and write him long letters of advice about training their offspring. All of these letters are politely answered by the general, with supplementary replies from the boy's regimental, battalion or company commander.

One woman suggested that a good walloping behind the woodshed would cure her son of a lamentable tendency to go A.W.O.L.: another requested that the general excuse her son Freddie from eating mushrooms because of an allergy toward same. A man in Missouri asked the general if he personally would "try to get Kenneth to learn some trade in the Army, and please" could he stay in the States instead of going to some foreign country." One man swung most magnificently into the spirit of the thing. "We would personally like to meet you," he wrote the general, "as our boy writes he has a swell bunch of officers. Our home is open to you if you ever pass through Gordon, Nebraska."

If you *still* have doubts that the Army has changed, here are some more shockers for you: Army food now is edible, and served in air-cooled mess halls with gay curtains on the windows; Army noncoms now are required to say "Please" and "Thank you" in addressing recruits; said recruits now are transported hither and yon in busses instead of trucks; and that instrument of torture, the Obstacle Course, has become a pleasant exercise run whose name has been changed to "Confidence Course." As one ancient and hard-dying master sergeant put it, "This ain't no obscenity Army. It's an obscenity finishing school."

Some things in basic training haven't changed, of course—and probably they never will. Guard duty and inspections are just the same; and so is K.P., despite the introduction of fancy new equipment that was considered Buck Rogers stuff in my day. There is an elaborate new potato-peeling machine in every kitchen, for instance, but recruit John Powers, of Wanette, Oklahoma, told me, "It takes so long to cut the eyes out of the potatoes after the machine peels them, that a man could do faster peeling them himself." As this indicates, the Army art of griping hasn't changed either, despite the tremendous improvement of methods.

For example, I watched recruit Robert McCullough, of Hope, Arkansas, strip down a Garand rifle on a beautifully designed disassembling cloth, with silhouettes of all the rifle parts stenciled on it. Still, McCullough said, in traditional GI manner, "Oh, my aching back. This rifle is too obscenity complicated for me." To which Sergeant First Class Samuel Pitzen replied, "It would be too obscenity complicated for you if you were disassembling an obscenity bow and arrow."

From the very beginning of the induction process, the Army has been doing things that probably are causing old soldiers to turn over in their graves. In the Kansas City Recruiting Main Station, for example, new selectees reporting for induction from neighboring states sit around in easy chairs, in a room thoughtfully provided with soda and candy dispensing machines and magazines. If the selectees must remain at the induction station through a mealtime, they are taken to an establishment known as the Town House, a fine restaurant. If they must stay overnight to finish the induction process, they are put up at Army expense at The Senator, one of the better Kansas City hotels.

The induction process itself would be almost unrecognizable to the GI of 1941. In Kansas and western Missouri, for instance, the selectees are dispatched to Kansas City by their local draft boards, and a bus meets them at the railroad station. At the big recruiting center in downtown Kansas City, the selectees are briefed by an officer, who addresses them as "Gentlemen," and tells them exactly what is going to happen during their stay at the induction station. This briefing is standard New Army procedure and it is considered the rankest heresy by partisans of the Old Army, since it com-

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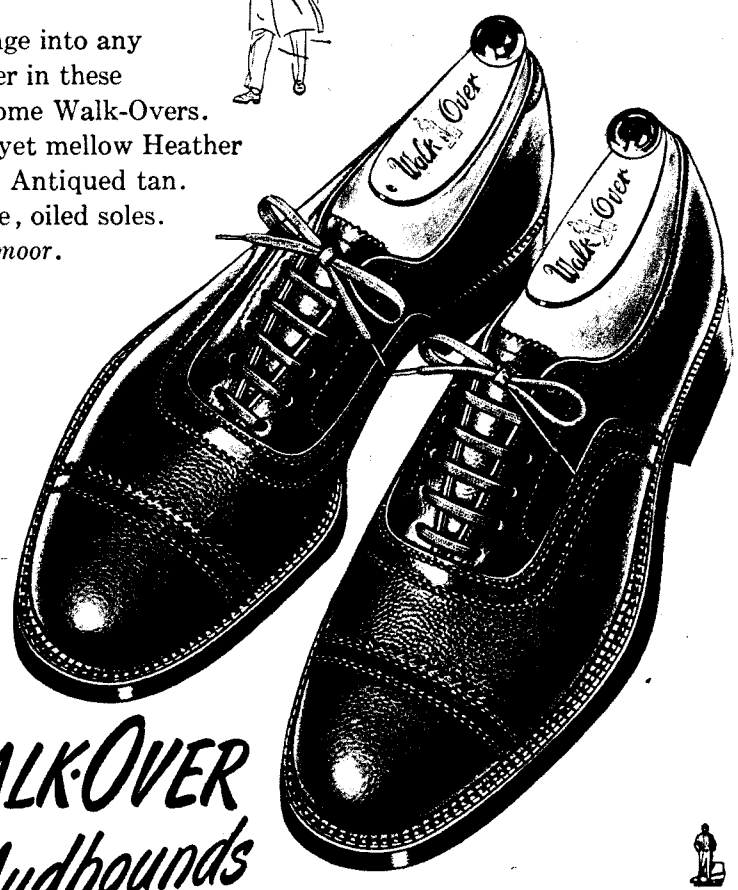

WALK-OVER Mudhounds

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

mits the unpardonable sin of letting the men know what is going on.

After the briefing, the selectees are given a mental test called the Armed Forces Qualification Test—something completely new—in which they answer such questions as, "If I sold 102 newspapers today and 120 newspapers tomorrow, how many would I sell altogether?" This examination is supervised in a soundproof room by a sergeant named Cecil Smith, who puts the men in a proper mood with gags and snappy patter, such as a request not to damage the Army ash trays while they smoke, the ash trays being beat-up old tomato cans.

To be acceptable to the Army today, a man must answer at least 39 questions correctly out of 90, in the Armed Forces Qualification Test. Those who fail are viewed with great suspicion and sent back to their draft boards for screening to see if they are faking—a procedure which has brought to light some interesting cases. Notable among these was the instance of a boy from a small Illinois town, who turned out to have been the valedictorian of his high-school class and the mathematical genius of the local bank, where he worked as a clerk. This young man forthwith completed one of the fastest round trips in history from Kansas City to Illinois and back.

Doctors Know All the Tricks

After the mental tests are graded, the men strip down and take their physical examinations, which have not changed appreciably since 1941, except that most of the doctors are veterans of World War II, and, therefore, wise to all the tricks. The physical examination ends the selectee's first contact with the Army and he is sent home for a period of 21 days, to put his affairs in order. Then he is called back to be sworn in.

Before the swearing-in ceremony he must fill out and sign seven forms, including one interesting new document called the "Loyalty Certificate," in which the selectee must state whether or not he ever belonged to any of a list of 175 organizations labeled "Totalitarian," "Fascist," "Communist," "Subversive," "Organizations which have adopted a policy of approving the commission of acts of force or violence to deny others their rights under the Constitution of the United States (the Ku-Klux Klan)" and "Organizations which seek to alter the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means." A false statement on this form opens the soldier to a perjury charge and can send him off for an unspecified number of years to contemplate his sins in a federal prison.

With this form out of the way, the selectee is sworn in; and with my own ears I again heard an officer, Captain Warren Burt, say things like, "All right, gentlemen, give me your attention please." In my day, the swearing-in officer concluded his remarks with a gentle admonition, delivered at full voice, that went something like this: "All right, you men, you're in the Army now and you damn' well better learn how to take orders from your superiors from this minute on!"

During the swearing-in at Kansas City, Captain Burt also impressed me with his intelligent and lucid explanation of several of the Articles of War, which are supposed to be read and explained to every enlisted man at least every six months. The Articles of War were read to me perhaps seven or eight times during my Army career, always in a drone that sounded like the following: "Myum myum myum myum—and the penalty is death. Myum myum myum myum—and the penalty is death. Myum myum . . ."

When the swearing-in was over, I followed the new inductees on a short train ride to the Basic Training Center at Fort Riley, where all recruits from a 10-state Midwestern area are trained. Here, more surprises awaited me. The men were picked up at the railroad station in a bus, and delivered quickly to a coffee-and-lemonade snack bar for refreshment. Then they were given another briefing by a Lieutenant Robert Linaker, whose opening lines were: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm here to welcome you on behalf of the commanding general. I hope your stay is pleasant."

After that, each man received a haircut—not just a GI haircut, but any kind he desired, excluding, possibly long Latin sideburns. He also received a set of fatigue clothes, a bath, a physical inspection, and an assignment to a regular training company. As the processing continued, I saw things I could scarcely believe.

The recruits got their clothing on the second day at a huge warehouse. These days each soldier is given a clothing allowance of $152.09 when he enters the service, plus $4.20 monthly from the day he enters service, for replacing worn items.

If he takes care of his clothes and needs no replacements, he can pocket the $4.20 a month. The warehouse resembles bargain

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1. SCORE OF 90 OR HIGHER IN APTITUDE AREA 1.
2. DESIRE TO PARTICIPATE.
3 PASS BASIC TRAINING.
4. PASS PHYSICAL FITNESS TEST.
5. HAVE PHYSICAL PROFILE A OR B.
6. SHOW POTENTIAL LEADERSHIP ABILITY DURING BASIC TRAINING
7. WAIVE ENLISTMENT COMMITM OTHER THAN COMBAT ARM
8. EACH TRAINING COMMANDE OUTSTANDI TRAINI TO AR
LEADERS COURSE SELECTION (TRAINEES)
BEFORE 1ST WEEK OF BASIC TRAINING (TODAY)
LEADERS INTEREST INTERVIEW
1ST WEEK OF BASIC TRAINING
INTEREST ROSTER TO CO. COMMANDER
1ST WEEK THRU 5TH WEEK OF BASIC TRAINING.
EVALUATION BY CO. CO
6TH WEEK OF BASIC
LEADERS BIOGRAPH
ADMINISTERED
TH WEEK OF
SELECTION OF
TH WEEK OF
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FOR
LEADERS COURSE BASIC REQUIREMENTS (CASUAL)
1. SCORE OF 90 OR HIGHER IN APTITUDE AREA 1.
2. DESIRE TO PARTICIPATE.
3. PASS REFRESHER TRAINING.
4. PASS PHYSICAL FITNESS TEST.
5. HAVE PHYSICAL PROFILE A OR B.
6. SHOW POTENTIAL LEADERSHIP ABILITY DURING REFRESHER TRAINING.
7. WAIV ENLISTMENT COMMITMENT OT COMBAT ARMS.
NG CO. COMMANDER TWO OUTSTANDING REFRESHER TRAINING TO AREA 1 SCORE FC) OR BELOW.
90
TO O.C.S.

These days, a recruit may start along the path toward Officer Candidate School before he's even in uniform. A high score on his induction test is the tip-off the Army watches for

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day at Macy's, with recruits arguing with the supply clerks over sizes, while the supply clerks patiently restrain their tempers—because the rule now is that a recruit can sit in the shoe department or the pants department, etc., until he is satisfied that he is fitted correctly.

I sat around and discussed all this with the supply sergeant, a 34th Division veteran of the North African and Italian campaigns named Joseph F. Vanek, and he expressed as much bewilderment at the new system as I did.

"When I came into the Army," Vanek said, "they fitted new shoes by making us lift a bucket of sand in each hand. If your feet didn't spread out to touch the shoe anywhere, that was supposed to be your size. Generally, the shoes ended up two sizes too large." He pointed to a scientific device that now accurately measures the length and width of a man's foot when he steps on it with his full weight. Then he showed me a gadget that correctly records the inseam length of trousers, and posters forbidding the supply clerks to let any man have a shirt unless the sleeve comes down to the break of the wrist.

Vanek and I commiserated with each other as we walked across the street and observed a shop graced by 12 female tailors 12 (civil service employees) working on alterations for recruits. The selectees bring in their newly issued uniforms and get any desired alterations, for free—even to the extent of having an entire jacket torn apart and put together again like a custom-tailored job. Vanek became saddest of all when we walked to the exit of the warehouse. Here, busses were waiting to take the recruits and their burden of clothing back to the barracks. "Remember," sighed Vanek, "when *we* were issued our first clothing? We had to load the two heavy barracks bags on our backs and walk two miles with them, generally in a blizzard or the broiling sun."

Even more startling than all this is the improvement in the classification process, which the recruits begin on their third day at Fort Riley. Probably nothing in World War II inspired as many gags as the Army's unfailing talent for putting square pegs in round holes. According to Major W. Holdridge, the chief classification and assignment officer of the Tenth Division at Fort Riley, this happened mostly because the aptitude tests were inadequate, and any personnel officer could in "cases of military necessity" change a soldier's Military Occupation Specialty Number. "To do that today," he said moodily, "practically requires an act of Congress. Also, we are getting closer to pure mechanics in this work. You get a certain set of numbers from the tests and you come up with a certain result—so that the element of human error is almost eliminated."

Whereas there was only one over-all aptitude test in 1941, today there are 11—and they are administered under the most considerate of circumstances: early in the morning when the recruits are fresh, and before they have had any of their immunization injections. (In the old days, the tests generally were regarded as newfangled nonsense, and some men went into the testing room with 102 degrees of temperature from the typhoid-fever shots they had received a few hours before.)

Today's recruits are tested in Reading and Vocabulary, Arithmetic Reasoning, Pattern Analysis, and in their ability to learn radio code from a phonograph record. On the next day they get tests in Army Clerical Speed, Shop Mechanics, Mechanical Aptitude, Automobile Information, Electrical Information, and Radio Information. They also are asked to fill out an Army Preference Blank, which asks 100 questions like, "Would you rather fry eggs or dig a ditch?"

All of these test forms are graded electrically in a machine, and each recruit emerges with three Army occupations bestowed on him. One man that I observed, for instance, came through the process as a Radar Mechanic, a Finance Clerk and a Sound and Flash Rangingman for the artillery. Since he had been a restaurant cashier, and a ham radio operator in civilian life, this seemed reasonable enough.

However, just to make sure I wasn't being fed the usual World War II Army hogwash, I requested and received permission to go through a file of Form 20s (Soldier's Qualification Cards) at random. What I found was encouraging. Thomas R. Peasner, Jr., who "played the piano with dance bands," now is an "0175, Bandsman, oboe"; Joe V. Moore, who "prepared, seasoned and cooked, by appropriate methods, soups, meats, vegetables, desserts and other foodstuffs for Stann's Drive-in in Sacramento, California," now is a mess steward; and—wonder of wonders—John L. Young, who was a "light truck driver for Koppers Tar Products in East Providence, Rhode Island," now is an "0345, truck driver, light."

The inductees who make the best scores in the classification tests are tapped immediately as prospects for Leaders' Course, a school in which the Army trains men for combat leadership. It is possible today for a selectee to go through basic training, enter the Leaders' School and then go directly to Officer Candidate School—progressing from recruit to second lieutenant in less than a year. Most other recruits, when they finish their basic training, are shipped to one of the Army's dozens of remarkably fine specialist schools, ranging from Medical Aid Man School to Water Supply and Purification School. In other words, our Radar Mechanic can't actually become a Radar Mechanic until he completes basic training and graduates from Radar Mechanics School.

But every man must complete his basic training first. This, too, is a far cry from 1941, when most men were assigned to units first and then given their basic training by the unit itself. This delicate task often was entrusted to old and hard-bitten noncoms, each of whom was given a squad to instruct in all subjects. My basic training instructor would mumble a few unin-

Information Pleas

HARRY DEVLIN

I admit that I'm a cad,
A heel, a brute and all that's bad;
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What I'm apologizing for.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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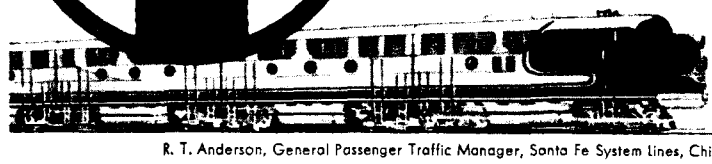

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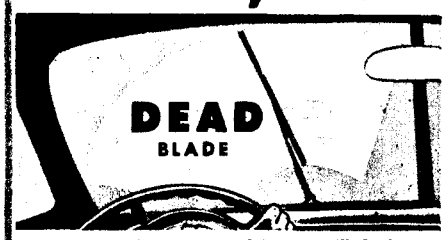

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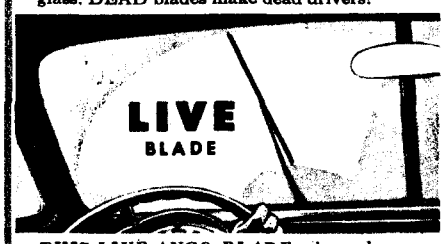

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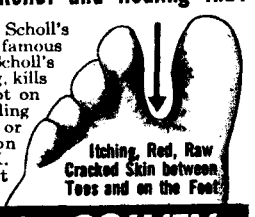


Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

telligible platitudes about military courtesy or erecting a shelter tent—and then rush us off for several hours of bayonet drill, at which he had excelled in World War I.

As a result, many of us were good enough with this archaic weapon to fight duels with Errol Flynn in costume motion pictures—but we knew nothing about combat. When our noncom instructor got tired of bayonet drill, he would devote the rest of the day to having us unload trucks or pick up cigarette butts from an untold number of acres of Army post. We grew so proficient at these skills that one of my fellow recruits, a commercial artist, drew a coat of arms for our class consisting of crossed bayonets and cigarette butts rampant on a field of two-ton trucks.

Today, recruits attend eight periods of classes a day, from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., and the courses are planned like a regular school curriculum, with examinations and a certain number of hours of attendance required for credits in each course. The instructors, both enlisted men and officers, are themselves trained for their assignments in schools; and they follow a prescribed teaching outline with slides, skits, training films, visual aids, etc., all laid down for them in a manual. The instructors are required to learn every recruit's name and when the recruit answers a question, the instructor must say, "Thank you." The quickest way for an instructor to get himself shipped to an infantry outfit in Alaska—the Siberia of the Army—is to bully a recruit in class.

Some of the instruction takes a dramatic turn. For instance, I was sitting in a class one day when a soldier suddenly burst into the room shouting, "Hi, Icky!" at the instructor. His buttons were askew, his cap was tucked into the epaulet of his shirt, his pockets were bulging, his pant legs were rolled up, and he wore a huge knot in his tie. When the class stopped laughing, the instructor solemnly declared, "This is how you're *not* supposed to wear your uniform." The sloppy soldier was a noncom dressed up for the purpose, and with the dramatic example before the class, the instructor then proceeded to explain to them how they *should* dress.

Feet Ruined by Long Hikes

Outdoors, basic training has not changed much. The 25-mile hike is no more, however. As Captain Jake Lyons explained it, "We found out that it didn't do anything but ruin a lot of guys' feet." Instead, the recruits now go on hour-and-a-half "walks." Occasionally, there is a 15-mile hike, but every man's feet are examined from time to time, and whenever damage shows up, the recruit is dumped into a vehicle following the column. The Obstacle Course, as already noted, now is the Confidence Course, and the recruits no longer are required to run it in a certain time, or even attempt any obstacle they feel they can't make. It's an easier course, too. For the time being, anyway.

With the fortunes of the Korean war ebbing and flowing, there is no telling how many of the current techniques may be changed. Since I visited Fort Riley, for instance, Army Field Forces chief, General Mark Clark, announced that the Army will be reinstituting tougher physical training methods. And back again is the old Infiltration Course, in which the men crawl under barbed wire while machine guns fire live ammunition over their heads. However, the Pentagon hastened to assure us that the new "humanitarian" philosophy remains the same. Recruits will continue to be treated with jaw-dropping consideration.

There are four other major items about basic training that will interest former GIs.

Item number one is pay. When I went into the Army, my salary was $21 a month—and I didn't get any of this munificent sum in hand until the end of the second month. Recruits in basic training today receive $75 a month—which means that GI wages have increased more than 250 per cent in nine years. Not only that, but today's recruits "at the discretion of the commanding general" receive a $10 "partial pay" the *second* day they are in service. This advance is called "the Flying Ten," presumably because of the speed with which it disappears.

Item number two is food. In 1941, Army chow was so bad that I still have nightmares about cold bacon floating around in a soup of maple sirup, raw dough and condensed milk; and when I got overseas, I actually liked C and K rations by comparison. However, when General Eisenhower became Chief of Staff of the Army after the war, he said, "I want to go down in history as the man who did something for Army chow." He kept his word.

Today, most of the misfits have been thrown out of the kitchen; and cooks and mess stewards (formerly mess sergeants) now are career men with I.Q. requirements just a few points below the standard for officer candidates. They must constantly attend courses in such subjects as Meat Cookery With The Use Of The Meat Thermometer and Making Coffee In The Coffee Urn Using The Urn-bag Method. In addition to this, master menus are drawn up in Washington seven months in advance, so that every Army mess in the country serves exactly the same meals every day. Huge Army Food Markets have been established in some areas to avoid the old mess sergeant graft; and every post and division now has an officer called the Food Service Supervisor, who is a trained dietitian.

Also, enlisted men sit on a Menu Board at many posts, and when they report that the men don't like certain foods, said foods are replaced on the menu with something better-tasting and equally nutritious. I ate in enlisted men's messes at Fort Riley for several days, and I couldn't believe it was the Army chow I had known. One Friday, for example, I sat down to dinner with B Company of the 85th Regiment and had pineapple juice, baked fish with tomato sauce, fresh sweet corn, lettuce and tomato salad, potatoes boiled in their jackets, milk, coffee with real cream (no canned "armored cow") and ice cream.

Item number three is the change in the men themselves. For one thing, in accordance with local policy Negro recruits now train and sleep and eat side-by-side with the white inductees—and on the surface, at least, the Army's new nonsegregation policy seems to be working out extremely well. I saw Negro honor students and acting noncoms heading up mixed companies. Not only that, but today's trainees have the appearance of students rather than soldiers, as they hurry about from class to class with books under their arms.

Moreover, this rapid transformation from the high-school classroom to the Army classroom is reflected in their speech. Some of the picturesque old Army obscenities are there, but these are curiously intermingled with the jive talk one hears in every juke joint around the country.

Overheard Jive—Army Style

For instance, I caught the following interesting exchange (version slightly censored here) in one company mess hall:

First Recruit: "Wha' hoppen, Joe? I saw you take off like a big bird from the PX."

Second Recruit: "Aah. Some schmoe of a cadre man caught me goofing off. That icky made me police up the barracks until I was making three tracks."

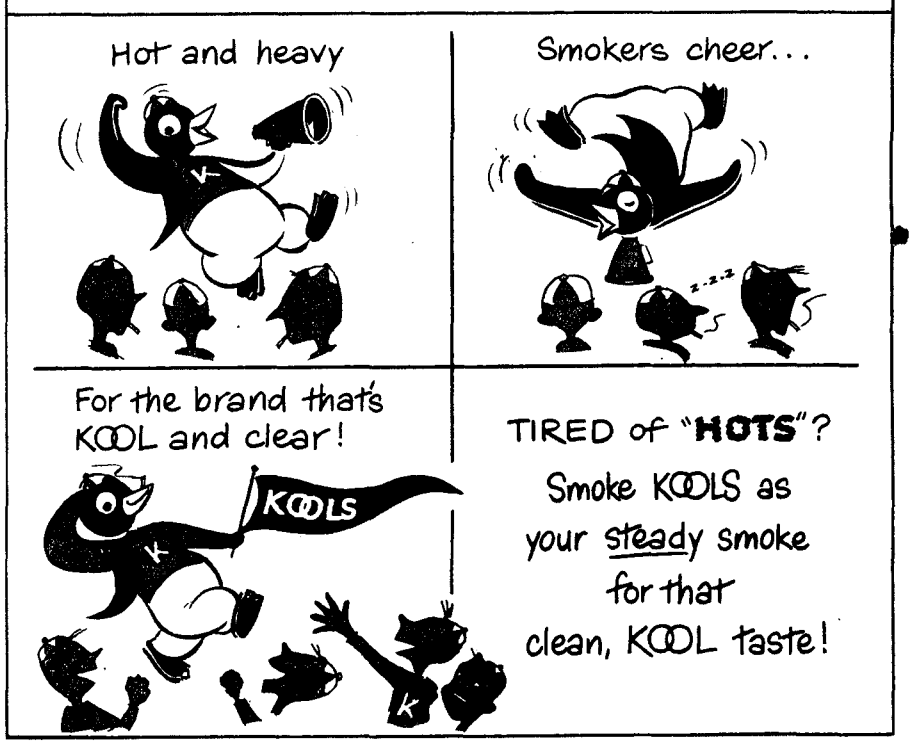
For the uninitiated, the last sentence means that as punishment for leaving some detail without permission, the young man apparently had been made to scrub the barracks with mop and pail until his tail was dragging.

Item number four is a complete innovation, possibly one of the most important steps any army ever has taken. Each of the Army's big Basic Training Centers now has an establishment known as the Mental Hygiene Consultation Service. At Fort Riley, the Tenth Infantry Division's Service is commanded by a Medical Corps captain who is a psychiatrist, and manned by a first lieutenant psychologist, a second lieutenant psychiatric social worker and five enlisted psychiatric social workers—all of them superbly trained in Army hospitals.

In the old days, if a misfit or a maladjusted person got into the Army, he often was tormented by his company mates until he blew his top in training and was hustled off for a medical discharge. More frequently, the man restrained himself until he got into combat, where the first exploding enemy shell often would set him off. He would then go to pieces, endangering the lives of the other men in his outfit.

Today, every recruit passing through Fort Riley is given a questionnaire prepared by the Mental Hygiene Consultation Service, asking 14 questions like, "Do you have a feeling that people are watching you or talking about you in the street?" If, on this questionnaire, any inductee gives indications that he might be emotionally unsound, he is subjected to thorough interviews by the psychologists and the psychi-

WILLIE the penguin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atrist at the Mental Hygiene center. If they find the man a complete mental misfit, he is recommended for immediate discharge. If the man is emotionally ill, but salvageable, they give him excellent modern psychiatric treatment while he is going about his basic training duties.

On the more positive side, the psychiatrist constantly briefs the Basic Training Center's company commanders on symptoms of emotional disturbances that might develop among the men. In this way, problem soldiers like homosexuals and sadistic noncoms are weeded out; again, if the man is salvageable, he is treated by all the known modern psychiatric techniques ranging up to psychoanalysis and narcosynthesis. In less serious cases, the psychiatrist, Walter Reed-trained Captain Stanley D. Rapinchuk, has cured such physical complaints as heart palpitations, fainting, diarrhea and even the Army's traditional ailment, the aching back—all of which have been traced, in certain cases, to mental problems.

Typical of the salvage job done by the Army's new Mental Hygiene Service Centers was the recent case of a nineteen-year-old inductee. This boy had an overprotective mother who, when he was a child, wouldn't let him associate with other children, lest he pick up their germs. As a result, this boy kept to himself through high school; and when he got into the Army, he just didn't know how to get along with people. He took to brooding, and then one day in basic training a near-tragic thing occurred. His entire body froze in a strange paralysis just as he pulled the pin out of a hand grenade. His life was saved by the quick action of a nearby soldier who tackled him and knocked the hand grenade away before it exploded.

That afternoon, the boy's company commander referred him to the Mental Hygiene Consultation Service. The psychiatrist got him to talk about his fears and instabilities and he broke down and cried. The psychiatrist began treating the youngster, and little by little the boy came to realize how his troubles stemmed from the unnatural reliance on the protection of his mother. At the end of three months, the boy came in and asked for a transfer to another outfit—instead of the discharge he could have had. He finally had come to realize that he didn't need a parent to lean on any more. In other words, he no longer was a child; he was mature enough to start off on his own.

This case is typical of the advanced thinking of the New Army—a concept which was as remote to me in 1941 as it was to a private in Napoleon's army in 1810. Much of this thinking stems from the work of the Doolittle Board (a group headed by Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle which heard enlisted men's complaints after World War II) and from the humane theories of a brilliant pair of Chiefs of Staff—Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar Bradley. Another great general, Jacob L. Devers, summed it up succinctly in a report which he issued last September. "There are a few persons," Devers wrote, "who have said that the Army is 'going soft' in its training. These people are ignorant of the distinction between intelligent leadership and coercive methods.

"Much of today's philosophy of troop handling is based on a recognition of *the dignity of the individual.* The military history of this nation is replete with evidence that a man is a better fighter when he retains his individuality—an element of American strength which no totalitarian nation possesses."

A great deal of this lofty thinking, of course, is lost on today's crop of new GIs, who don't realize what it *used* to be like: In the healthy tradition of all American soldiers, they continue to gripe without cessation. In Fort Riley's clothing warehouse, I heard one recruit say, "Aah, it's the same old Army. Hurry up and wait; only two sizes of clothing—too large and too small."

To which my friend, long-suffering Supply Sergeant Vanek, replied:

"You may not know it, Mac, but you never had it so good. No, sir. You never had it so good." THE END

Always Something Doing at Boston's Old Howard

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

On July 4, 1846, the cornerstone of the present Howard was laid. Because their faith in show business was limited, the new owners reserved the first floor for a bottling works. That put the orchestra seats on the second story, which had to be reached then, just as today, by a long flight of stairs from the street. Three tiers of boxes and three horseshoe-shaped balconies rose to the rosette ceiling from which hung a huge gas light. The interior was handsomely whitewashed and cast-iron grillwork decorated the backs of seats and the perimeters of boxes and balconies.

For the next 30 years carriages rolled down from Beacon Hill and silk hats were lined up in the cloakroom as Boston blue bloods turned out to see the best actors and actresses of the day. Junius Brutus Booth played Hamlet there many times, and his three sons, J. B., Jr., Edwin and John Wilkes, also appeared. The first Italian Grand Opera company to appear in Boston also made its debut on the Howard stage.

Meantime, on the first floor, the Otis S. Neal brewery continued to bottle ale and beer at a lively pace day and night. Heavy brewery wagons drawn by draft horses rumbled down Howard Street behind the society broughams of first-nighters. To keep the yeasty fumes of the bottling works from theater patrons, the management installed special ventilators.

By 1870 the day of the legitimate drama on the Howard stage was about over. Melodrama and variety shows began to fill the bill. As the theater's tone dropped, profits rose. Crowds were lured by a steady succession of jugglers, magicians and acrobats. Uncle Tom's Cabin was also a popular booking, as was Colonel William Cody's "own mammoth combination of 25 first-class artists" riding their horses on stage in Twenty Days—or Buffalo Bill's Pledge.

In this era the Howard's programs, printed on purple paper, carried a standard advertisement, an invitation urging patrons of the theater to "Come where the woodbine twineth at 19 Howard Street." The address was a saloon where, for the convenience of customers, a large gong was sounded two minutes before the curtain rose.

Around the turn of the century, Dr. G. E. Lothrop, one of Boston's greatest showmen, took over the Howard Athenaeum, by then known as the Old Howard. Under his management the theater entered its burlesque era—serving, incidentally, as a training ground for latter-day stars of musical comedy, big-time vaudeville, radio and the movies. Harrigan and Hart, Gus Williams, Pat Rooney, Tony Pastor, Weber and Fields, Joe Yule, Sr., and jovial Maggie Cline were followed by Jack Pearl, Bert Lahr, Fanny Brice, Bobby Clark, James Barton, Joe Penner, Phil Silvers and Abbott and Costello—all later to go on to Broadway and Hollywood fame.

Boxing and wrestling exhibitions had been introduced to the Howard stage even before Lothrop took over. First to appear was John L. Sullivan, at the height of his glory as heavyweight champion. Others who followed the Boston Strong Boy on

"I'd like to be Boss here for about 3 days!"

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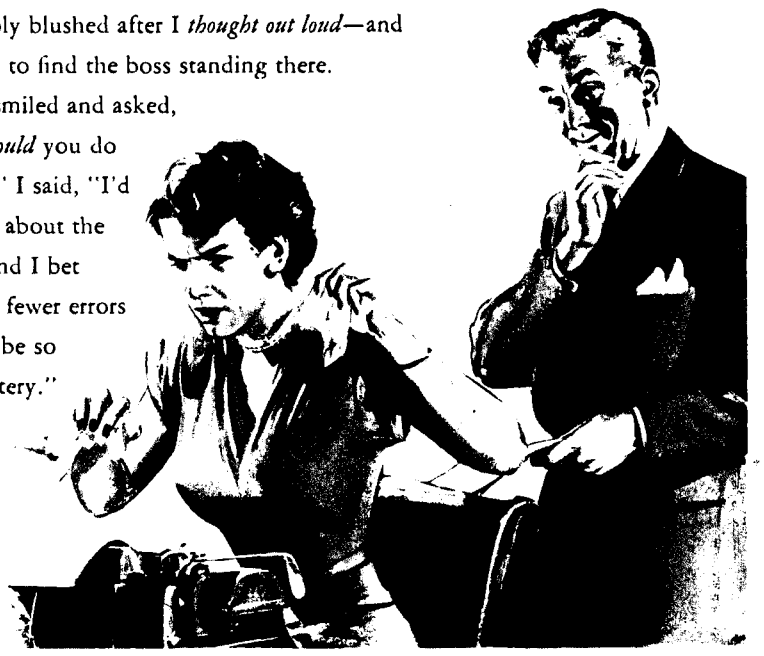

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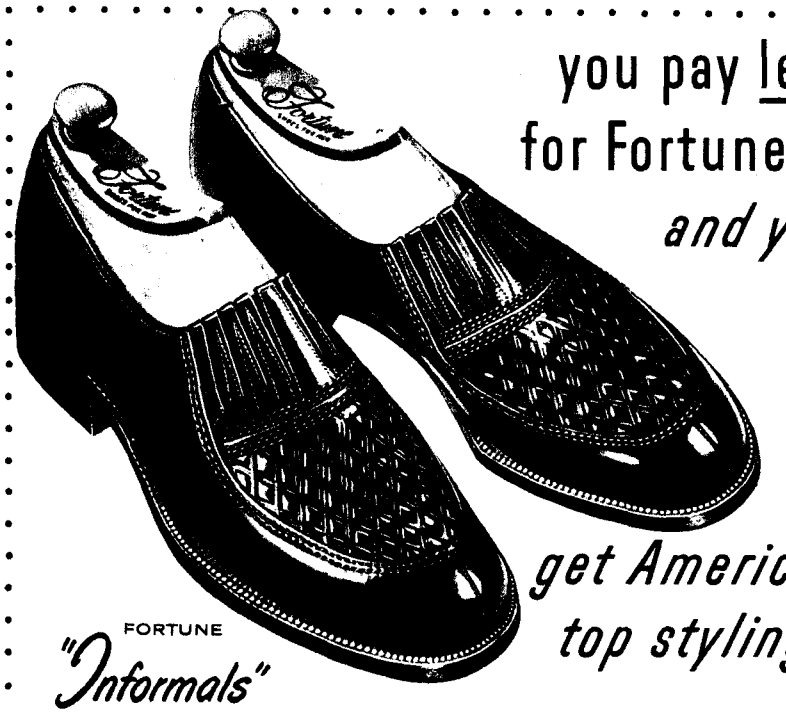

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the Athenaeum's boards included James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey, incidentally, drew the highest sum ever paid an Old Howard performer. Owner-manager Somerby, a former ticket seller for the nearby Bowdoin Theater, booked the heavyweight champ for one week at $5,000.

How the Strip Tease Started

Although the Howard featured pretty girls, clad in tights, in song-and-dance numbers, the strip tease as presented today was unknown prior to 1928. It became the main attraction there shortly after its accidental invention in Chicago early that year. It was customary in all burlesque theaters for chorus girls to step out of line and do a solo turn, either song, dance or novelty skit. Legend has it that one young thing, doing a tap routine as her part of the show at a Chicago burlesque house, suddenly found that one of the straps on her costume had become undone and that she had few secrets from the cheering all-male audience. She expected to be fired, but a wise stage manager, noting the effect on the patrons, ordered her to keep the loose-strap incident as part of her daily act. The idea soon spread, and the strip tease became identified with burlesque. Since then strippers have been given top billing at the Howard, keeping most of the theater's 1,360 seats occupied for afternoon, night and Friday-midnight performances.

It would be difficult to find a man in Boston who has not been to the Old Howard at least once. Practically every college student in the area has cut classes at some time or other to make the early show Monday "before the censor cuts it." Harvard students, in particular, are traditionally regarded as among the Howard's most loyal patrons.

"The Harvard curriculum includes Howard Athenaeum I, II, III and IV" is an oft-repeated quip which has been attributed to virtually every genial Harvard professor, including the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, a self-admitted burlesque fan. The faded rosette ceiling at the Old Howard contains several neat round perforations. They are bullet holes, according to Harvard legend, put there many years ago by whatever prominent alumnus happens to be in the news at the moment of retelling.

The man responsible for most of the stories, real or imaginary, circulating today about the Old Howard was the late Fred Doherty, the theater's rumple-suited press agent for more than 30 years. Before his death in 1940, Fred wrote all the Howard ads and personally placed his press releases and pictures with the city's newspaper editors. A short man who weighed close to 200 pounds, he was seldom seen without a dead cigar butt in his mouth.

Doherty couched his ads in some of the quaintest prose ever seen in Boston. His copy was read conscientiously every week, even by those who had no intention of invading Scollay Square. Here's a typical one he turned out on Ann Corio, the all-time queen of Old Howard strippers:

"When we slide you the heated vapor that Ann Corio trips here at the Old Howard, we've tooted something worth while to every regular scout. The most beautiful girl on the stage will give the wisenheimers a merry marathon. Here comes the peachiest peach in the game, and the babe with the perpetual smile will deliver the material that gathers the glances from pit to dome."

Ann Corio played at the Howard off and on for more than 10 years, working for a big salary and a percentage of the house during most of that time. Margie Hart, Georgia Sothern, Hinda Wassau, Sunya (Smiles) Slane, Vickie Welles and Zorita, "the snake girl," were other favorites, but none approached La Corio.

Ann was a well-publicized witness for the defense in January, 1933, when the New England Watch and Ward Society succeeded in closing the Howard by police order. John C. L. Dowling, then Watch and Ward president, in bringing his complaint before Mayor James M. Curley, testified that three of his investigators, John Slaymaker, Lester Hill and Thomas Minton, had been checking the theater since the previous August.

Slaymaker complained about the "sinuosity of dancing." Hill stated his objections to the girls' "diaphanous" coverings. Minton described an act by one stripteuse who "did not hesitate to display a mobile abdomen." The investigators also alleged that there were objectionable comic bits, particularly "a rat story, a pie story, and a telegram in which the change of a comma made all the difference in the world."

Manager Somerby indignantly denied these charges. And Ann Corio came to his support, insisting heatedly: "My work is art . . . If the public considers me beautiful enough to look at, I fail to see what is wrong."

The next day Mayor Curley, along with a party of officials, attended the Howard in order, as he explained, "to acquaint myself with the type of amusement offered." After sitting through an entire performance, the city's colorful chief magistrate confined his remarks to a diplomatic appraisal of the audience. "They had a full house," His Honor said mischievously, "but all of the people there seemed to come from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont."

Nevertheless, the municipal censorship board in office at the time ordered the Old Howard's license revoked for one month. It was the first time the ancient Athenaeum was dark and silent due to the hand of official authority.

Business immediately fell off in the shooting galleries, tattoo parlors, penny arcades, lunchrooms and hot-dog stands in the Scollay Square area and protests deluged the mayor's office.

A Triumphant Reopening

But by February 20th the Square was again booming. The Old Howard reopened featuring a typical burleycue show with a typical Doherty-coined title—"Scrambled Legs." Since then it has not been much troubled by the Watch and Ward Society. The seventy-year-old agency now is putting its main efforts into bigger community-improvement projects.

Ann Corio has left burlesque for the legitimate stage and movies, but still holds a warm spot in her heart for the Athenaeum. During a recent personal appearance at a downtown theater in Boston the Old Howard carried a special box notice on the cover of its own program which read, "Don't forget our Annie is at the RKO this week." Says Ann, "How could you help but love a theater like that?"

With the help of Al Somerby, a man recently described by Ann as "a truly fine gentleman who has been like a father to us all," Miss Corio brought in the women customers. In 1929, Somerby noticed that quite a few women came along with their husbands or boy friends whenever Ann Corio was booked. So he ran a special midnight show for ladies with or without escort. The house was a sellout. Nowadays women sometimes make up as much as a third of an evening audience.

"The girls forced one important renovation in the house," chuckles house manager John Sebetes. "The Howard had been patronized exclusively by men for so long that we had no ladies' powder room. We had to install one a few years back."

Current top box-office draw at the Old Howard is a shapely, dark-haired, energetic ecdysiast who calls herself Rose La Rose. Known as the bad girl of burlesque because of her gay abandon on the stage, Rose, more than any other dancer in the molting business, has city censors everywhere wailing—"Is this strip necessary?"

"There's no place like the Old Howard," Rose avers. "The building is old and it has some inconveniences, but I love it. In the winter it's drafty, and there's no running

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ater in the dressing rooms. But I try out very new act there. The Old Howard's my barometer. If an act clicks there, it will go over big on the circuit."

Rose, who peels to classical music or operatic airs, doesn't believe she works strong" (burlesque parlance for an audacious routine), least of all in Boston. "How can I do anything out of line up there with Max Michaels standing right in the wings?" he asks.

Max Michaels, the Howard's hard-eyed but softhearted stage manager, can be stricter than any city censor. "Smiling Max"—so called because he always wears a sober expression—knows by heart every comedy skit as well as every trick of the strippers. On Monday, when he times a new show for the week, he tells the performers what they can and cannot do in Boston, and woe to the person who disregards a Michaels order.

Bald, genial sixty-six-year-old Al Somerby, who bought out the Lothrop family's interest in the Old Howard 15 years ago and the building itself 10 years ago, is now sole owner and operator of what is probably the most profitable of the some 35 burlesque houses still doing business in the United States. The number of these theaters has shrunk in recent years, but Al doesn't believe burlesque ever will die out.

"It's the poor man's musical comedy," he expounds in a pine-paneled office as the blare of the orchestra and the thunder of dancing feet echo overhead. "No, burlesque will always be with us."

What about those periodic charges that burlesque contributes to crime in the cities?

"I wouldn't be in this business another minute if I believed that," Somerby insists. "I have six children of my own, you know. The people in our business are the finest, cleanest folks I know. Their conduct is exemplary, and they resent the slurs cast their way by those who criticize without knowing all the facts."

About 10,000 tickets are sold through the Howard's brass wicket each week, with $1.10 tops for evening shows and 60 cents for the matinees. For this price, patrons not only get a long burlesque show, but also two feature motion pictures and several short subjects on the screen. One entire program runs five-and-a-quarter hours.

A key backstage personality at the Howard is prim, nervous Francis (Bunny) Weldon, producer of the shows. A strict disciplinarian, Bunny has charge of the 12 girls who make up the theater's own chorus. He sees that they don't drink, don't curse and, above all, that they appear in time for shows and rehearsals. A short, bouncy, white-haired man, who once served a tour of duty with Ziegfeld, Weldon designs all the girls' costumes himself and supervises scenery and backdrops.

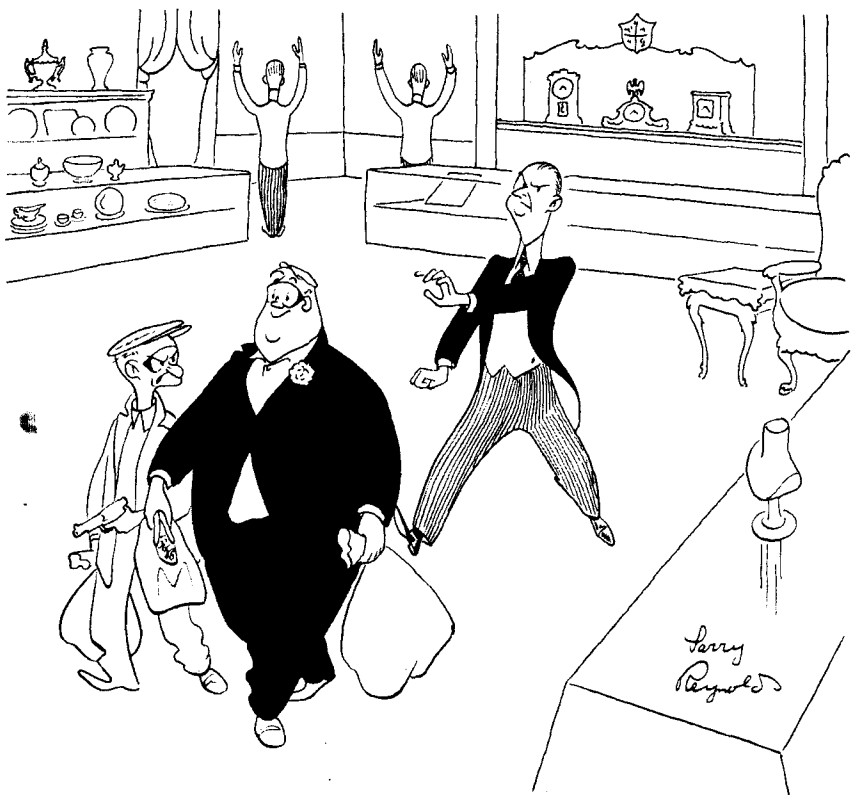
Star Peelers Get Top Pay

While the show is on, Bunny's chorus girls keep hopping from their stall-like first-floor dressing rooms in the back of the long-abandoned bottling works to the second-floor stage. They are paid a minimum of $40 per week, and in addition get liberal tips for standing in the wings and picking up the garments discarded by the stripper-stars. Peelers at the Howard earn from $125 to $500 per week, with some of the top performers drawing $750. Comics usually average from $200 to $350 per week. These featured burlesque performers usually are part of a traveling unit on the Eastern wheel, of which the Old Howard is one stop.

No burlesque story would be complete without a brief report on the "charge man," the spiel specialist who hawks the orange juice, ice cream, art magazines and novelties sold at intermissions. At the Howard, he has been Lester Rosen, a sharp-featured, sandy-haired pitchman. True to Boston's conservative tradition, the spieler tries no high-pressure techniques.

"Mr. Somerby insists that we talk for only six minutes at each appearance," says Rosen, who was hired by a New York firm which has the Old Howard concession. "In the old days in Brooklyn, we used to pitch for 20 and 30 minutes. Up here in Boston we carry no shoddy novelties, give no worthless prizes. And we never resort to such old burlesque tricks as turning up the heat to sell more drinks and ice cream on a slow night. Boston audiences are very high-class. We don't insult their intelligence." THE END

BUTCH



"Th' job's gone nice and smooth so far. Now give th' guy his carnation back before there's any trouble"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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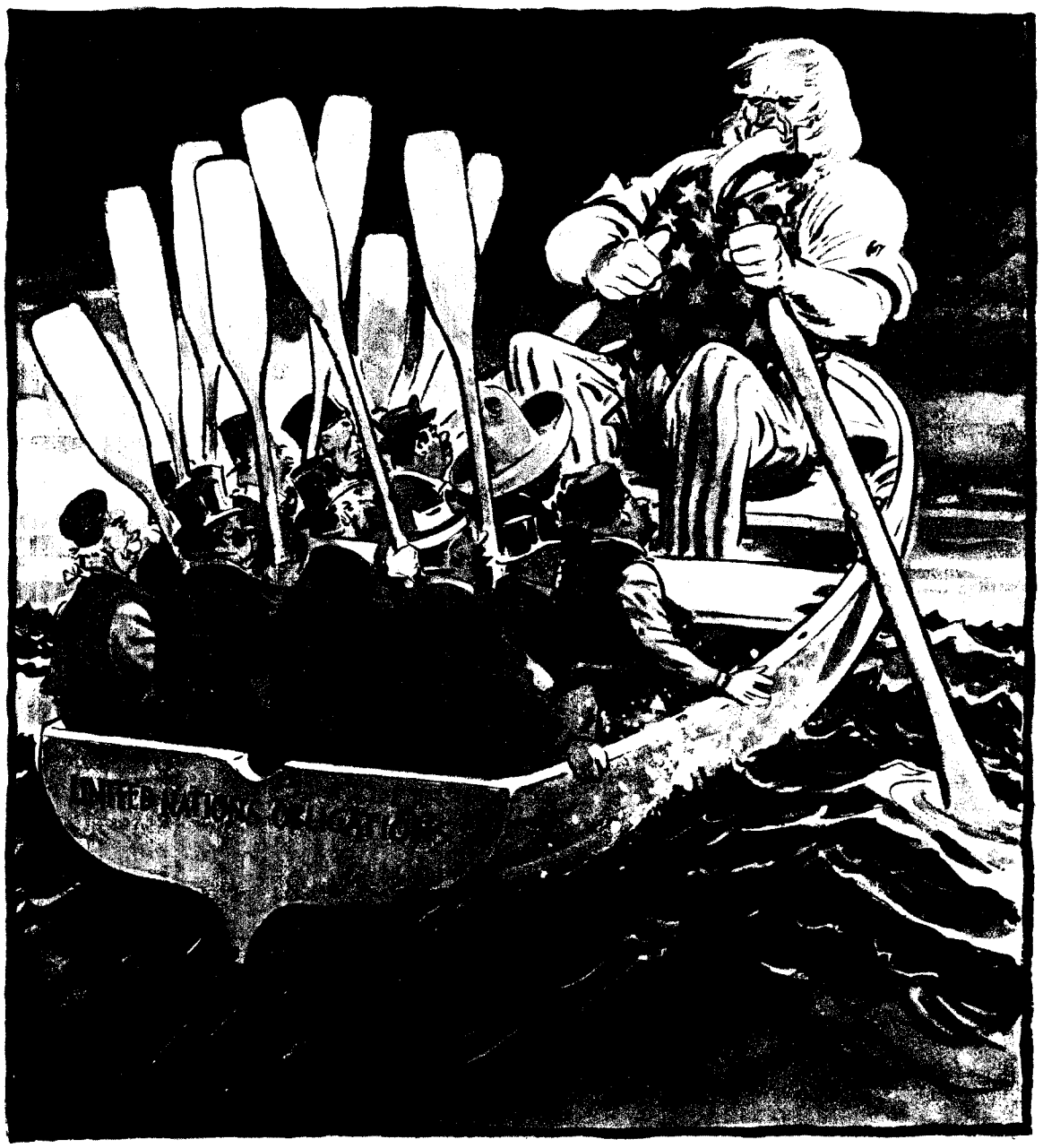

DORMAN SMITH

Needed: A Vast U.N. Army

COLLIER'S STRONGLY SUPPORTS Governor Thomas E. Dewey in his call for a vast world army of men from all free countries, under the flag and leadership of the United Nations. We made the same appeal on this page four weeks ago, and we think the matter is important enough to be urged again.

It is time that the other U.N. governments realized that there is a limit to America's ability to foot the free world's bills and fight the free world's battles. That statement is not inspired by any sympathy toward isolationism. It is inspired by a disappointment in the non-Communist governments' leisurely and tentative response to U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie's request for aid in Korea. It is inspired by a resentment of the American lives lost in a war that concerns every non-Communist member of the United Nations as much as it concerns the United States.

We do not mean to minimize the sea and air forces that two or three countries sent at the beginning of the Korean war. But the sea and air were not where help was most urgently needed. The need was for foot soldiers in the first bitter weeks when American forces were so vastly outnumbered, outtrained and outgunned. The need was for foot soldiers, not in a few months or weeks, but then.

For two months the American and South Korean ground forces fought it out alone. For two months they fought without even the promise of help from the other major powers. The smaller nations like Australia, Thailand, Canada and the Philippines, who were the first to volunteer assistance, perhaps should not be blamed for not having combat troops in readiness. But Great Britain had some 30,000 trained soldiers in Hong Kong when the Korean fighting broke out, and France had about 150,000 metropolitan and colonial troops under arms in Indo-China. Yet it was late August before Britain even offered to send 1,500 men to Korea and France promised a volunteer force of 1,200.

It is true that Hong Kong is a potential trouble spot, and that France is fighting a guerrilla war with the Communists in Indo-China. But the fact remains that when the crisis came, this country's 50-odd non-Communist associates in the United Nations were unready or unwilling to send even a token force of ground troops into battle. The fact remains that it was the Americans alone who had to help the South Koreans defend their country and their freedom. It was the Americans alone who had to die for a cause to which the whole free membership of the United Nations was equally committed.

It may be too late now to hope for effective outside assistance in Korea. But who will be so rash as to say that Korea is the beginning and the end? There may well be other "incidents." But there must not be another Korea. With partial mobilization already under way in several countries, this is the time to start organizing the vast world army that Governor Dewey spoke of, an army prepared and alert to act in the event of further "incidents" and stop them quickly.

So long as the formation of such an army is delayed, the Soviet government will find it easier to carry out some of its evident intentions. The intentions are these: to brand the United States as an aggressor and try to turn the masses of Asiatic people against us; to bleed our economy by forcing us to divert more and more of our wealth and effort to armaments; to expend its satellites' man power while it keeps its own millions of men-at-arms safely at home.

Russia has spent only military equipment in Korea. America has spent equipment and lives, not to protect its own territory, not to gain any material prize, but to fight the U.N.'s war. This cannot continue through crisis after crisis.

The United States is the bulwark of all free nations in the struggle against Soviet imperialism. It will not remain a bulwark forever if it is called upon to stand alone. As a matter of self-interest, if for no more noble consideration, the rest of the free world should realize this.

It has been said that the League of Nations expired because it had degenerated into a debating society, paralyzed by talk. There is danger that its successor might suffer the same fate unless the U.N. governments quickly realize that they must condemn Soviet aggression not only in indignant words but in action—action by a world army whose physical power and moral force could even make the men in the Kremlin revise their blueprint for world conquest.

Throw the Book At Them

AS WE HAVE FOLLOWED the course of the latest stand-by control legislation, we have been thinking about some by-products of the control and rationing program during World War II. We've remembered the hoarders, black marketers, under-the-counter hijackers and other assorted chiselers, most of whom went unpunished.

If a soldier takes a poke at an officer in a moment of anger he can be sure of a quick court-martial and a long stretch in prison, even if he is a hero with a chest covered with medals. Not so the civilian contract-padder or similar illicit operator in the last war. If he was a big fish he might draw a fine that would put a slight dent in his crooked earnings. In rare instances he might even get a mild jail sentence. But, for the wartime punk, the risk and severity of punishment weren't much of a deterrent.

If the President has to invoke wartime controls again, we hope that Congress will provide him with punishment that will fit the crime, even if they have to amend existing laws to do it. We hope that the courts will invoke the punishment to the limit where circumstances warrant.

The citizen who can think of the sacrifices and tragedies of war only in terms of his stomach or his bank account is, to our mind, a disgusting and sickening spectacle. He deserves to have the book thrown at him. And if the book has to be used again, it ought to be good and heavy.

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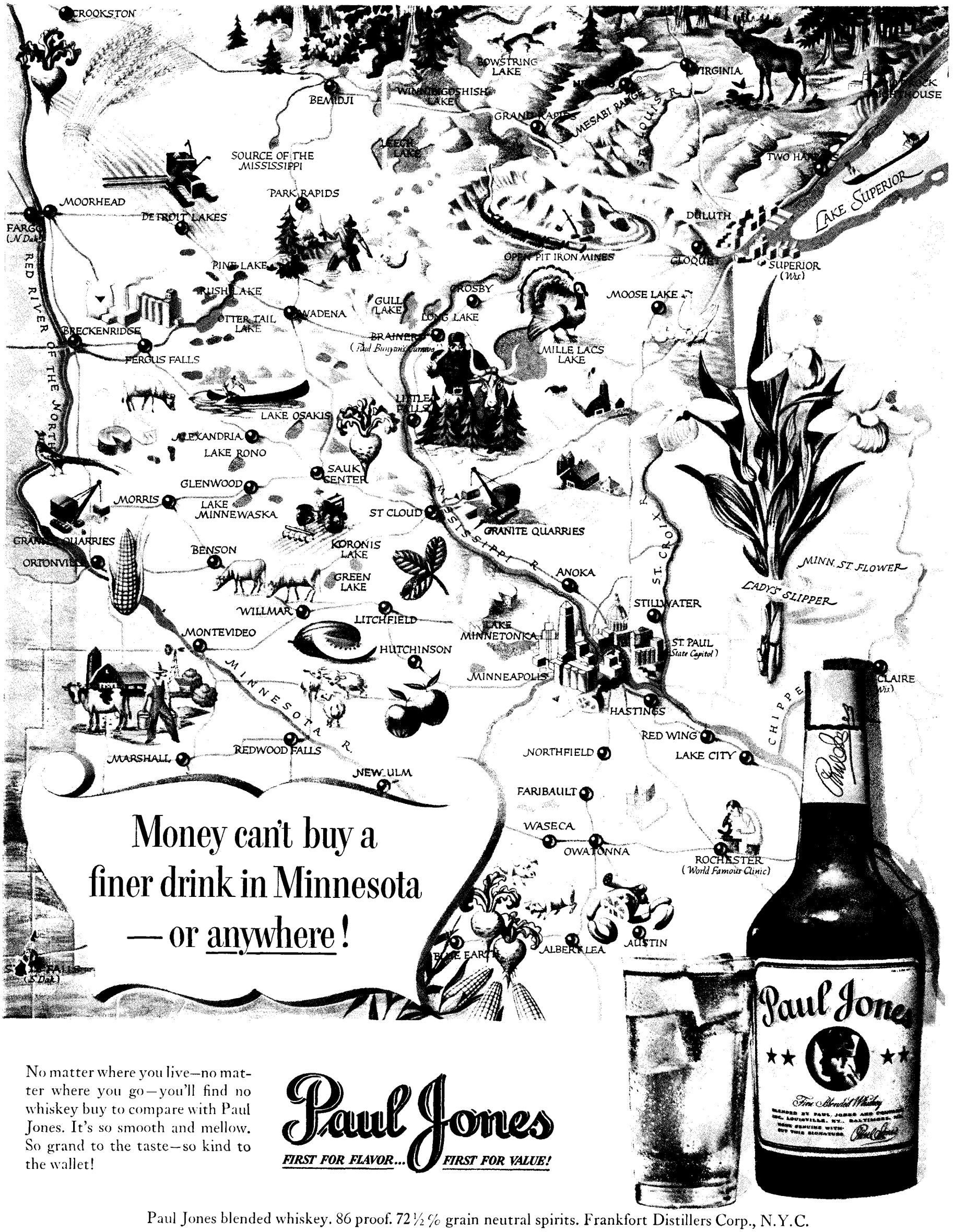

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